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November 18, 1939

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Collier's

AL WEEKLY ★

Bob
arthur crouch

EUROPE'S BLOCKADE CAN'T SHUT US DOWN

BY DENVER LINDLEY

Nov. 18, 1939

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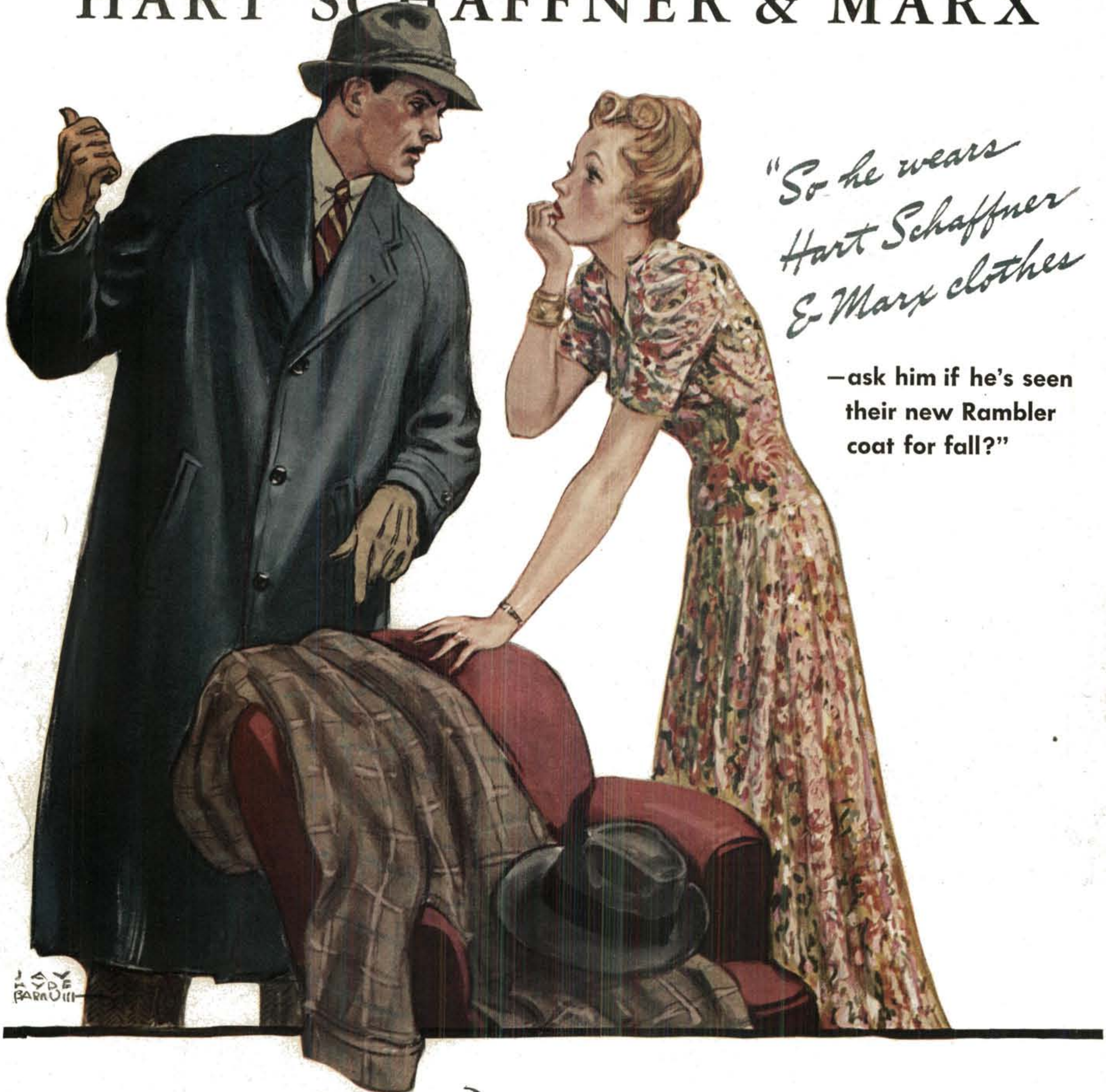
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



SHE: *"Why darling—whatever in the world do you mean?"*
HE: "Well, Rambler'll save him a lot of money."
SHE: *"Yes, but—"*
HE: "Don't interrupt, woman. It's made from three types of animal fibres. He's a rat! He ought to be interested in that!"
SHE: *"But listen, angelpuss—"*
HE: "—wool for warmth and sturdiness, mohair for durability, alpaca for softness. I hope he smothers in its luxury!"
SHE: *"Sweetpea, will you let me—"*
HE: "And tell him it's the best-looking coat he'll find, too. He's got to be well-dressed if he's going to take *you* out!"
SHE: *"You're all wrong though, dearest . . . "*
HE: "Never mind the explanations! Now, where is the lug—"
SHE: *"Who?"*
HE: "The heel who owns this coat."
SHE: *"I've been trying to tell you, stupid—it's your brother's coat—he's been waiting in the library for you for half an hour—and he's simply bored me stiff talking about Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. You men are all alike!"*

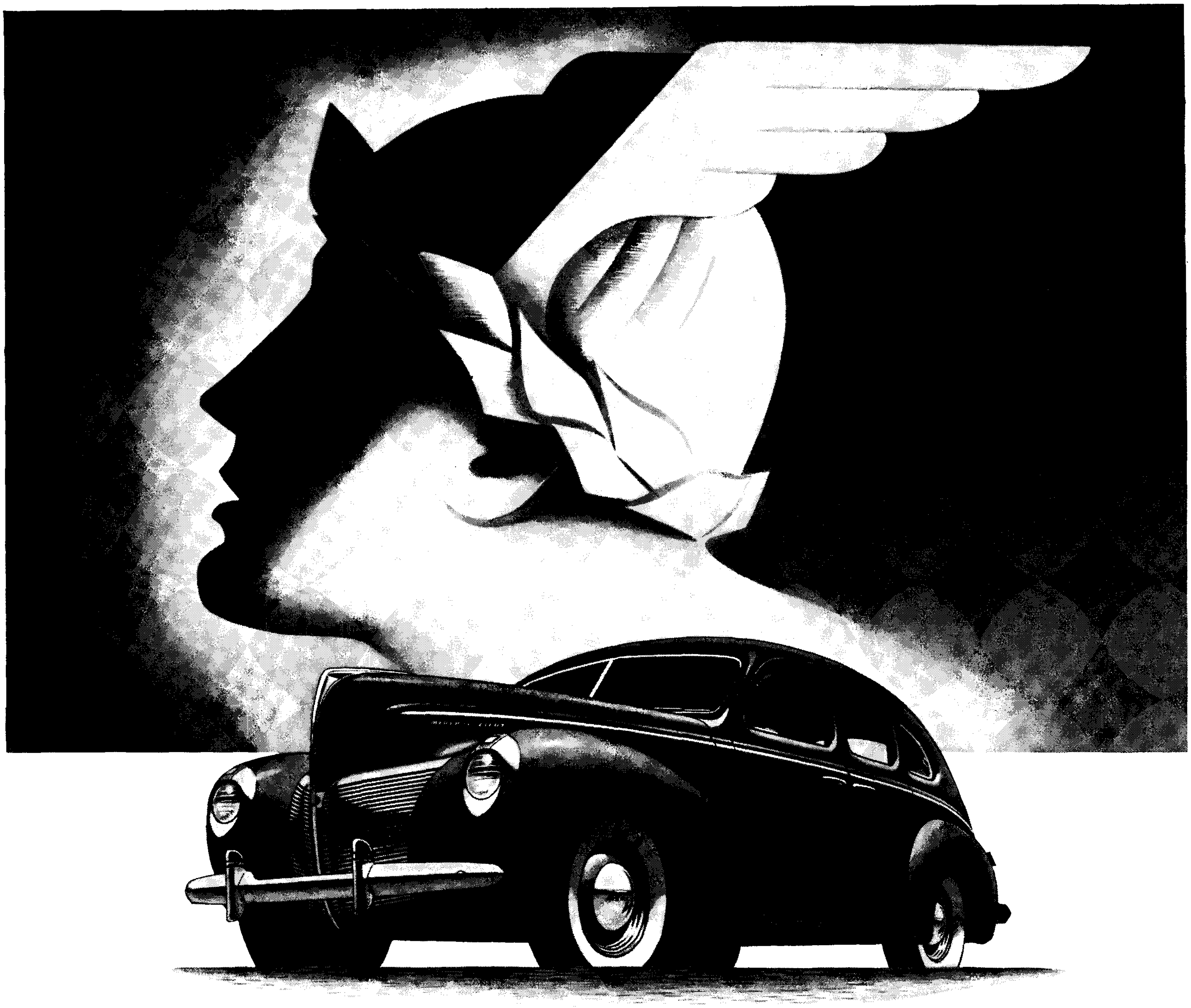
Yes, most men are alike in their enthusiasm for Rambler! For here is a coat that gives more stamina, more style and more value for the money than any coat you've ever seen before! Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer is ready to show you a complete collection of Ramblers . . . in all the new colorings and patterns for fall. And when you slip into one of these superb coats, run your fingers over its luxurious finish and see how marvelously Rambler's style smartens up your appearance we're pretty sure you'll agree that this wear-resistant, wrinkle-resistant, wet-resistant, weather-resistant coat represents, dollar for dollar, the best buy of the year!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For . . . A Big Thing to Find

NEW MERCURY 8

READY FOR MORE RECORDS



Breaking every precedent in modern automobile history, the brand-new Mercury 8 in less than three months won itself a position among the ten established sales leaders!

The 1940 Mercury 8 is a brilliant successor to that record-breaking car. It offers many refinements that make it an even more desirable car to own. With every advantage that you'll find in any car of this big-car class—it has something more: Economy that would be good in *any* car!

Distinctive new streamlines again earn the Mercury the title of "Style Leader" in its class. Attractive new interiors enhance the pleasure of riding or driving. New Finger-Tip Gearshift is mounted on the steering column, up out of the way. New seat construction and softer front springs add to the unique comfort of the Mercury Ride. Nearly a score of other improvements are added to the Mercury's safety, comfort, quiet and performance.

We invite you to look at this greater Mercury 8—critically. Feel the way it rides and drives under all conditions. Any Mercury dealer will give you full opportunity to get acquainted with the car.

MERCURY HIGHLIGHTS FOR 1940

Finger-Tip Gearshift—*mounted on steering column.*

New Controlled Ventilation—*all-weather comfort.*

95-hp V-type, 8-cylinder Engine—*smooth, powerful, supremely efficient. (Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline.)*

Big Hydraulic Brakes—*quick, straight stops. New brake drums that muffle brake and tire noises.*

Wide, Roomy Bodies—*Sedans seat six in comfort.*

New Streamlining and Interior Styling—*New beauty of lines and colors. Choice of tailored upholsteries.*

New Sealed-Beam Headlamps—*for greater comfort and safety in night driving.*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

November 18, 1939

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JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

AN ANONYMOUS letter, a mysterious death, a will. Those are the things that immediately engaged the attention of our old and esteemed friend M. Hercule Poirot, most formidable of detectives and most human of men, upon his arrival at Hunterbury. He found other things, too: love that tried to live in an atmosphere dark with hate and fear, and a secret and bitter struggle carried on behind many masks—a murderous conflict with lives and fortune at stake. "Sad Cypress" is the new full-length mystery novel from the magic pen of Agatha Christie. It's a story that will enthrall you from its opening line to its staggering conclusion, and it begins next week.

THERE'S an interesting little matter in the unfinished-business file of our State Department: Mexico's recent steal of American oil properties. You haven't heard the last of that. Uncle Sam, eying the huge holdings he has developed in other lands, isn't likely to let the dangerous precedent stand. Jim Marshall reviews the facts and discusses the possibilities.

IF YOU found a girl like Honey aboard ship with 350 vacationing schoolteachers and not a man in sight, you'd be quite justified in concluding (1) that there was something pretty phony somewhere, and (2) that no good was likely to come of it all. And, boy, you'd be right! Ruth Rodney King weaves the hilarious chain of cause and effect in "It So Happens" for an all-time high in dizzy romance.

OTHER outstanding fiction: Will F. Jenkins tells of "The Lion-Mane Collar" that only brave Ethiopians wear, in a story of classic revenge. "Wild Geese Flying" is Hal Borland's moving tale of a boy who had to prove himself to his father. "Now You Are Free" is a study in patriotism by Vereen Bell. The Short Short Story is by Pat Frank.

OTHER articles: From Italy, by Frank Gervasi, an intimate account of the hopes and frustrations of No. 1 political refugee, former King Alfonso of Spain, known in café circles as Old Evil Eye. Alberta Williams introduces a man who's going to take chinchilla fur out of the astronomical price brackets. Kyle Crichton reviews the Revuers, New York's latest and goofiest in entertainment, and Quentin Reynolds takes you to a Fordham game with Coach Jim Crowley. That makes three Thanksgiving days.

This Week

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EDITORIALS

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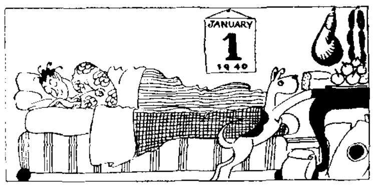
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

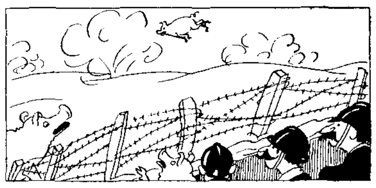
Any Week

WE HAVE read, with what we hope is understanding, a World Rescue Plan, the product of long, deep thinking by Mr. Elgin Tromas of Hollywood, California. We can give you only the gist of it, several pages being devoted to "the futility of constructive suggestions." Mr. Tromas would set aside January, 1940, for the rescuing. During that month the world would cease doing whatever it happens to be doing—collectively, individually, entirely. Between now and January first each of us, says Mr. Tromas, would hoard enough victuals to see us through the month of hibernation wherein wars, wheels, printing presses, communication lines—everything—would cease. Except for eating and sleeping, the world's entire population would limit its activities to thinking. We should then, as Mr. Tromas sees it, emerge into February convinced that we'd all been leading futile existences. And thus mentally chastened, we'd start in anew, filled with love, tolerance, understanding and pep.



IT WILL be argued by the scornful that we'd merely come forth in February so revived and with so much pent-up energy that we'd return to our old tricks with destructive vigor. And yet there are those who already have been in training for it. Mrs. F. J. Toney of Minneapolis, Minnesota, notifies us that in the northern part of her state she met a lady "who, until I was unkind and thoughtless enough to tell her, didn't know who Adolf Hitler was and had never heard of him. She lives alone with her fifty-year-old son. The reason he didn't tell her was that he hadn't heard of Adolf either. But they seem to get along somehow," says Mrs. Toney. "Of course, they'd never heard of Mr. Chamberlain. They had never seen nor even suspected Collier's, which is, I think, complete isolation. When I asked the old lady whether she thought we ought to get into the war, she said it would be all right with her. She won't let me give her name because, she says, somebody might tell her more such trash."

AND it is the opinion of Mr. Charles Bern Andersen of Denver, Colorado, that "a number of the men who went to Washington with Mr. Roosevelt to remake America have failed." Whereat Mr. Andersen goes on to prove his point. "They failed," says he, "because they were not big enough. I have a friend, a wise Chinese, who summed it up for me. When I told him what I thought, he said: 'Ah, yes; no matter how vigorous the frog may be, he has difficulty in convincing one that he is a dragon.'"



WE HAVE received a number of letters from readers who are pretty indignant about this French army tactic of sending pigs ahead of troops to set off mine fields. One lady tells us that it shakes her faith in the protests of the Allies that they deplore unnecessary barbarity. Another writes that it has convinced her for all time that we should stay out of such a war. A third wishes us to urge the country to write to Congress demanding that no American pigs be shipped to Europe. But a practical note creeps in—from a gentleman. Mr. Albert McAnton of Brooklyn, New York, wants to know what is done with the pig after it has exploded. "Is there anything left?" asks Mr. McAnton. "If so, is it fit for consumption?"

BUT the whole controversy should be sent to Mr. Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, who has quite a grasp on the pig situation. It might be better to take it to Mr. Wallace personally to be settled promptly and intelligently. We are told by Mr. Ben Saul of Cody, Wyoming, that some of Mr. Wallace's subordinates are—well, overcautious. Mr. Saul wrote to the department for a mess of general information about vegetable gardens. "I got a nice, prompt reply," says Mr. Saul. "The department wanted to know before sending the literature what such a garden would be used for."

WE ARE offered by Mr. Samuel P. Jennison of Troy, New York, "a survey of the truly backward states of our Union." Mr. Jennison has spent two years arriving at his facts. "It is an old subject, I know," writes Mr. Jennison, "but my survey is full of surprises. The states I would deal with are Mississippi, California and Connecticut."

MISSISSIPPI? W. D.

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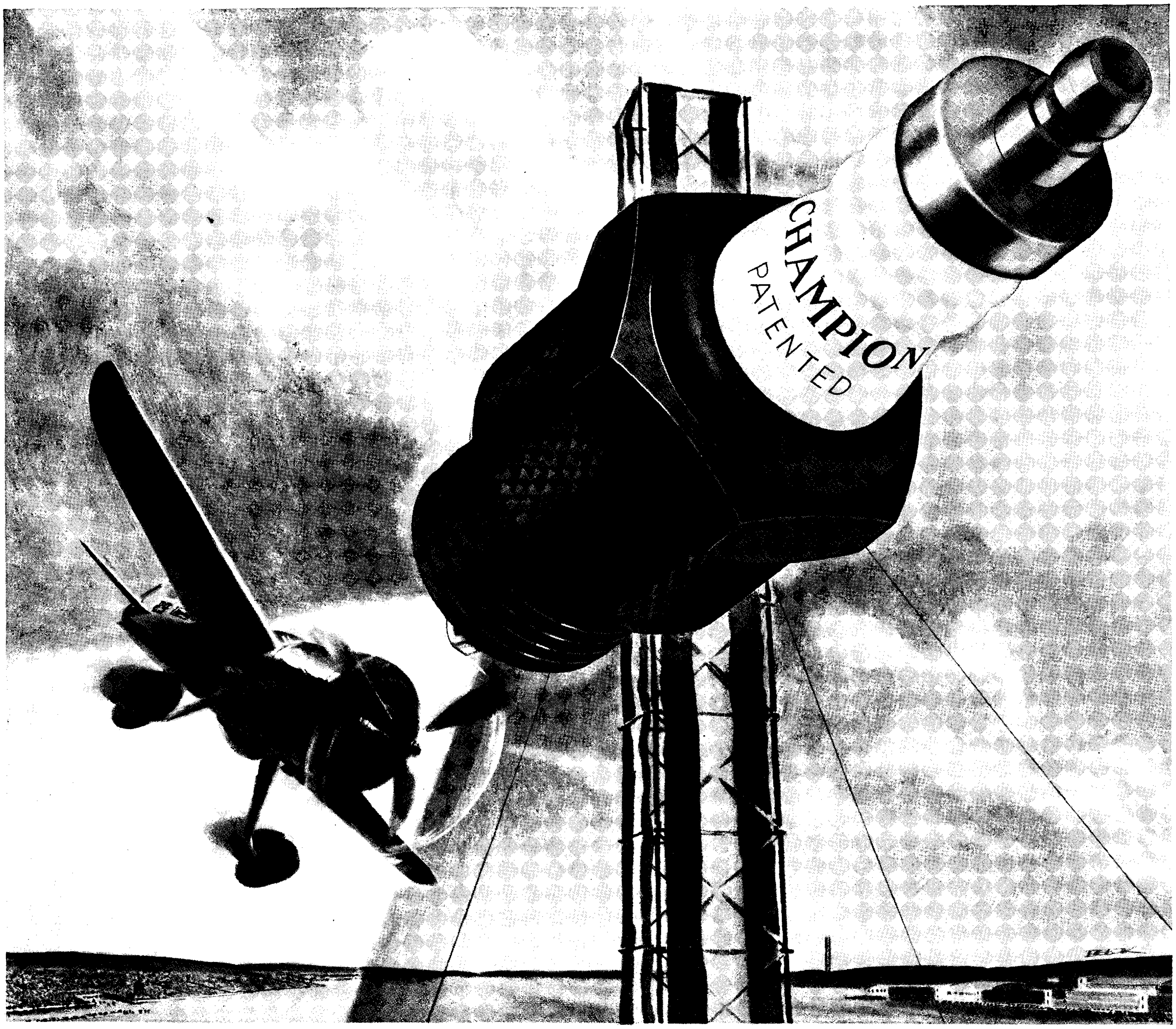


CHAMPION Spark Plugs and Roscoe Turner team up to win the Thompson Trophy

JUST BEFORE winning the Thompson Trophy—the Indianapolis Race of the aviation world—for the third time, colorful Colonel Roscoe Turner stated significantly: "We race for glory and for fame and for the money we can make. That's why we groom our motors and planes to obtain every ounce of power and speed."

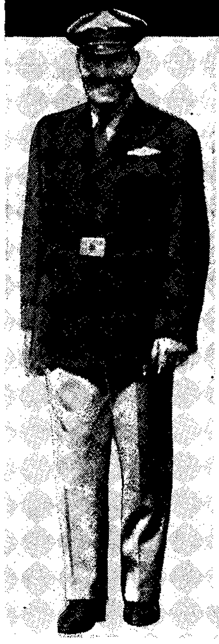
Turner, who has been zooming around pylons for eleven years, this year selected Champion Spark Plugs for his Pratt and Whitney Twin Row Wasp engine, and came in the winner with an average of 282.536 m.p.h. for the 300 miles, after qualifying with a new record of 297.767 m.p.h. for the 10 mile closed course.

Champion Spark Plugs are the logical teammates for champions. Their unequaled record includes such outstanding performance as 15 winners and practically all cars finishing in the money in the last 16 Indianapolis 500 Mile Races.

Thus your choice of spark plugs for your car is made easy. For if you value maximum engine performance and dependability, Champions, standing squarely on their records over many years, are the logical choice for your car. Use the spark plug champions use.

"Champion Spark Plugs gave perfect performance in my Twin Row Wasp engine which enabled me to win the Thompson Trophy for the 3rd time."

Roscoe Turner



The type of Champion aircraft spark plug used by Turner and the U. S. Army Air Corps. It reflects the high quality of materials, design and workmanship that distinguishes all Champions.

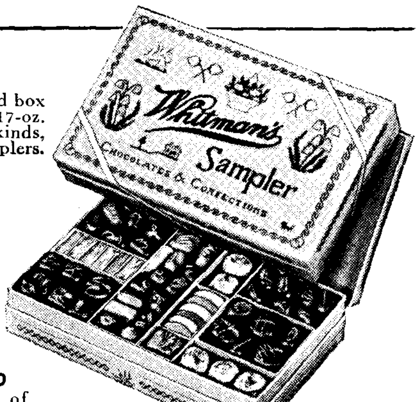
To make life happy... pay little attentions

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS
THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

Personal thoughtfulness by a man she likes means much to a woman. Remember this, if you would please her. Don't trust your happiness to luck. Prove your appreciation of what she means to you by showing that you think of her often. The joy is great when you remember, the hurt is real when you forget.

• • •

The friendly, thoughtful gift is Whitman's Sampler. It is the only box of candy known by name the world over. It is the one box of candy that pleases more different tastes than any other. That incomparable Whitman flavor is possible only with premium-priced cocoa beans and other matchless ingredients, selected for us from the garden spots of the world. You can buy no finer candy . . . you can give no greater treat to good taste.



The **SAMPLER, $1.50**
Best-known and best-liked box of candy in the world. The 17-oz. Sampler, 100 pieces, 35 kinds, $1.50. Also 2, 3, 5-lb. Samplers.

The **FAIRHILL, $1.00**
Outstanding box of candy at $1.00 a lb. A delightful variety of selected pieces. Also 2, 3, 5-lb. Fairhills.

GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES
...IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!

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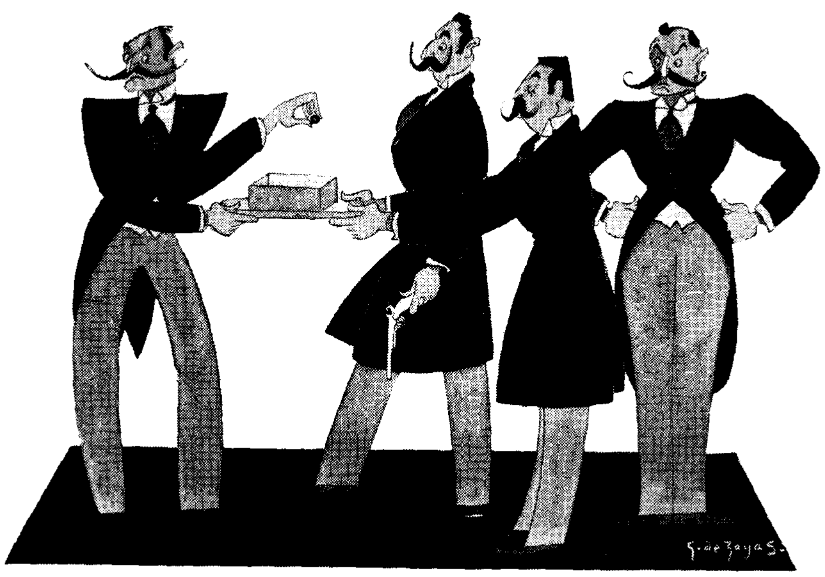


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the Hungarian duel of honor, the duelists each draw a ball from a box that contains one black and one white ball. Under the code, whichever gets the black ball must commit suicide.—*By Mrs. G. M. Sanderson, Jonesboro, Arkansas.*

Using "air trains" consisting of airplanes towing seven gliders each, the Russian army has demonstrated that it can drop, by parachute, as many as 2,500 infantrymen at one time.

Plates of artificial dentures contain fourteen teeth, instead of the normal number of sixteen, the wisdom teeth being omitted because they are both useless and cumbrous. —*By Gertrude Reasoner, San Francisco, California.*

Japan is believed to be the only country in which all the best writers are women. In fact, Japanese literature, for more than a thousand years, has possessed few, if any, works of outstanding merit that have been written by men.

The United States Navy laid 56,000 of the 71,000 mines stretched across the North Sea from Scotland to Norway, which bottled up the German fleet and broke its morale in 1918.

The mechanism of pendulum clocks is affected slightly twice a day by the gravitational pull of the moon.—*By Mrs. Sherwood G. Winslow, Battle Creek, Michigan.*

Neutron rays, the most penetrating ever created in a laboratory, possess the anomalous property of passing more easily through heavy substances than through light ones. For example, they will readily go through lead but not through hydrogen gas.

Up to a century or two ago, mistletoe was excluded from the floral decorations of churches at Christmastime because it was considered to be an unholy plant, having been tainted with paganism before the time of Jesus through its use and worship by the ancient Druids.—*By Mrs. J. T. Holdsworth, Coral Gables, Florida.*

Owing to their specialized nature, any of ninety per cent of the mass-production factory jobs in this country can be mastered within a week.

Excluding the factor of war, the present survival rate of American families indicates that not more than twelve per cent of their baby boys will have grandsons to perpetuate their names.

In 1914 the Russians were so jubilant over their declaration of war against Germany, their hereditary enemy, that a group in Petrograd raised $100,000 as an award for the first soldier of the Czar to march into Berlin.

At least 45,000,000 of Great Britain's 47,000,000 population do not own an inch of land. On the other hand, some have had vast properties, such as the Marquis of Bute who, last year, sold a part of his holdings to a syndicate for $100,000,000. The sale included not only half of Cardiff, the world's largest coal port, but also 20,000 of its homes and 500 of its stores, saloons, theaters and industrial plants.

Different kinds of fires require different kinds of extinguishers, of which there are five types on the market. For example, the soda-acid type, which is chiefly water, only spreads oil and grease fires and acts as a conductor when turned on burning electrical machinery. Such blazes demand carbon tetrachloride, which smothers them with a gas, or carbon dioxide, which blankets them with a solidifying "snow."

Joan of Arc has had more statues erected to her memory than any other woman in history.—*By Thomas P. Jordan, Scranton, Pennsylvania.*

One quarter of all Christian hymns have been composed by Germans. —*By Mollie Beckmann Loeb, Pawhuska, Oklahoma.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Night Flight

THERE'S MAGIC in the air tonight. Fleecy clouds sail high above . . . and you're flying down a road that's a ribbon of moonlight.

Keen and crisp is the whistling wind. But inside your Nash you're sitting snug and coatless, in the never-changing June of the "Weather Eye".

Far into the satiny night your Sealed Beam lights cut a great arc of glareless day. Yawning bumps cast long shadows ahead—but, as you watch, the line of your lights never wavers on the line of tree-trunks, so level is the Arrow-Flight ride.

You sit there . . . fascinated by the ease you take turns, curves, hills, without slewing or slacking . . . your hands barely touching the wheel.

And as you ghost through sleeping town after town, in the soft, soundless stride of the Fourth Speed Forward, only the speedometer shares your secret.

Then suddenly ahead, a tail-light blinks. But a gentle nudge of your toe, and the new Nash Automatic Overtake zooms you by in a terrific burst of sprinting power.

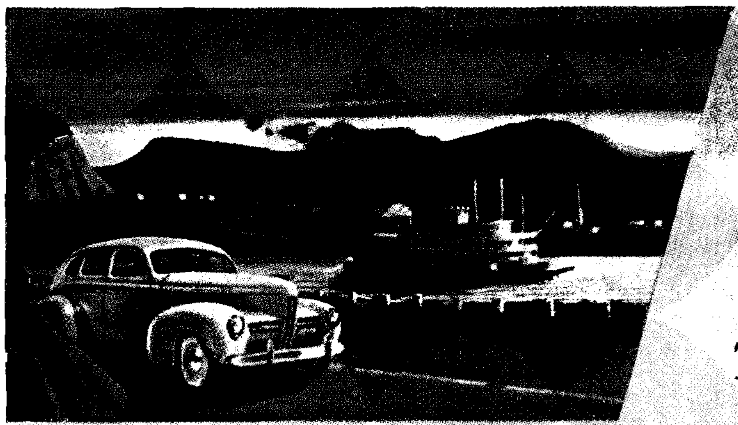
On and on you go, up starlit hill, down darkened dale . . . your heart singing with excitement . . . your Nash a silver phantom under the great white moon.

Sure, you can make up that convertible bed in back if you want to break the spell . . . but chances are that when the sleepy world awakes, you'll be whistling over breakfast, three states away.

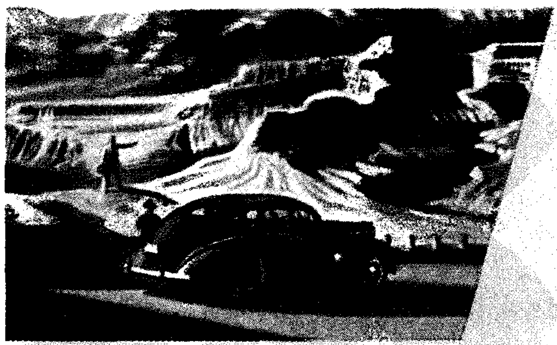
• • •

It's only fair to tell you this. You don't need the thrill of a moonlight night. Just 60 minutes anytime, anywhere, will make you unhappy 'til you own a 1940 Nash.

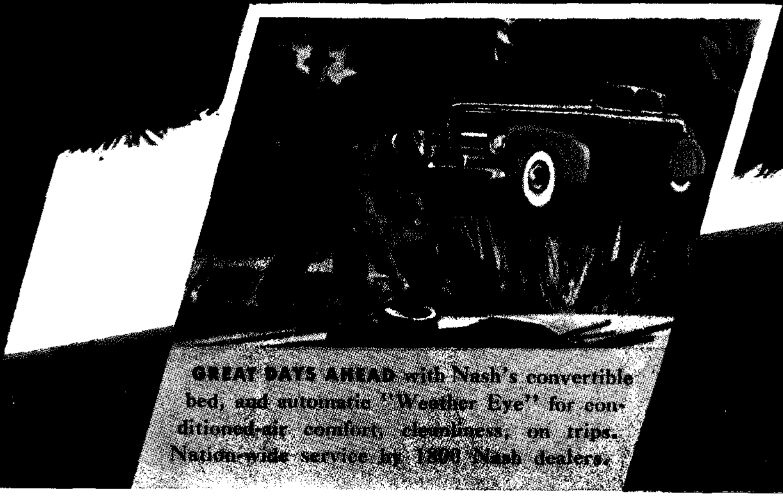
Luckily, it doesn't cost much . . . so little in fact, you'll jump at the chance to trade in your old car on a Nash. See your Nash dealer today and find out!



TOPS in performance *and* economy! Exclusive Nash engine gives you pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds high gear; and also was a class-winner in the Gilmore-Yosemite Run (21.25 miles to the gallon).



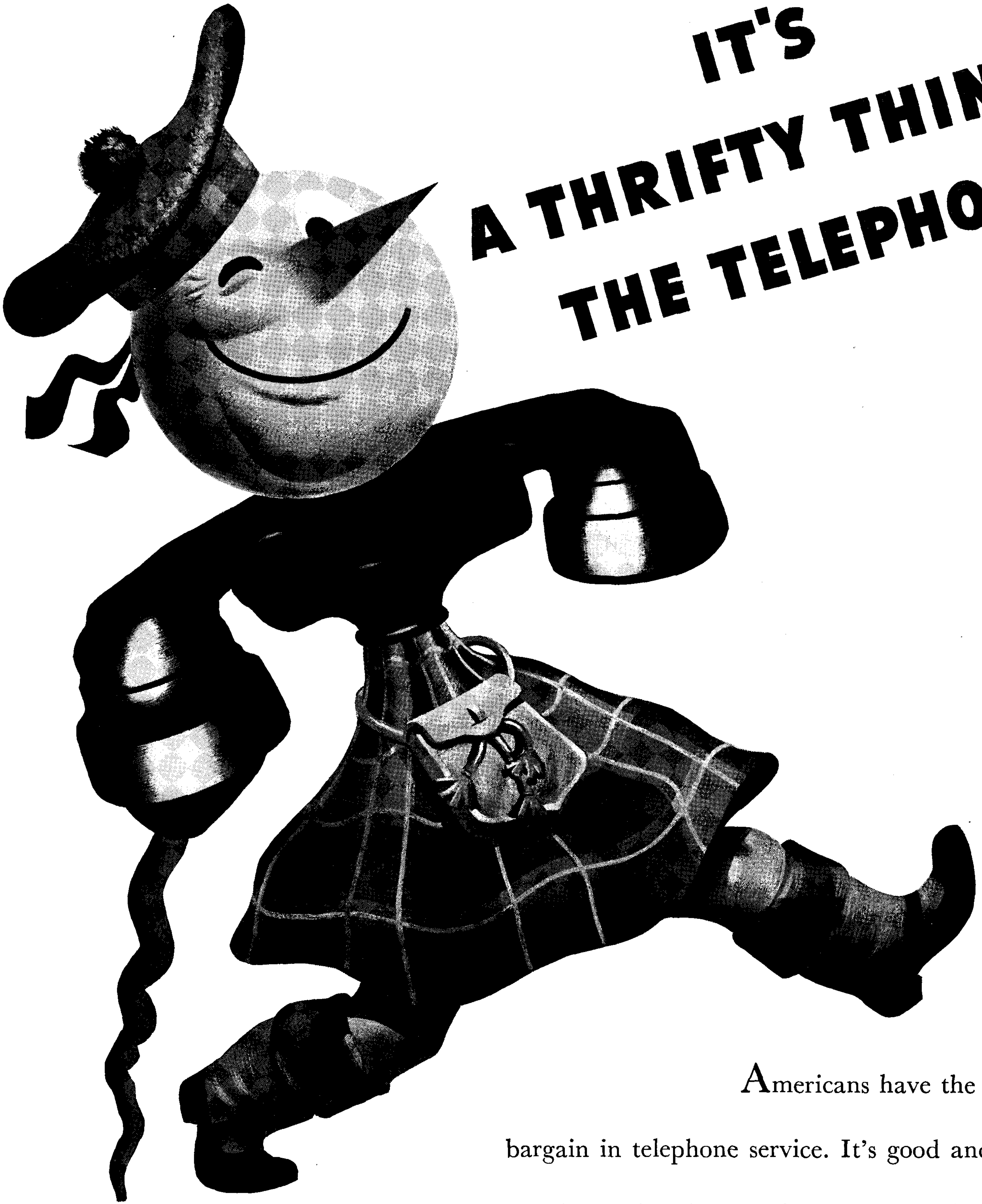
BADLAND ROADS are smooth as silk with the bump-swallowing combination of soft, individual coil springs in front, and super shock absorbers, springs, in back. Only Nash has the Arrow-Flight Ride.



GREAT DAYS AHEAD with Nash's convertible bed, and automatic "Weather Eye" for conditioned-air comfort, cleanliness, on trips. Nation-wide service by 1800 Nash dealers.

Again... IT'S THAT NEW NASH

IT'S A THRIFTY THING... THE TELEPHONE



Americans have the world's best bargain in telephone service. It's good and it's cheap. Nowhere else do people get so much service and such good and courteous service at such low cost.

THRIFTY

According to Webster, *thrifty* means "...Evincing thrift... Characterized by economy and good management... Serviceable; useful..."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Collier's The National Weekly for November 18, 1939

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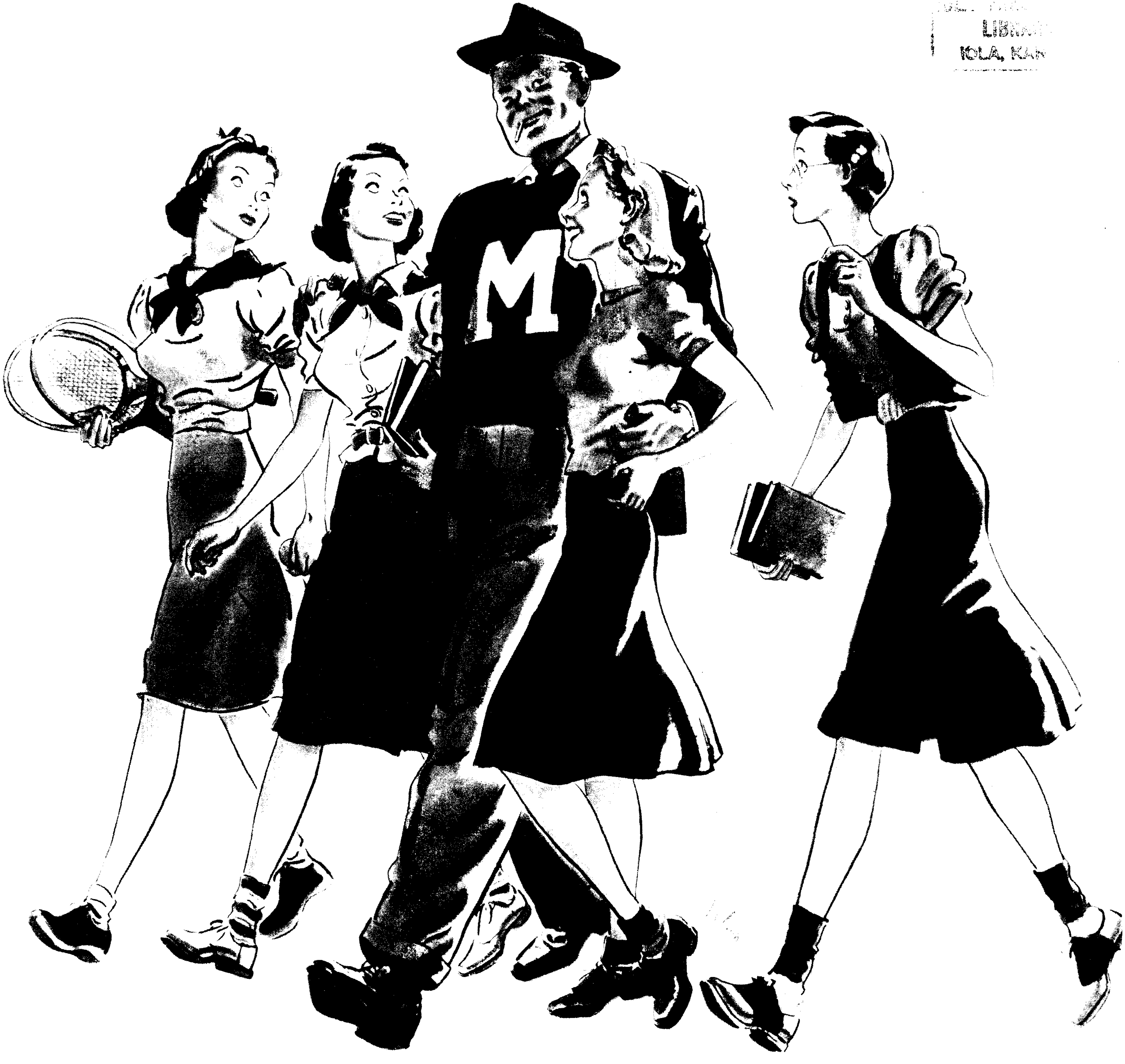


"We used to watch you on the campus. I used to hear the students say, 'There goes Creedon!' "

Strictly for Sweeney

By William Fay

A great football star is never stopped until he is downed. As Martha Sweeney knew very well

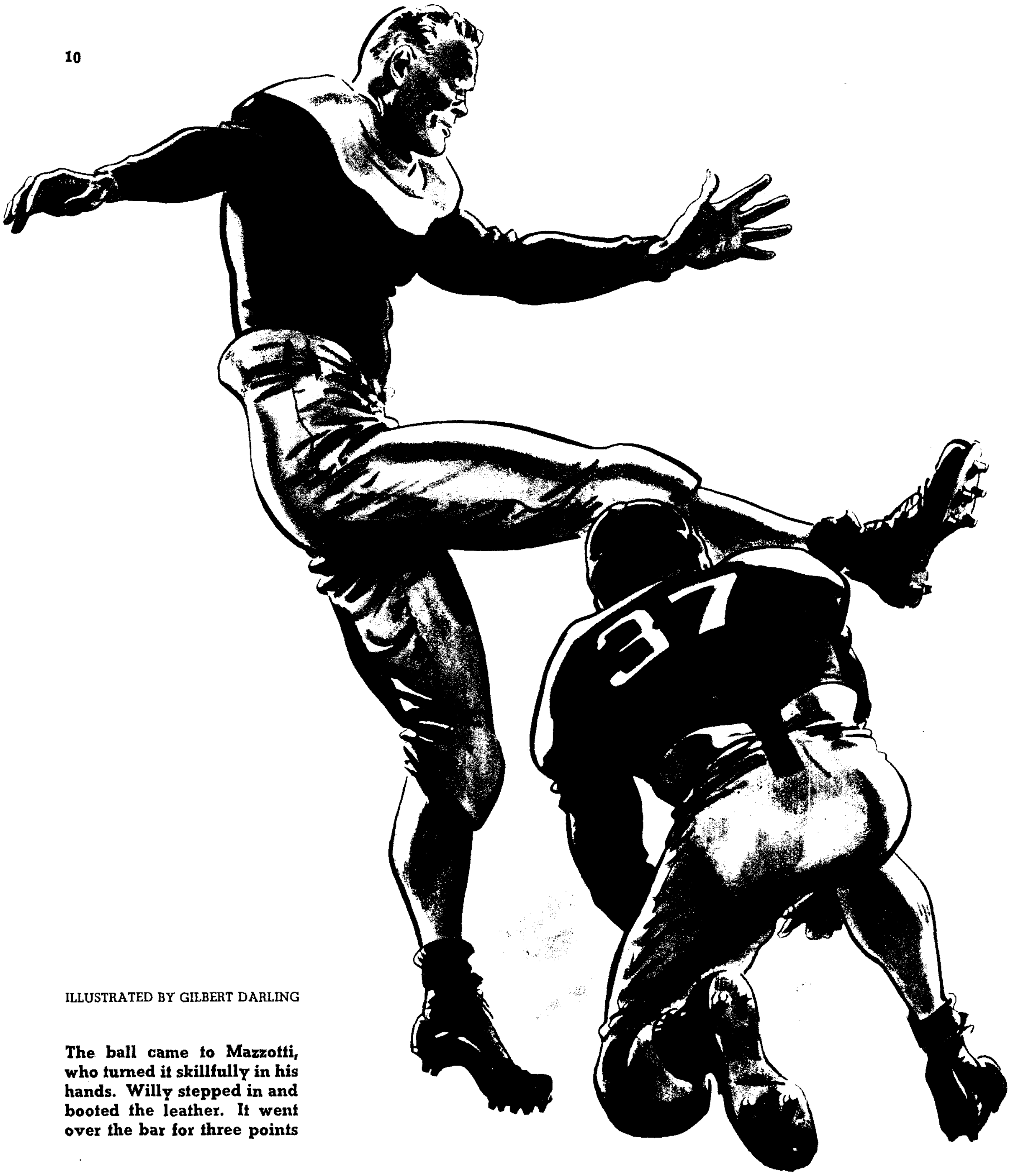
WILD Willy Creedon was taller than the rest, and he could see the situation over other people's heads. He could see Klosky, and he knew there would be trouble, and he thought it would be better if the trouble came to Klosky, instead of to himself.

Willy was big and tough and full of pain, and the turf of the infield, beneath his cleated shoes, was bald with November and too many feet. It can be cold in Jersey City, and with a thin and bitter rain it can be dandy for a penguin, although not so finely suited to a good kick in the mouth. Willy felt his teeth with a dirty hand and removed the blood from between his lips. He looked again at Klosky, and he thought, "Ah, Klosky. There are things some men will never learn."

In the huddle he said, "Gimme it. Gimme twenty-two," and in organized football twenty-two is not so much a number as it is a definite plan, a tactic, the business of the moment. The formation was to the left, in single wing, with Willy in the slot, and the ball came to him fast, convenient to his waiting hands.

He moved behind his blockers, then cut in to where the hole should have been. But there wasn't any hole—Klosky was there—and he went down in a lump with Klosky and two other earnest lads from Newark sitting roughly upon him.

When he got up, he knew there was something wrong with him. The trouble was his legs, he thought,



ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The ball came to Mazzotti, who turned it skillfully in his hands. Willy stepped in and booted the leather. It went over the bar for three points

or maybe the beer or both, he wasn't sure. But he couldn't run a ball the way he used to, not even in this minor league.

Fourth down, six yards to go.

"Hold it for me, Angelo," Willie said to Mazzotti, then threw his helmet to the grass, thirty yards from the goal post; and the customers knew and the enemy knew that Willy would try for a field goal. Neither team had produced a score in the fifty bitter minutes they had played. But a placement kick by Willy would mean three fat points for the Jersey City boys, and Willy was very good at kicking placements.

There had been tremendous noise in the ball park, but now it was still, as it is always still, in the suspended moments that attend an attempted field goal.

The ball came to Mazzotti who turned it skillfully in his hands and offered the belly of the ball to Willy's toe. Willy stepped in and booted the leather. It went over the bar and made three points for Jersey City. Willy was moderately pleased but not surprised. He liked the noise that came from the stands. But he was tired, and the game was on the ice.

They took him out, now that he had served his purpose. He walked to the dressing rooms at a moderate pace and thought about Mike Sweeney. Poor Mike.

He used the banister, ascending the steps to the clubhouse, and there was a little man with a doleful face who said, "The flowers was twenty bucks, Willy."

"Twenty bucks?" He hadn't really thought of the price. "That's a lot of dough, Charlie."

"They was a lot of flowers," Charlie said. "You said a square yard o' roses. You said Mike was very fond of roses. He can't smell 'em now." Charlie thought about it. "I seen 'im last week. He was as well as you or me. It don't seem possible Mike is gone."

Willy did not care to stand and exchange morbidities with Charlie, because Charlie's capacity for painful gossip was much too vast. Charlie had once been employed as Mike Sweeney's barber, but in the later years, after Mike had lost his hair, Charlie earned his keep by rubbing the limbs of Mike's hired football hands, or sometimes a thoroughbred horse that Mike would buy at a bargain. "We're gonna miss the old man," Charlie said. "You been with Mike a long time, aintcha, Willy?"

Willy had already stepped into the showers, and feared that he might die there, too, if he didn't have a glass of beer. "Get me a beer, Charlie!" he yelled against the beat of the water. "Get one for yourself. Get six bottles." He knew that Charlie, who was a little bit deaf in ordinary matters, would hear without error the call for the beer.

ON MONDAY, you could not count the people in the church, nor register the faces of the notables who came. The altar was a jewel, deep in the canyon of cathedral walls, and silent there, except the music, very sad and beautiful as well—these minutes meant for worship, and for Mike, and little else, so that Willy did not care or dare to look around. . . .

Willy was in a coach with some of the boys, and the procession of cars was long enough to be knifed in several places by the intervening traffic, despite the efforts of the police. Willy said, "This stuff is killing me. Mike wouldn't like it. Let's get a drink," and when the black coach stopped, behind a truck, the boys got out and walked across the street, into a Sixteenth Street saloon.

Willy had a lot of Scotch and said to McGuinness, "Joe, you never knew a bum like me. I owed the old man three thousand bucks. I'm the only guy who never paid Sweeney off. This is confidential, Joe."

"You're a magician, that's what you are," McGuinness said. "Nobody ever owed Mike any money. He gave it away or he collected the dough. He must've left plenty, Willy. He took a lot out of the horses."

"He ran an honest horse room. He kept the best joint in town. He was like a father to me."

"I didn't say he wasn't."

"Course you didn't. How could you say that? You never owed him money, did you, Joe?"

"He gimme a thousand once. When the first kid was born. He wouldn't take it back. He said he wished he had a kid. How come you owed him, Willy? You were his boy. The old man was crazy about you."

"That's the trouble," Willy said. "That's why he bounced me off the Titans. He said I was a bum. He said I never did a full day's work. He said with me it was different. When he gave me the dough he said I would have to pay off."

McGUINNESS remained puzzled, but Willy didn't mind. He was puzzled, too, and troubled. He didn't care to owe the old man any dough. He remembered too clearly the day when Sweeney had shipped him to Jersey City. "If I had any pride I would've told him go to hell," said Willy now. "I let him give me a free ride much too long. I never learned to work."

"That's too bad," said McGuinness.

"You're damned right it's too bad," Willy said and then departed, going to another place where none of the boys would be, because football players, in season, may drink a mild amount of beer, whereas football players, in season, may not indulge in stronger brew.

He reported again, for practice, on Wednesday morning, late, and Jersey City was certainly not in bloom. Charlie sat on the end of a bench in the dressing room and said, "We was lookin' for you, Willy. They want you at the front office. Forty-second Street."

Willy was not surprised, but he had been walking away from this fear that had followed him since Sweeney passed away. He could use the several hundred he would have received for playing out the season, and he had no relish for approaching wintertime, with no further fortune to meet his needs than the eighteen dollars he had in his pants. "The old heave, eh, Charlie?"

"They didn't say so," the little man told him. "They didn't say one thing or the other. You're supposed to see Barrett, the big shot—the examiner."

"You mean executor."

"So what's the difference? That's who you gotta see, Willy. I'm sorry, kid, I'm sorry as hell. Whatcha gonna do for a livin'?"

Willy didn't like to think of that. "I won't sell vacuum cleaners," he said.

He took the tubes back to New York City and went to the offices of the Titans, where the halls were packed with the ticket seekers who wished to see the Titans play the Redskins for the championship of the East. He did not blame the public for this excited state of mind. He knew it would be a magnificent ball game, with the winners meeting Chicago's Bears for the championship of the football world. He remembered when he had belonged to such distinguished company, and he wished devoutly he had a ticket for himself.

The girl at the desk said, "Miss Sweeney will see you right away."

"I came to see Walter Barrett."

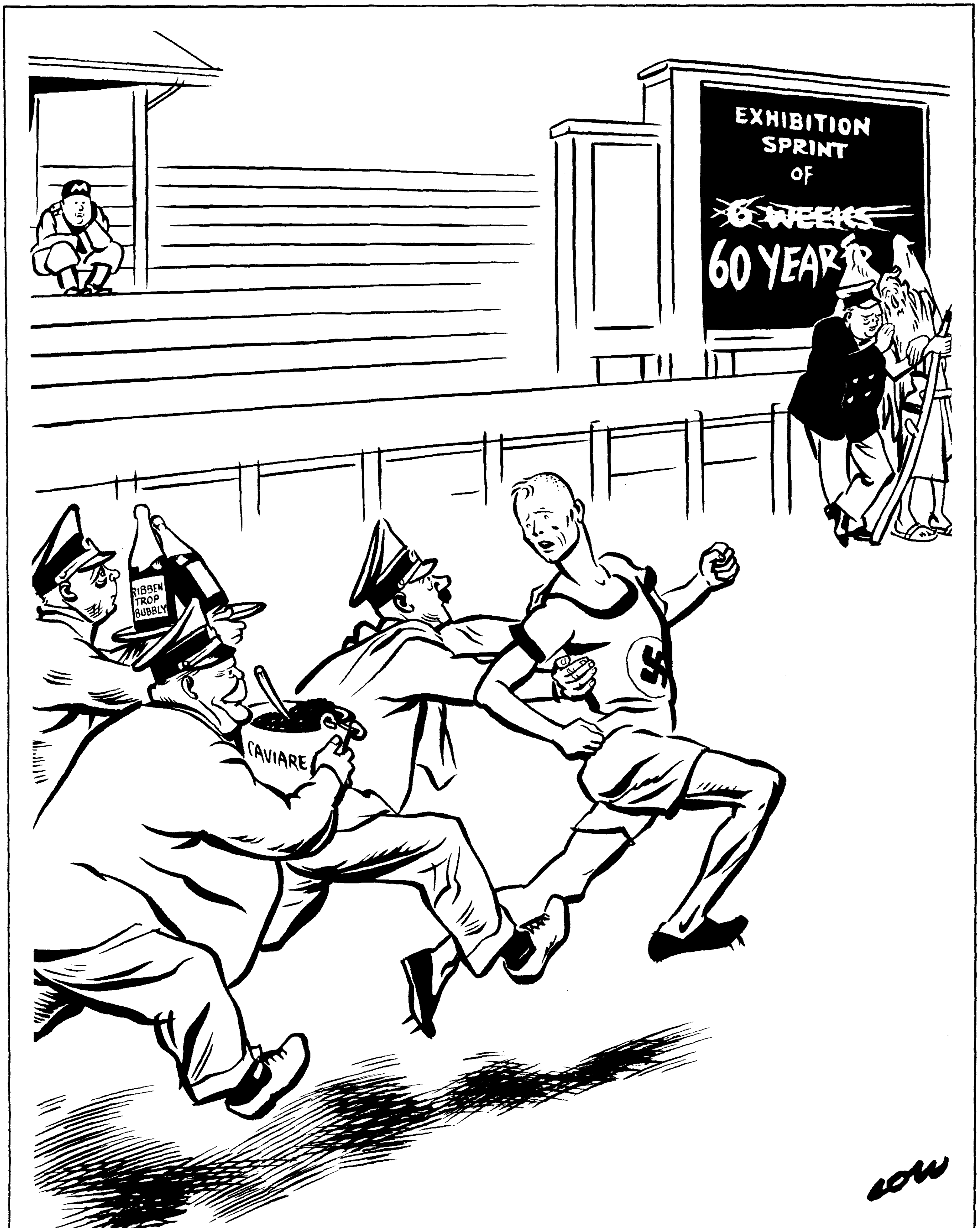
"You came to see Miss Sweeney, Willy. I know all about it."

"I don't know any Miss Sweeney."

"She don't know you either, Willy."

Miss Sweeney opened the door herself and offered her hand and gripped his rather firmly. "I'm Martha Sweeney," said the girl, and he thought

(Continued on page 37)


EXHIBITION SPRINT OF
~~6 WEEKS~~
60 YEARS
RIBBEN TROP BUBBLY
CAVIARE
LOW

ACH! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME IT WAS A MARATHON

DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

Girl Meets Dog

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The story of a girl struck by a miracle that could happen only in some place like Hollywood

A MAROON roadster rolled along on the highway west of Whitewater, steered by a girl in blue slacks. Beside her sat a young man in white-and-green checks, helping her steer by holding his arm about her shoulders. The country surrounding them was poverty-stricken and burned-off, but the car was a rich and shining monster and its occupants were happy in the morning sun. The girl owned the car and the young man was simply one of her lucky slaves.

The road from Whitewater climbs up and down many a hill and passes farms, fruit patches, walnut groves, bean fields, orchards and little houses shrinking back in their unpainted obscurity. The roadster presently hummed along past a fence and a signboard. Beyond the fence, four dogs looked up and thought of barking but gave it up. On the signpost, scraggy letters said, "Dogs for Sale," and the girl stepped down on the brake and said: "I want a dog."

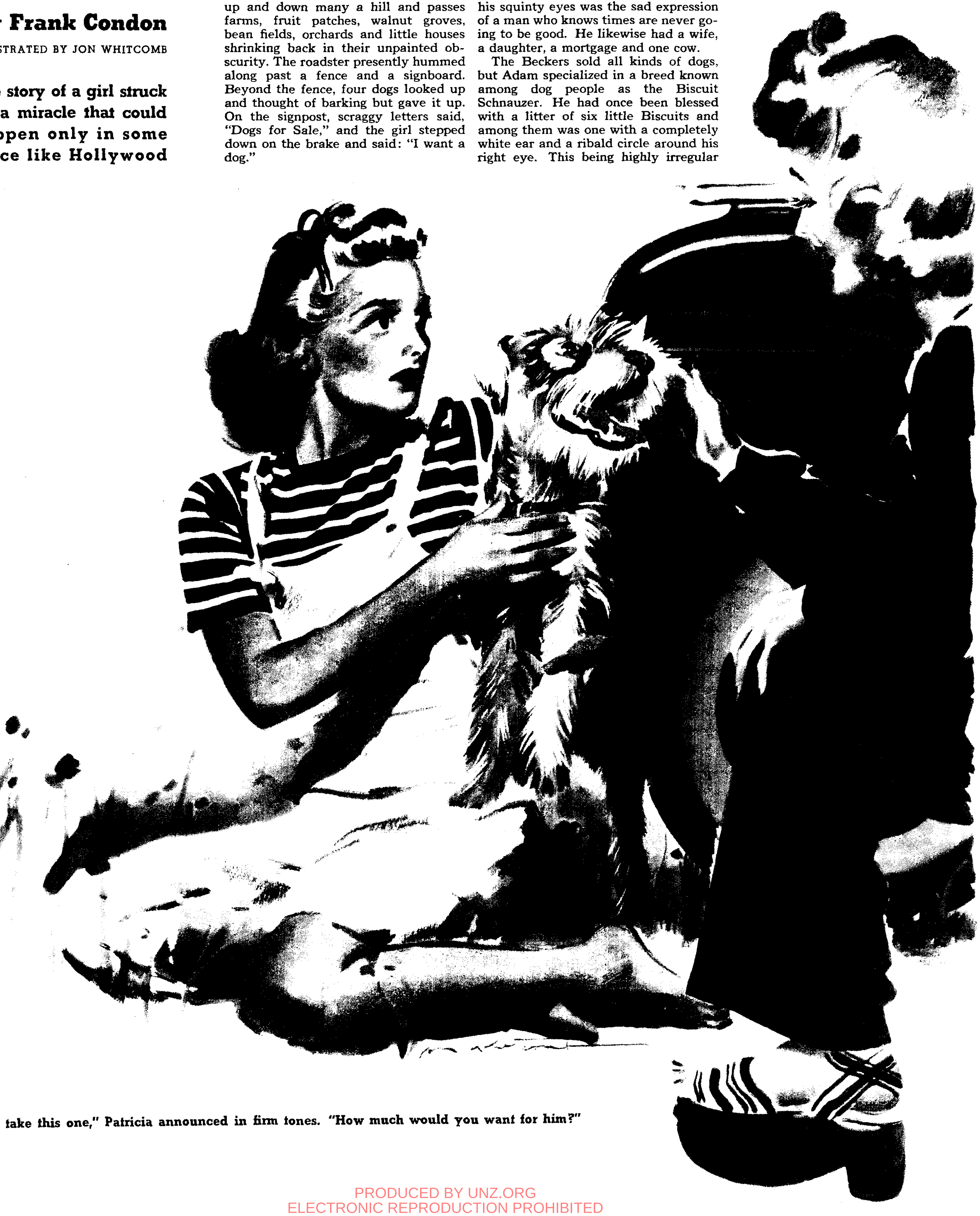
The young man answered: "And a good idea. Here's your dog place. Drive right in."

The girl's name was Patricia Moon and the young man was probably some Kenneth or Stephen with nice manners, his place in this story being of less importance than a coffee bean in Java. The roadster rolled into the modest farm of Adam Becker, who grew a few beans and sold dogs on the side. Adam was not on relief, but could hear it scratching. He had whiskers and a suit of clothes that hadn't stood up, and in his squinty eyes was the sad expression of a man who knows times are never going to be good. He likewise had a wife, a daughter, a mortgage and one cow.

The Beckers sold all kinds of dogs, but Adam specialized in a breed known among dog people as the Biscuit Schnauzer. He had once been blessed with a litter of six little Biscuits and among them was one with a completely white ear and a ribald circle around his right eye. This being highly irregular among Biscuit Schnauzers, young Helen Becker fell immediately in love with the pup. When customers drove in to ask, she sneaked the white-ear off behind the barn, lest they see and buy. Becker sold his litter to passing motorists, and noting the love of his daughter for the circle-eye pup, he softened and declared she might keep him. So Helen Becker had a dog of her own and hardly anything else.

The roadster blew its four-tone horn and Adam came squinting into the sun.

(Continued on page 34)



"I'll take this one," Patricia announced in firm tones. "How much would you want for him?"

The Young Idea

By
Kyle Crichton

All about three little girls who made good in the movies, and their mother, who has survived the ordeal nicely

Three very much of a kind make up Hollywood's biggest and best sister act. Left to right are the Young sisters: Sally Blane, Loretta, Polly Ann

JAMES DOOLITTLE

THE Young sisters of Hollywood are Gretchen, Mrs. Carter Hermann, Betsy Ann and Georgiana Belzer. To make it a bit more complicated, Gretchen is really Loretta, Mrs. Hermann is Polly Ann, Betsy Ann is Sally Blane and Georgiana is a half sister. As if that were not enough, they are constantly referring to Gladys, who at first blink seems to be another sister but turns out to be Mamma.

The fabulous Mr. Zanuck lately had the sisters together in a little film triumph entitled The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, which was quite a feat because, ordinarily, the girls have lives of their own and don't travel in a herd like Burmese elephants. By dint of some persuasion they were gathered at Loretta's house recently and put through a course of sprouts for the benefit of posterity. There was some slight difficulty with Georgiana, who has only recently reached the age of fourteen and is not aware of what history expects of a film player. She wanted to know if she couldn't skip lunch with the old folks and have it with her friend Emily, who was waiting for her upstairs.

"No, my dear," said Loretta, firmly. "This is an interview. You'll have to tell Emily to wait." And then she added as an afterthought: "And, darling, you can't have Pat to go shopping. He doesn't belong to us; he's the studio chauffeur. You'll have to wait and go down with Gladys on Monday."

While Georgiana went upstairs to convey the desperate tidings to the mysterious Emily, Loretta shook her head over her youngest sister.

"She's going to be the one, that kid; wait and see. She won't say a word while you're here but she'll talk our ears off when you're gone. In that shy way of hers she gets everything she wants. Pat is supposed to be looking after me and I never see him any more. When he does come around, he has his arms loaded down with Georgiana's school books. The other day I didn't see him for hours and finally yelled, 'Where the devil is Pat?' and somebody said, 'He's out getting Georgiana an ice-cream cone.' "

At lunch Georgiana sat next to Loretta and ate steadily and said nothing. The others were telling about coming to Hollywood. Their father had died, leaving Mamma with four small children and almost no money. So she had left Denver and come out to be near relatives.

"Uncle Trax was sitting on the front porch," said Sally, "and he saw a woman and four bedraggled kids walking down the dusty road from the streetcar. Hollywood was a one-horse town in those days with only a few paved streets and it was hot and Uncle Trax was sorry for the group trudging along. 'Look at that poor woman with those kids,' he said and Aunt Colly came to the door just then, looked and cried, 'Why, that's Gladys,' and they ran out to meet us."

Hollywood Debut

In addition to Polly Ann, who is the oldest, and Betsy Ann (Sally) and Gretchen (Loretta), who was an infant in arms, the older girls were dragging Jackie, who gave up the movies years ago and is now a lawyer in Los Angeles. Georgiana came later after Gladys was married to Mr. Belzer.

Their father had been an auditor on the Denver and Rio Grande Western and they had lived well till he died. Polly Ann was born in Denver, Sally in Salida, Colorado, and Gretchen was born in Salt Lake City. "We didn't live there," says Loretta. "Mamma was just going through."

It was tough going for Mamma after coming to Hollywood. She was only twenty-six and had never worked, but now she had to do something, so she rented an old place and started a boardinghouse.

"We all helped around," said Polly Ann, "and I guess we got along pretty well right away. Aunt Colly (Coleen) was married to Mr. Traxler, who was an assistant director in the movies, and he used to send people to Mamma. We carried in things from the tables and helped in the kitchen but really didn't kill ourselves at it even when we got a little older."

As the business prospered, Mrs. Young took larger places and finally had two large houses adjoining. It was there that the movie madness first struck them, for when Gretchen was four somebody told George Melrose about the kid and she was in a picture with Fanny Ward and Theodore Roberts.

"You should have been blackballed right there," Polly Ann pointed out. "You know what she said when she came home? Miss Ward had been made up like a hag and then when she took her make-up off, Gretch was disappointed. 'She's terribly pretty,' she said, 'but I liked her better when she was an old lady.' Fanny must have loved that."

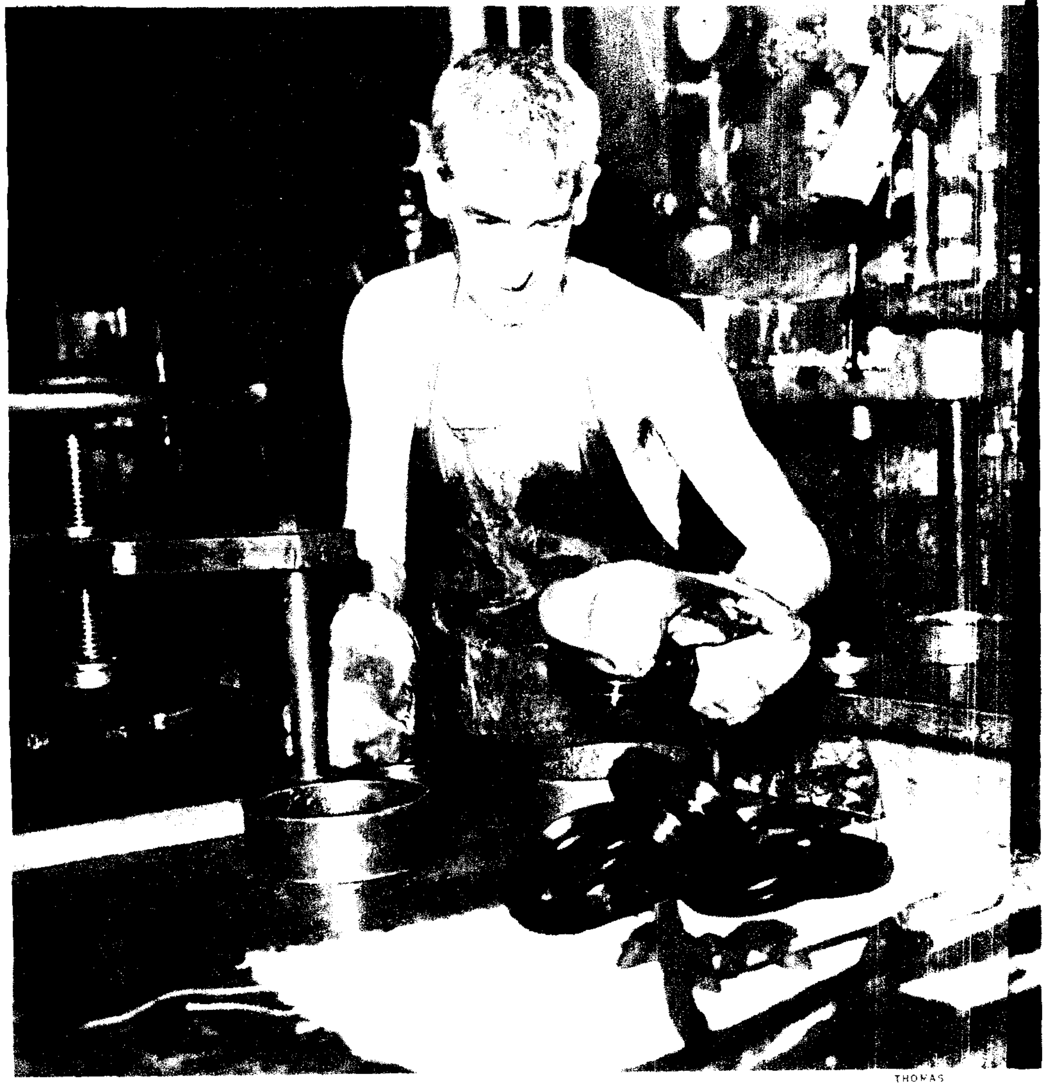
(Continued on page 68)

Europe's Blockade Can't Shut Us Down

By Denver Lindley

The industries of this country can say to Europe: "We can get along without you very well." That's something new. Our chemical independence dates from the last war. And it, with our resources, spells our national self-sufficiency

Chemical rubber, more resistant to heat and oil than natural rubber, is molded into gaskets for oil pipe lines at a U. S. Rubber Company plant



THOMAS

WE WEREN'T caught flat-footed this time as we were in 1915.

When, in March of that year, Britain slapped down a naval blockade against Germany, we suddenly discovered we were dependent on German sources for our dyes, medicinals and fertilizers. We couldn't make optical glass. We couldn't even make the chemicals needed for research.

Now we have our own dyes industry, the best in the world. We can make our medicines, fertilizers, chemicals and optical glass. The present blockade of Germany leaves us undisturbed. But if it hadn't been for the lesson in chemistry taught us by the last war things would be different. We should be worse off than in 1915. A whole new series of industries, from the automotive to air-conditioning, would be thrown out of gear.

This chemical independence of ours has led to our present high degree of national self-sufficiency. It's worth examining before we tackle the question of just how far we are now actually independent of all other nations for our supplies.

In 1915 we were, of course, a neutral nation, and Germany, who had a special stake in the matter, watched developments here with sharp interest. Before the blockade went into operation von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, had cabled to Berlin: " . . . the stock of dyes in this country is so small that by a German embargo about 4,000,000 American workmen might be thrown out of employment."

Within a year the German consul general in New York was writing smugly to von Bethmann-Hollweg, chancellor of the German Empire: "Neither through money nor the granting of credit, nor by any other means, can that critical situation be relieved which has been called forth by the removal of certain articles which are obtainable only in Germany. These articles are chiefly potash, chemicals and dyestuffs. Potash is desired by agriculture, inclusive of cotton planters, all the more urgently since last year sufficient fertilizer could not be brought to the soil. To enumerate the industries which are suffering from the lack of German chemicals would lead too far. I may, however, mention that the cry for help which comes from the world of physicians is becoming louder and more insistent."

The Germans believed that we were completely dependent on them for all the coal-tar products. And, for the moment, they were absolutely right. Within a few months after the blockade, German anesthetics were worth their weight in pearls, and industries that required dyes and colors were back where they had been during the Civil War. Natural colors were in use again—fustic, logwood, cochineal, indigo—and a mad gold rush was on for known or hidden stocks of the so-called aniline dyes.

Drugstores and five-and-tens were ransacked for packages of dyes originally intended for home use. Occasional windfalls turned up. One lucky broker located a stock of Rhodamine B Extra at its usual price of four or five dollars a pound. He turned it over in a quick sale for between ten and fifteen dollars a pound, only to see the whole batch snapped up by a desperate buyer a few days later for $125 a pound. Direct blacks, normally worth twenty to twenty-five cents a pound, shot up to five dollars a pound in barrel lots.

The search went merrily on abroad. Buyers for American textile mills, disregarding hardships and U-boats, scoured the far corners of the earth. German and Swiss dyes turned up in China, three and a half million pounds of them. Japan, India and Hong Kong yielded 1,370,000 pounds more, and 1,300,000 pounds came from England.

A Challenge for Our Chemists

This was a drop in the bucket. Anguished cries arose from manufacturers, and immediately a surprising number of people decided to become dyemakers. Most of them knew nothing whatever about the business, and the results were just about what might have been expected. The ambitious proprietor of a delicatessen store in New Jersey began turning out methyl violet. His bewildered customers discovered that each batch was different, so different that a new formula had to be developed each time. Finally, by popular request, the delicatessen proprietor went back to his cheese and pickles.

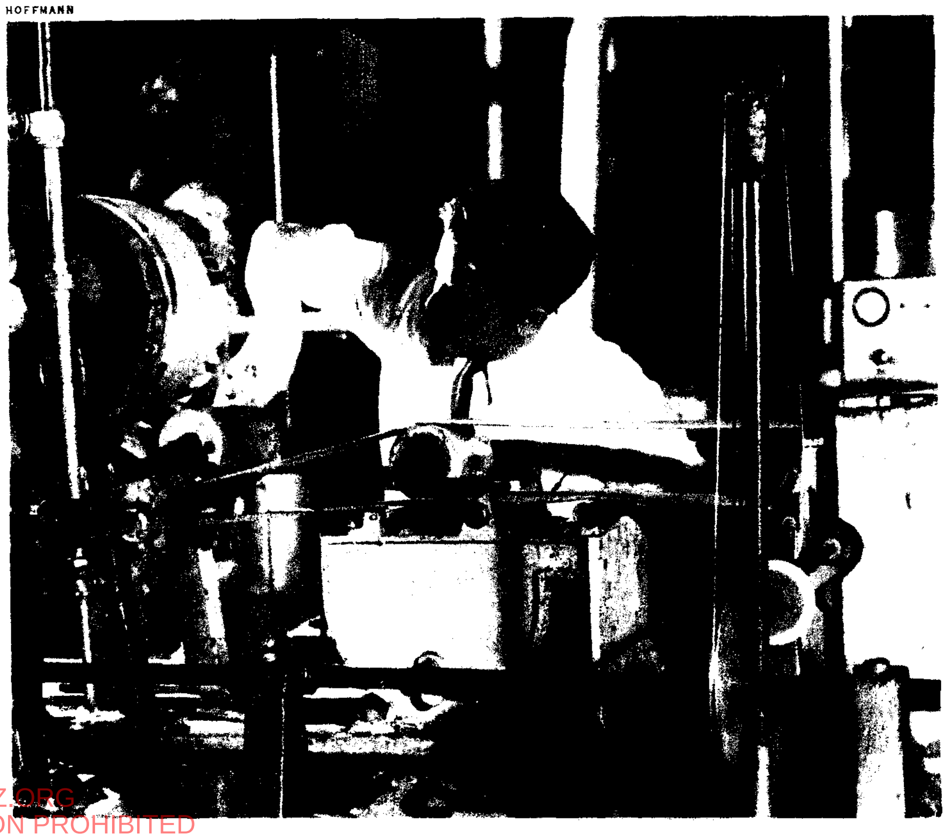
Sulphur blacks and sulphur browns were produced in old iron kettles by stewing everything from sawdust to leather shavings combined with sodium sulphide.

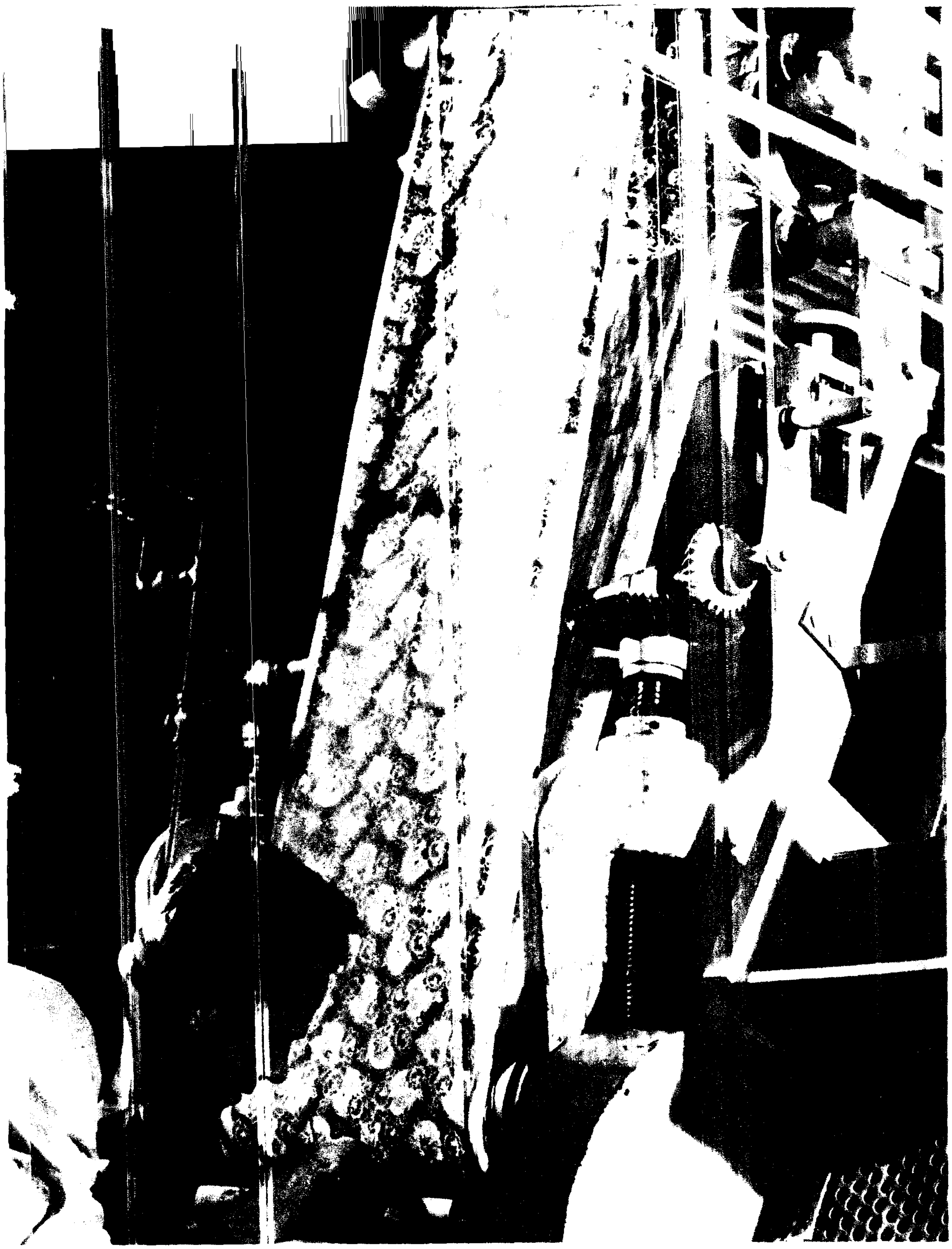
The situation was serious. Industrial stagnation was in sight, with the textile industry slowing up and, together with

Below, left, nitrocellulose plastic in the making. This machine mixes camphor and nitrocellulose and kneads them smoothly together

HOFFMANN

Below is a miniature paper mill. Color is added to wood pulp in the box at the right, finished paper is wound on drum to dry





HOFFMANN

New American-made dyes for textiles on trial. This Du Pont machine is designed to duplicate exactly, for dye experiments, the operation of textile printing

it, certain others that depended on dyes and colors including printing, paints and finishes, paper and leather. The State Department went into action and persuaded the British government to allow free passage to the United States of two steamer loads of "artificial colors of German origin." The German government replied politely that they were willing—provided they could have in return an equivalent amount of cotton or nitric acid. So that was the end of that.

Meanwhile, some of our domestic chemical manufacturers were beginning to make headway. They set their research chemists to work on the problem, and with intensive effort succeeded in a comparatively short time in producing those dyes urgently needed for operation of American industries. They were benefited to some extent by the German-owned dyes patents which were taken over by the United States government and sold to the Chemical Foundation, which in turn licensed American manufacturers to use them. Not that they solved the problem. Many of the German patents were so scanty as to details that the processes could not be worked. Others were so written as deliberately to hide the best way of carrying out the chemical reactions involved. Some manufacturers even claimed that the German patents hindered rather than helped American chemical industry.

Anyway, we now have our dyes industry.

When Germany Was Chemical Boss

At first glance there is something surprising about the state of affairs in this country in 1915.

We weren't by any means newcomers at the business of making chemicals. It had been our first industry and by 1914 it had passed the two-billion-dollar mark. But in dyes and medicinals we were helpless. It's easy now to see that this was no accident. The hurry and scurry in the dyes industry that we have just been glancing at was only a surface disturbance. Underneath it lay an enlightening story, the plot of which had been made in Germany.

Before 1914 no one outside the German general staff seems to have had the foggiest notion of the part chemistry was going to play in the coming war. There it was very clearly understood. And prepared for. In certain branches of chemistry Germany attained and held a world monopoly, working early and late to convince everyone that Germans and Germans alone could understand these matters. The myth of German invincibility in chemistry was spread over the earth—and believed.

This happy state of affairs is described in the report of A. Mitchell Palmer, alien property custodian: "In two other great branches of chemical industry, however, the Germans had attained not only first place, but to all intents and purpose a world monopoly—that is to say, in the practical application of organic chemistry to the manufacture of dyestuffs and medicinals."

Organic chemistry, in case you have forgotten, is the chemistry of carbon compounds. It includes the coal-tar derivatives, among which are the dyes and medicinals in question. What interested the German general staff was not so much its country's flourishing dye business as the fact that every dye plant and laboratory was a potential munitions factory.

We might as well get this matter of coal-tar derivatives straight at once. Coal tar is a nasty goo, but its use marked an important step upward for modern civilization.

The Magical Coal Tar

When you heat coal in a container, coal gas is given off and coke remains behind. In addition to the coal gas certain heavy vapors rise and later condense, gumming up your pipes. This troublesome mess is coal tar. It was while trying to find ways of getting rid of it that chemists discovered that the disagreeable stuff was a treasure house. From it the Germans found out how to synthesize a vast variety of things from high explosives through perfumes and aspirin down to dyes. (Though the first coal-tar dye was produced by an Englishman—William H. Perkin—in 1856.)

These feats of chemical wizardry are less bewildering when you realize that coal tar is a residue of living processes. It is the bricks and mortar from which the complex living molecules were formed; a handy halfway stage at which material can be salvaged and reshaped for new uses. Modern chemistry is going even further than that, synthesizing its new materials out of the elements themselves, but coal tar was a necessary intermediate step.

Modern warfare requires two types of explosives—the propellants and the disruptants. The propellants get the shell there and the disruptants do the damage afterward. It is the latter—largely in the form of T.N.T.—that come from coal tar. For the manufacture of both types, nitrates are necessary.

At the outbreak of the last war the commercial source of nitrates was sodium nitrate, found only in one long, narrow valley in Chile. For almost a hundred years it had paid fifty per cent annually to the tight little monopoly that owned it, supported the Chilean government on the side and helped keep the American farmer broke. For, of course, the big peacetime use of nitrates is for fertilizer. But everyone knew that in time of war nitrates are essential. The British relied on their cruisers to keep the road open to Chile. Almost everyone else rather supinely relied on the British cruisers too. Naturally the Germans couldn't. They had an ace up their sleeve and they made sure it was a valid one before they let themselves into war in 1914.

The ace was a process for "fixing" atmospheric nitrogen. Four fifths of the air around us is nitrogen. If a way could be found to make it combine with, say, hydrogen in the proportion of one atom of nitrogen to three of hydrogen the result would be ammonia, which is useful for more things than scrubbing out the kitchen; it's a fine starting point for the manufacture both of explosives and fertilizers. A man named Fritz Haber found out how to do that on a commercial scale. (As a reward the present German government forced him out of the country and he committed suicide.)

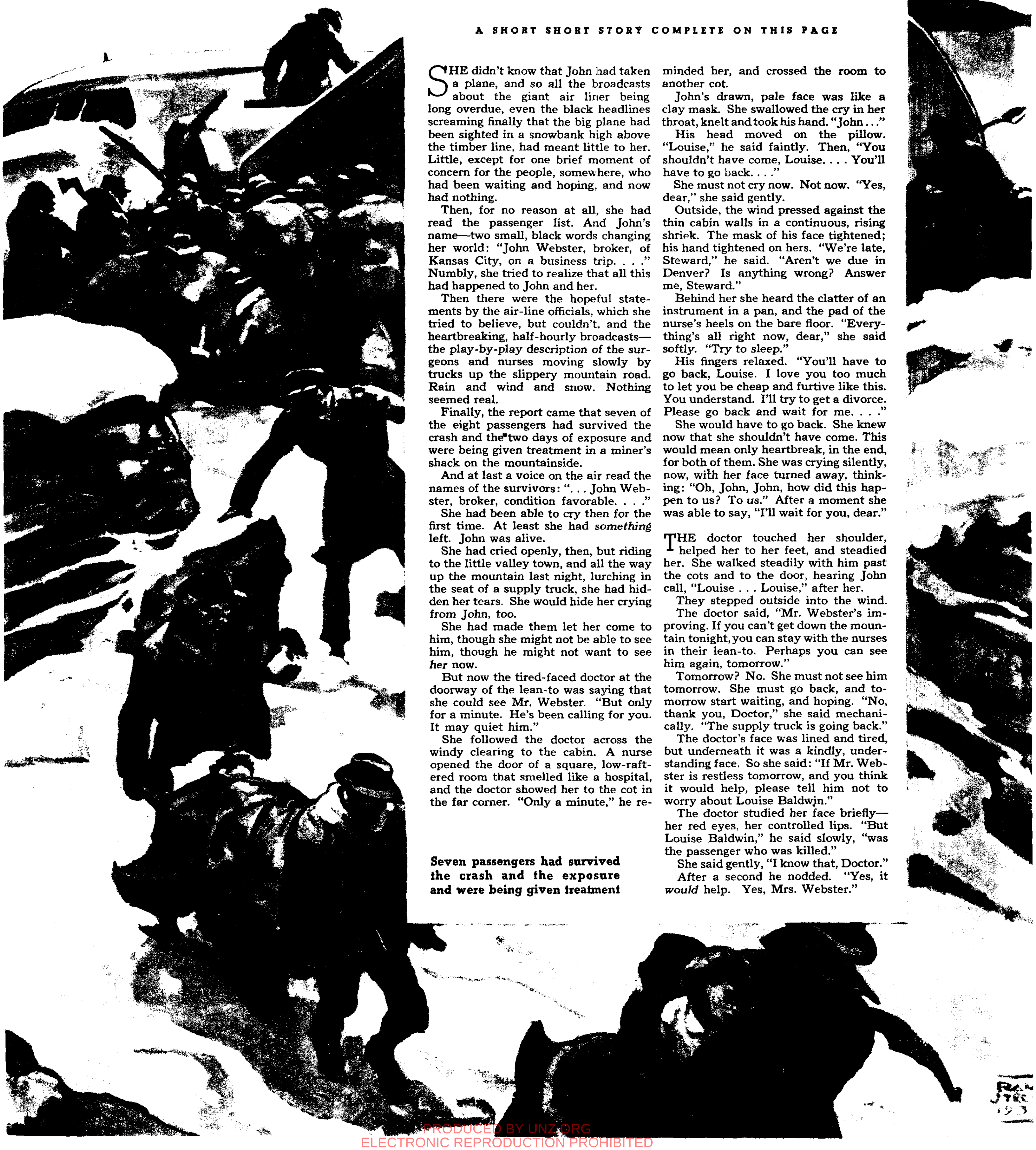
(Continued on page 42)

Visit from Louise

By William Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



Seven passengers had survived the crash and the exposure and were being given treatment

SHE didn't know that John had taken a plane, and so all the broadcasts about the giant air liner being long overdue, even the black headlines screaming finally that the big plane had been sighted in a snowbank high above the timber line, had meant little to her. Little, except for one brief moment of concern for the people, somewhere, who had been waiting and hoping, and now had nothing.

Then, for no reason at all, she had read the passenger list. And John's name—two small, black words changing her world: "John Webster, broker, of Kansas City, on a business trip. . . ." Numbly, she tried to realize that all this had happened to John and her.

Then there were the hopeful statements by the air-line officials, which she tried to believe, but couldn't, and the heartbreaking, half-hourly broadcasts—the play-by-play description of the surgeons and nurses moving slowly by trucks up the slippery mountain road. Rain and wind and snow. Nothing seemed real.

Finally, the report came that seven of the eight passengers had survived the crash and the two days of exposure and were being given treatment in a miner's shack on the mountainside.

And at last a voice on the air read the names of the survivors: ". . . John Webster, broker, condition favorable. . . ."

She had been able to cry then for the first time. At least she had *something* left. John was alive.

She had cried openly, then, but riding to the little valley town, and all the way up the mountain last night, lurching in the seat of a supply truck, she had hidden her tears. She would hide her crying *from John, too.*

She had made them let her come to him, though she might not be able to see him, though he might not want to see *her* now.

But now the tired-faced doctor at the doorway of the lean-to was saying that she could see Mr. Webster. "But only for a minute. He's been calling for you. It may quiet him."

She followed the doctor across the windy clearing to the cabin. A nurse opened the door of a square, low-raftered room that smelled like a hospital, and the doctor showed her to the cot in the far corner. "Only a minute," he reminded her, and crossed the room to another cot.

John's drawn, pale face was like a clay mask. She swallowed the cry in her throat, knelt and took his hand. "John . . ."

His head moved on the pillow. "Louise," he said faintly. Then, "You shouldn't have come, Louise. . . . You'll have to go back. . . ."

She must not cry now. Not now. "Yes, dear," she said gently.

Outside, the wind pressed against the thin cabin walls in a continuous, rising shriek. The mask of his face tightened; his hand tightened on hers. "We're late, Steward," he said. "Aren't we due in Denver? Is anything wrong? Answer me, Steward."

Behind her she heard the clatter of an instrument in a pan, and the pad of the nurse's heels on the bare floor. "Everything's all right now, dear," she said softly. "Try to sleep."

His fingers relaxed. "You'll have to go back, Louise. I love you too much to let you be cheap and furtive like this. You understand. I'll try to get a divorce. Please go back and wait for me. . . ."

She would have to go back. She knew now that she shouldn't have come. This would mean only heartbreak, in the end, for both of them. She was crying silently, now, with her face turned away, thinking: "Oh, John, John, how did this happen to us? To *us*." After a moment she was able to say, "I'll wait for you, dear."

THE doctor touched her shoulder, helped her to her feet, and steadied her. She walked steadily with him past the cots and to the door, hearing John call, "Louise . . . Louise," after her.

They stepped outside into the wind. The doctor said, "Mr. Webster's improving. If you can't get down the mountain tonight, you can stay with the nurses in their lean-to. Perhaps you can see him again, tomorrow."

Tomorrow? No. She must not see him tomorrow. She must go back, and tomorrow start waiting, and hoping. "No, thank you, Doctor," she said mechanically. "The supply truck is going back."

The doctor's face was lined and tired, but underneath it was a kindly, understanding face. So she said: "If Mr. Webster is restless tomorrow, and you think it would help, please tell him not to worry about Louise Baldwin."

The doctor studied her face briefly—her red eyes, her controlled lips. "But Louise Baldwin," he said slowly, "was the passenger who was killed."

She said gently, "I know that, Doctor."

After a second he nodded. "Yes, it *would* help. Yes, Mrs. Webster."

PIPER
PIGS

By
Don [illegible]

As a coach, Slip Madigan is the best actor in football. He is a one-man show drawing an audience of thousands every Saturday in the fall. Half his audience love him—the rest hate him. But no one is ever indifferent

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REX HARDY, JR.

St. Mary's Slip Madigan put himself and his school prominently on the football map by his sound coaching and a talent for antagonizing people. Above, Madigan is teaching a young hopeful to kick

AROUND the San Francisco Bay area there are men who would give their blood for Slip Madigan of St. Mary's and others who would glady fill him full of daylight on approach. There are those who would spend their last dimes to see his team win and others who think he is the most ruthless, domineering, insulting mug who ever walked on a football field.

All of which gives Mr. Madigan personally—and we mean *personally*—a teeth-gnashing following of thousands around northern California, Los Angeles, the Pacific Northwest and New York.

No California fan ever leaves a St. Mary's game until all the players, the coaches and officials—and particularly Mr. Madigan himself—have definitely left the field. Some of the finest bloodlettings ever perpetrated on this continent have followed victories by St. Mary's of California. Do you think the San Francisco police riot squad headquarters have an enlarged St. Mary's schedule tacked on the wall just because it's pretty?

Twenty years ago, when Madigan arrived at St. Mary's College in Oakland from Columbia College, via Notre Dame and a stretch in the Navy, he decided that San Francisco should be his home port. Up to that time, San Francisco could not boast of a college football team. With the organizational skill of a Farley, the ingratiating manner of a Roosevelt II and the guile of a serpent, Mr. Madigan circulated among the natives and sold them the game of football. Most of his converts had never heard of football. But Mr. Madigan, with his sleeves rolled up and a benign look on his face, proceeded to educate a new audience to the dramatic, swashbuckling qualities of the great game.

Within a few months after his arrival in California in 1921, he had personally covered practically every town and hamlet in northern California. And the best brush salesman that ever lived never did a better job of selling. It was terrific! He would make a football power of St. Mary's! He would give these underprivileged sports fanatics a team that they could take to their hearts and cherish, like the collegians of California and Stanford—but at reasonable prices.

Then, he wooed the press—and, oh, what a wooing it was! Cutely, he advocated dollar football; then he suggested Sunday football and before the Conference knew what was going on, the papers were chock-full of Madigan ideas, Madigan quips, Madigan material.

Around the West, in 1921, there was but one football team—California. And with usual California modesty, the boys were describing it as "the California Wonder Team." Everyone said it was an unbeatable team; all agreed that Andy Smith, its coach, was a genius. That is, all but Mr. Madigan, who swore that the 127-0 humiliation that St. Mary's had suffered at the hands of this "Wonder Team" a year before Madigan's appearance on the Coast would be avenged.

Slip marched his first college eleven against California in the first game of the 1921 season. There were more than 60,000 people in the stands, most of them drawn there by the fierce and fiery pregame challenges of Mr. Madigan, who declared: "My boys will show the people something this afternoon." And he added—as has been his habit these past twenty years—"And there are plenty of seats available."

With five kids who were high-school seniors the year before and with a sprinkling of veterans that Slip had adroitly plucked from choice athletic orchards, St. Mary's went out against this allegedly invincible eleven and fought it to a standstill for almost three quarters. It is of little import that Madigan's Gaels tired and permitted the "Wonder Team" to score three touchdowns—final score, 21-0. The important thing is that Madigan made good his promises that "the people would see something" and that he had established himself as a great football coach. Overnight, he became a hero. Overnight, he gathered around himself an "alumni" numbering in the thousands, an alumni that has increased with the years until today St. Mary's has the largest following of any small college in the country.

Let's take a look at Mr. Madigan in action. Let's put the camera right on him and back the sound truck right up to the bench, so we won't miss a word or a gesture of this sports-world Barrymore.

The scene is any St. Mary's-opponent game, be that opponent California, Santa Clara or Fordham. The opposing coach is sitting quietly on the bench.

(Continued on page 65)

The Governor's Lady

By Charles Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A man's ambition is strong, but a woman's dreams are stronger

AILSE sat on a stool with her feet up and watched Abel shaving. He was shaving at the kitchen sink, the new, watertight sink planed out of seasoned cedar, its surfaces smooth as velvet. How Abel could twist his clumsy fingers about the razor, its bone handle sticking up, and wield the murderous blade so surely, always surprised her. His bony paws seemed more at home swinging his ax against the butts of big fir and cedar trees.

Ailse wanted to do the breakfast dishes at the kitchen sink and then lie down a spell. She was going to have to have this boy baby soon and Abel ought to get out of her sight. He'd got so he had to shave every other morning, since she'd mentioned that his whiskers scratched her sometimes, as he tossed in bed at night. Or—was he getting in practice for that trip the settlers along the Umpqua River wanted him to make? Across the continent to Washington City. Going to be a gentleman. While she was going to have a baby.

Most men on the Umpqua shaved only once a year, in the spring. Big grizzlies like Alf Calahan, with red rabbit-brush all over face and chest, never shaved from cradle to grave.

Abel wiped his blade carefully and Ailse shuddered at the polished steel. He folded the razor and put it on the shelf above the sink. "I was tossin' last night," he said, slopping water on his face. "Studyin' on that rocker crib. There's a cold rain outside. It's fixin' to snow. I'll work inside today on that crib."

Ailse's black eyes snapped in the oval of her face. "I want it made of pretty wood. Like—rubbed walnut. Like—"

Abel knew what she wanted it like. Like fancy cribs she'd seen back East, before he'd married her. The Umpqua settlement pocketed in the Coast Range, and there wasn't a black walnut between the Pacific water and Pennsylvania State. Except a couple of shoots six feet high in Abel's own baby orchard.

He said, "Maple's purty, hon," and loaded up the firebox of the kitchen stove. Then there wasn't anything to do but get out. Into the empty back bedroom and whet his drawing knife and pretend to work on the crib.

The back bedroom had shavings on the floor. It wouldn't be an empty bedroom much longer. Probably the four big, tall bedrooms upstairs would fill up, in time Abel Chottaw had the best homestead, the best house, the best wife on the river but then he didn't know whether he had her or not With the little shaver coming on, it appeared he didn't. It was like a woman having two

She risked her life coming when even an Indian wouldn't have stirred. She'd be the Governor's Lady if it killed her

men at once. And what chance had a tough, chaw-eared wildcat like himself against a young sprout?

Abel chuckled, glanced out at the rain turning to snow. He heard dishes thudding in the cedar sink. If he went to Washington . . .

Abel picked up his long wooden plane, squinted at the steel blade projecting across the bottom of it. He turned it over and methodically tapped home the wooden wedge binding the blade. One thing he'd kept as a surprise for Ailse today—he had the maple crib already finished.

The crib looked small as Abel, tall and gaunt, stood over it. It wasn't much of a contraption for looks. Abel stared at it and knew that. But it was strong. He hadn't been thinking about the baby when he built it. He'd been thinking about Ailse.

Abel touched the contraption and it rocked back and forth. He could size up a two-hundred-foot giant fir tree and in his mind's eye see it felled on an exact spot, see it hewn into house timbers, see the house and people in the house. Him and Ailse. But he couldn't look and see the baby, toddling about, grown up or anything else. Only place he could see it was Ailse's eyes. And there he couldn't see it clear. It looked like a spirit—strange.

THROUGH the window Abel saw two figures coming up the river trail. The rain blurred them and he didn't try to make them out. How do you get acquainted with strange gents? A stranger walks up and says Howdy, tells his name and shakes your hand. You sound each other out and after a while you're well acquainted.

Try that on Ailse's baby, Abel grinned, and you'd likely get a broomstick busted over your noggin. Best place for a man with a baby in the house was the barn. Or Washington. . . .

He heard the front door bang and instantly there was gabbling going on in the kitchen. He put down the plane, stepped into the kitchen, saw big Alf Calahan and heard Aunt Molly. Alf dripped rainwater beside the hot stove and his red beard was wet as grass. Aunt Molly tossed off her cape and pounced on Ailse.

"You feel real good, honey? You sit here in this rocker. You're lookin' uncommon pretty. A woman never looks prettier than just before. It's only ten weeks yet, ain't it, honey? I just come to see how you're makin'. Ailse, you want to come to my place, or have him here?"

"Here," Ailse said. Her voice was full of something now—full of a secret. "He wants to see his own home first."

Alf whispered to Abel: "A hell of a lot of brats that old maid's had."

Aunt Molly heard. She was a white-haired little stick of gunpowder that Alf said he could hold in his hand, if she wouldn't explode. She swept on Alf, a wrinkled midge in a swirl of black skirts, and exploded in his face:

"I've had all the babies that's been had! I had 'em on the trail and at the Platte and I had 'em at The Crossing. I've had come-early babies and built a big box dark inside and heated it with rocks of soapstone, so they was warm as before they come. And saved them. I've had nine on this creek this season and only lost three. And they was girls. No one can do better—not even a fine Boston hospital, Alf Calahan!"

Aunt Molly clucked, turned back to Ailse.

"Don't you fret, honey. Men are dratted creeters! That Alf Calahan, him with more hair than a cinnamon bear and less in his head. He's jealous because I never let no dratted man wed me."

Alf growled to Abel: "Are you housebound? We got to listen to this whinnyin'?"

Abel looked at Ailse. Her eyes were on him but they were seeing something else. He opened the back bedroom door, heard Aunt Molly snort as he and Alf went through.

Alf's bright eyes took in the maple crib and he waggled his red beard. "From the size of that, you must be aimin' to have dubs. . . . Abe, at the meeting last night that airgut, Argetsinger, come near gettin' himself elected to go to Washington City."

Abel looked out the window uneasily.

The gray twinkle in Alf's eyes hardened into dangerous flint and he thrust his head forward. "Why wasn't you there?"

Alf touched a rocker with his boot and the crib swayed emptily. It hadn't any weight in it. "I don't know as I want to go. Ailse—"

For a long moment Alf stared, as if Abel's words passed human understanding. Then he jerked abruptly: "You need a spell up in the hills. I got the men to wait till I could get hold of you. You—need some thinkin' away from females. Get your gun. You and me are goin' up on High Squaw. Tell 'em we're goin' meat huntin'."

"He said he'd make a cradle and now he's gone hunting." Ailse's voice was suddenly girlish and Aunt Molly bustled to the cupboard and the stove.

"Drink this sassafras tea, honey. He's only gone till tomorrow night. Plenty of time left for the crib. Abe'll make a good one."

"But if he cared about the baby he'd make it now!" Ailse moved to the back bedroom door, opened it. "He doesn't care; he hasn't done a thing; he only wants to go to Washington."

SHE stopped when she saw the crib, complete, waiting. Aunt Molly cried, "He had it done all the time! It's as good and strong rocker-crib as ever I see."

Ailse touched the wave-grain headboard. "It's plain and—ugly. When he makes things for me, he makes them—lovely. He doesn't care—about this. It's Washington, Washington, Washington! I wish the men would send Mr. Argetsinger. I'm going to see Mr. Argetsinger and tell him so! I wish—I wish something would keep Abel in the hills, till it's too late—"

"Honey!" Aunt Molly put a scrawny arm about the girl's shoulders. "Don't ever wish bad luck for men a-hunting! No, of course he don't care a dog's bark about the baby. Men never do, till afterward. Men, the creeters, don't have babies, they have 'em put on 'em. Don't you fret—"

Ailse said slowly, "It isn't that with Abel. It's Washington. It's people and—women in Washington. And I left a bigger city than Washington! I left Philadelphia to come out here—with Abe. Now he's going back there! And I'm—I'm—"

Aunt Molly crooned to herself a moment, said matter-of-factly, "They say if the settlements send men like Abe, Oregon Territory will get let in as a state. They say Abe Chottaw will be senator, or even governor. Honey, that'll make you the Governor's Lady."

"It won't!"

"Men like Abel live outside lives, honey. The other men trust them and honor them—"

The girl stared down at the raw new crib. "Abel and I weren't like that. And now Little Abe—"

Aunt Molly bustled into her rain cape. She said tartly, "Babies is what you got married for. You'll be fine."

The girl muttered as the little gray midwife hustled out, "He shan't go!"

Single file, Alf and Abel swung up the mile-long ridge of Low Squaw, crossed the bench on top and, more slowly, climbed on open deer trails up High Squaw.

Elk and deer trails, with wolf tracks in them, cut up the brown ground like a sheep pasture. Abel worked a linen cartridge into his needle gun but he wasn't thinking too much of hunting. He took one side of a patch of brilliant vine maple, Alf took the other. Alf floored a medium young bull elk out of a family group that got up. His newfangled Sharps made a crack like a cannon.

"All we have to do," Alf said, trying his knife blade on his thumb, "is dress 'em out and hang 'em up. I'll come back with the team and sled 'em home. After you're started East."

They went on from that to a plump blacktail, an inch of buck tallow between his rump and his hide. Alf killed him and cussed Abel. "He was your meat—you forgot what your gun's for? You gone high an' mighty on me?"

Abel unsheathed his knife, cracked the deer's foreleg hocks backward across his knee and trimmed them off. "I haven't gone high an' mighty—nor anywhere."

"I been followin' your drift—all day, lad. You listen to your Uncle Alf. You and me been a pair, we uncovered this Umpqua country, we led in the emigrants, we're responsible—sort of." Squatted on his boot heels, Alf's eyes glittered between his knob knees and his beard bobbed as he wheedled: "You think of it, a delegate from each settlement, going to Washington to let 'em know we aim to be a state and clean out the Siwashes, and Hudson Bay still tryin' to boss things.

"Best man from each settlement. You're our man, Abe! After we're a state, you'll be governor or senator or whatever! We don't want to be misrepresented by that airgut, Argetsinger. Me, I'm just a brush rat, your partner when we was young hellers together. You're gonna be the Honorable Mr. Chottaw—"

Abel methodically dressed out the deer and Alf waggled his knife point. "A man's got a duty. He's got to be growed up. Abe, a man can't stay tied to his woman's bustle string!"

Abel stood up with a jerk and there was a whiteness to his lanky, smooth-shaved face. Alf Calahan got up and walloped him without warning. "I'm gonna kick you from here to home in your damn' front door of your damn' big house an' see what your—"

(Continued on page 62)

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

HAVING run away from a school in Italy (where her divorced and twice-remarried mother had placed her), young Norma Fordyce—wealthy, spoiled and utterly irresponsible—joins her father, Philip Fordyce, at Hill Acres, his beautiful estate in Burlingame.

Fordyce is a member of a San Francisco law firm. Realizing that Norma must be carefully watched over, chaperoned, he asks one of his employees—Jocelyn Britton—if she will become the girl's companion. Jocelyn has just broken with Kent Dunham, a married man with whom she had been temporarily infatuated. She hopes that she will never see Dunham again. But, without his companionship, she is lonely. She welcomes the opportunity to concentrate on a new, and difficult, job. And she goes to Hill Acres.

Norma is a beautiful child; at times she is *adorable. But Jocelyn is unable to control her;* and, following one of her escapades (which the newspapers feature) her mother wires Philip Fordyce that she must be entrusted to the care of Miss Sanderson, an old governess whom Norma detests. Whereupon, Miss Sanderson takes over, and Jocelyn goes to an aunt in Sausalito.

A few weeks later, Norma rebels. She promises to behave herself, if Jocelyn will only return. And Jocelyn goes back to Hill Acres. Heretofore she has merely admired Philip Fordyce; now, at last, it dawns upon her that she loves him. She feels sure, though, that Fordyce sees in her only a dependable employee, nothing more. But he surprises her—he tells her that he has fallen in love with her, wants to marry *her! . . . Unfortunately,* another surprise awaits her—this time a very disagreeable one. In Philip's absence, his divorced wife, Janet (who has recently got rid of her last husband, a count), arrives on the scene. And, in Philip's absence, she discharges Jocelyn.

Jocelyn returns to her aunt's home in Sausalito. There, Philip calls on her, and together they review the situation, decide to be married within a few days.

Philip leaves. Another caller is announced—the last person in the world Jocelyn wants to see: *Kent Dunham!*

IX

THEY had a favorite table hidden away among the arches of the big central dining room at the Palace Hotel, and here they sat talking, talking, talking on in an enchanting new intimacy that made every word thrilling, and every subject, shared by their two minds and hearts, of absorbing interest.

Jocelyn wore today a straw hat covered with poppies and wheat. Her brown linen suit was plain in line, the blouse tailored and severe, but the radiance of her face and the light in her eyes made her beauty so unusual that Philip wondered how she could be so serenely unconscious of watching eyes and admiring glances.

"Everyone knows we're here today, Jocelyn."

"I should think everyone would. We've been right in this spot every day this week."

"Next week will be different."

"They really sail tomorrow, Phil? It'll be such a relief; I'll breathe so much easier when that's over!"

"They really do. At least I imagine they will. We'll send Norma some books, shall we? I've ordered flowers and candy through the office, but I'd like you to help me with the books."

"She came around to it, did she? She said she wouldn't go if Sandy did."

"She had to, poor kid, for very shame. I felt so sorry for her." Philip frowned, pushed away his plate. "Spazzolari's going to be there next month; did I tell you that? Yes; he goes down on the Pelham yacht, it seems. Poor Norma, that started her off again. I was down at my mother's for an hour last night, and we had it hot and heavy. I took down Norma's letter of credit and some other papers. Janet was there, very gay and confident, and putting on an act of great surprise that Norma didn't want to go. Sandy was sitting right among us, so naturally Norma couldn't say a word, but she'd telephoned me in a perfect fury—I told you that yesterday—that she wouldn't go if Sandy went. Janet's almost beside herself trying to keep the child amused—all the lesson books gone, of course, and they are already getting on each other's nerves."

"It would be funny if it weren't so terribly sad, Phil."

"I suppose so. It's exactly what's gone on all through Norma's life, and we don't seem to find a way out. The understanding is now that if Janet has Norma until August—"

"Until August?"

"Yes, I know, it seems an awful long time. But then she's to be handed over to me, and I've about half a mind," Philip said, "to chuck law for six months and travel—you and I and the kid."

"Philip, what she would *really* like much better, what she really needs, is

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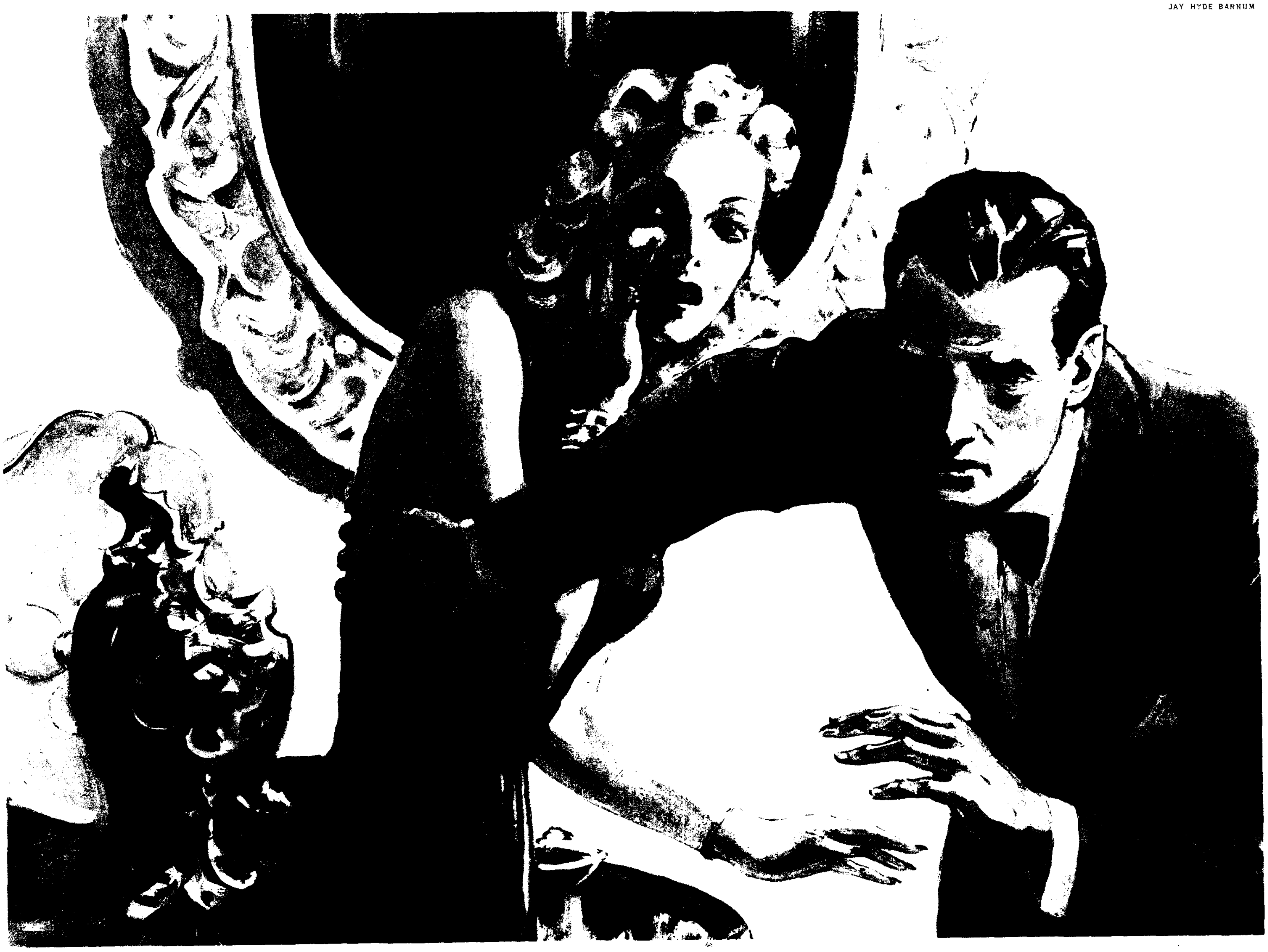
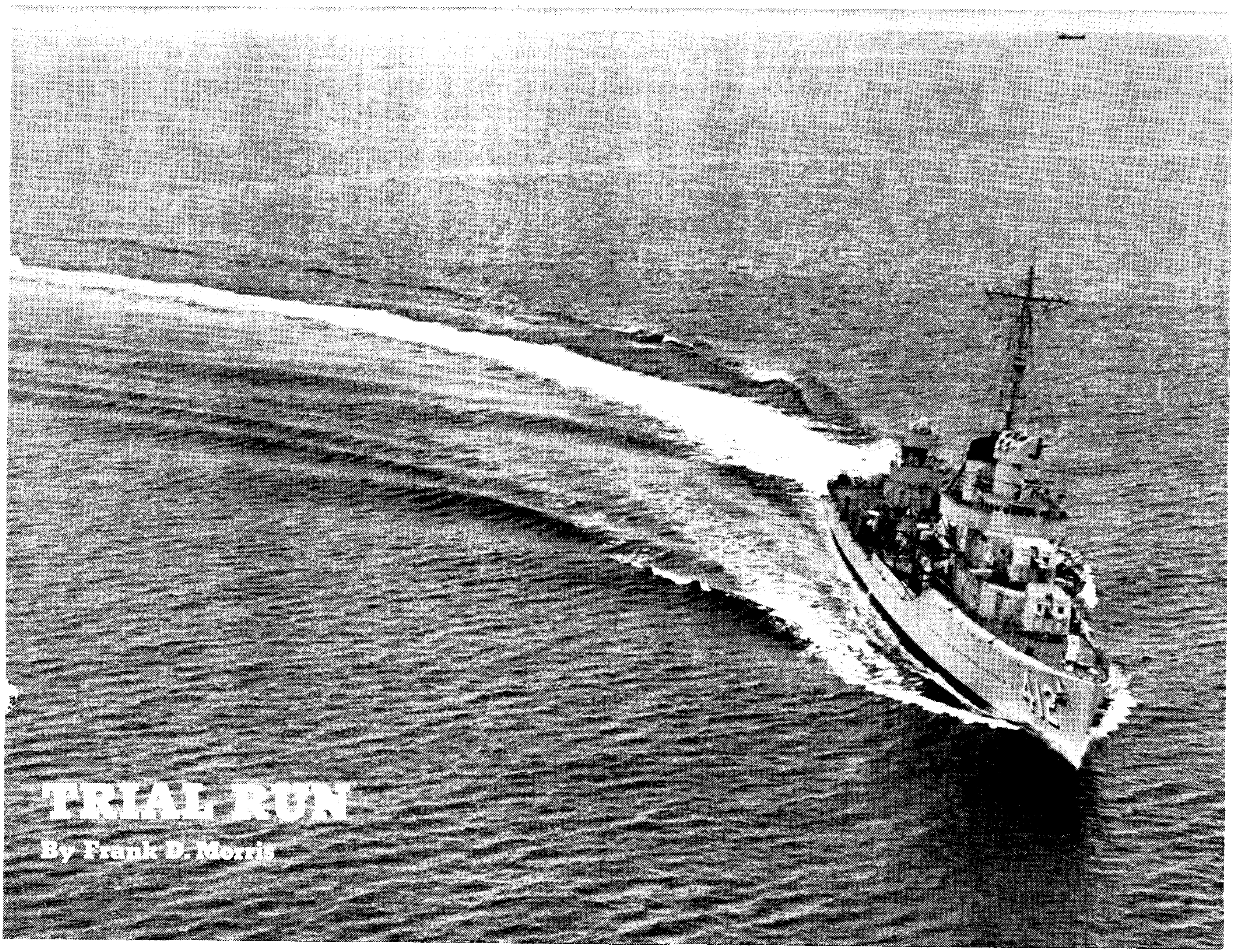
Jocelyn turned, felt her knees buckle. Philip sprang toward the doorway. She heard him call, "Get upstairs!"



JAY HYDE BARNUM

TRIAL RUN

By Frank D. Morris



One of the Navy's newest destroyers is the $5,000,000 Hammann, here testing her steering gear in sharp, high-speed turns

KERTESZ-STATILE

Before the Navy spends your hard-earned dollars for a destroyer, it puts it through a test run that leaves you dizzy. Come along for the ride

AS THE Destroyer Hammann clears New York's Narrows and buries her nose in the open sea on her first trial run, Captain Fred Gainard rereads his orders. A moment later he crumples the sheet into his pocket and looks out the port at an ocean as smooth as a Viennese waltz.

Aboard the Hammann everything seems just as calm. Her twin turbines are purring her along at 28 knots and Captain Fred steps up her speed at ten-minute intervals. Thirty-two knots. Thirty-five. Thirty-seven. Soon she is doing a brisk thirty-nine—her top. That's close to forty-five miles an hour in landlubber language.

As his eye rakes her from stem to stern Captain Fred realizes that here, at last, is an adequate definition of streamlining. The destroyer's prow is a razor blade pushed by 50,000 steam horses. Her mast and single stack are as rakish as an ensign's cap. Both forward turrets jab five-inch fists straight ahead and her torpedo tubes are trimmed smartly fore and aft. She looks like an arrow flashing toward a target. Sleek gray flanks slope aft to a speedboat stern that disappears into an angry white froth. This, says Captain Fred, *is* a ship!

Again he consults his orders and reads: "1:30 P. M.—Crash stop full ahead to full astern."

He reaches overhead and yanks a long blast from the siren. The Hammann's crew immediately springs into action. The quartermaster's grip on the wheel tightens instinctively. The seaman at the engine-room annunciator hugs its handle and every man on deck clings to the nearest stanchion.

Below amidships the destroyer is as crowded as a phone booth, with men and machinery nudging shoulders. At the whine of the siren, oilers snap to attention while the throttlemen eye their gauges as though they had never seen them before. Grimy machinists stand a deathwatch over the reversing turbine, cast an anxious glance at one another and wait.

"Full speed astern!" Captain Fred thumbs his stop watch as the engine-room annunciator echoes his voice.

Rearing on her 1,500-ton haunches, the Hammann balks. Her fantail stern reaches for a cloud, and steel decks and flanks quiver as she paws the sea. From under her slowing twin screws a cascade of white foam leaps a dozen feet to drown her depth-charge racks on the stern. She stops dead in the water in two and a half lengths of her 341-foot overall. Time—fifty-eight seconds flat! Meanwhile steam is pouring into her reversing turbine. Before the destroyer has time to catch her breath she is racing astern at twenty knots. This takes exactly twenty-two seconds more.

From forty-five miles an hour straight ahead to twenty-two straight back in one move. Try that on the family car sometime—then call your garage repairman. Even Captain Fred wouldn't inflict this torture on his 1939 coupé, but as he turns to the man at his side, his grin is as big as his heart.

"There's your baby, Admiral. I knew she could take it."

Just an Informal Steeplechase

The admiral is H. G. Bowen, of the U. S. Navy's bureau of engineering. He is only one of the hundred-odd naval and civilian observers who have come aboard this morning to see how the Hammann behaves the second day away from her launching dock. Yesterday the shipyard crew eased her out into open water for a few hours. Now her decks swarm with experts. Bill Gibbs, who created her on paper. A battalion of ship designers and builders. George Stack, chief engineer of Federal Shipbuilding, has slept aboard with a burlap bag tucked under his pillow. The bag holds a hundred sprayer plates (oil-burner nozzles) fashioned with the precision of a jeweled watch. If you guarantee George an exact set of duplicates, he will let you have these for about eight thousand dollars.

This is *not* an official Navy party, understand; it's a builder's trial run. The Hammann has been ordered by the Navy, but she is still to be accepted—and paid for. So the Federal Shipbuilding people stage this steeplechase informally, and with their own crew to see for themselves if the new destroyer can meet the Navy's rigid specifications.

Captain Fred is absolute boss for the day. He is a merchant marine skipper with the salt of thirty years in sail and steam behind his ears. He is an expert at testing new destroyers; took out his first, the coal-burning, three-stacker Ericsson in 1914.

The day's exciting program opens with:

"11:30 A. M.—Full power ahead steering test."

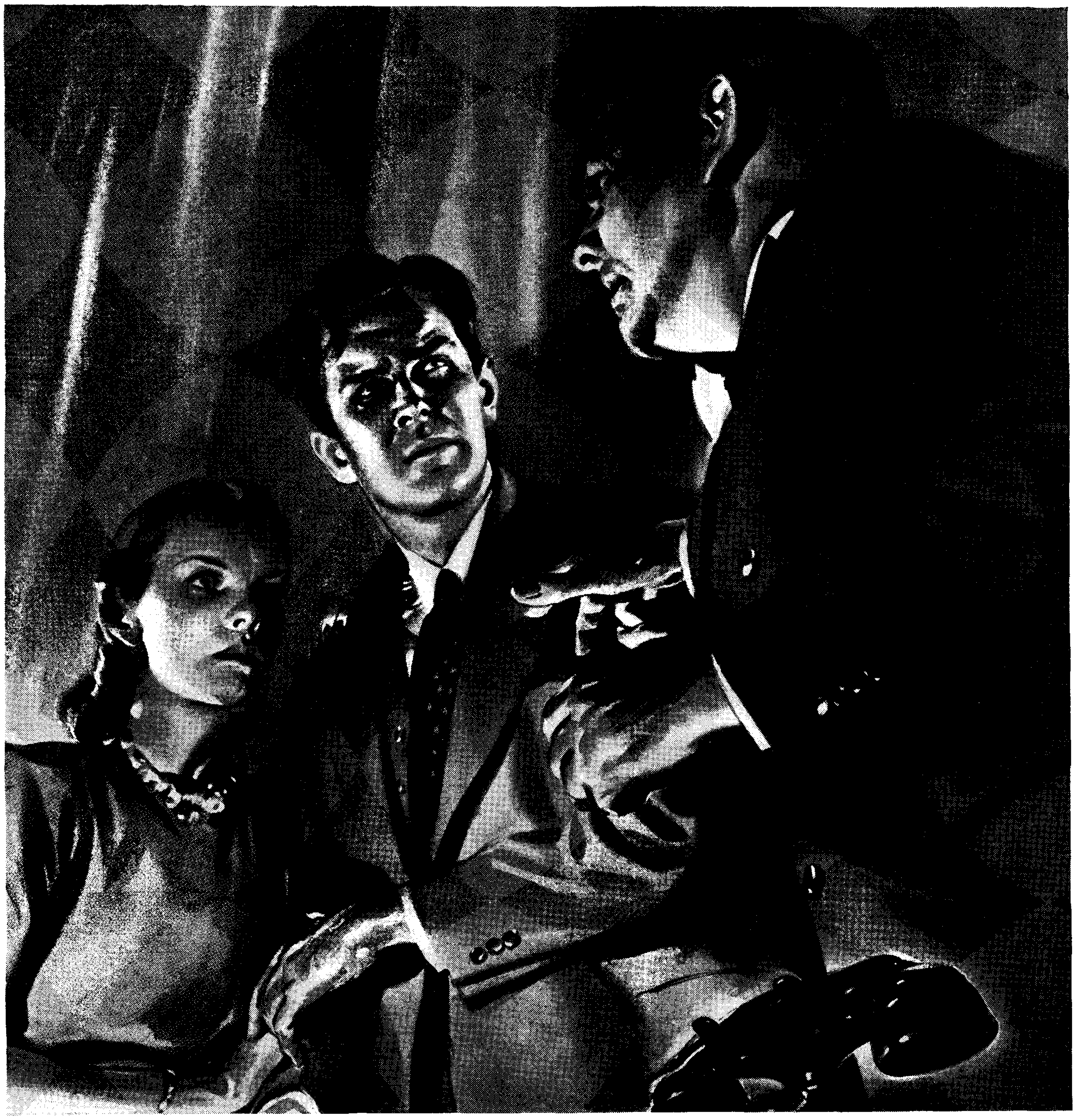
At Captain Fred's order, "Full left rudder!" the quartermaster spins his helm and the Hammann veers sharply to the left, rounding a corner of the Atlantic on two wheels. Standing on a wing of the flying bridge, you look

(Continued on page 31)

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Sandstrom was himself again, cold and sure. "The police are due here now," he said. "Give it up"

The Story Thus Far:

JOE HICKS, a deputy sheriff with a none too savory record, tries to bribe Peter Kincaid, a young lawyer, to betray one of his clients—Freddy Bascom, accused of a crime he did not commit—and help railroad him to prison. Peter knocks the fellow down—*and kills him!*

At his trial, he acts on the suggestion of Max Sandstrom, wealthy and politically powerful, and pleads guilty. He feels certain—he has Sandstrom's word for it—that his sentence will be suspended. So, like his lovely wife, Paula, he is astounded when he is condemned to serve eight years in the state penitentiary; and his *sentence is not* suspended!

Months pass. Then Paula—whom Peter adores and who has always, in the past, adored him—secures a divorce and marries Sandstrom. After which, Peter is released on parole. He assumes, of course, that Paula has married Sandstrom because of his wealth. The truth is that Paula has simply paid a great price for the freedom of the man she loves—Sandstrom having promised to have Peter paroled, if she would marry him.

Working with his father, Stanley Kincaid, and Ben Wood, a detective, Peter gathers evidence tending to prove that Sandstrom is a crook and a murderer. And presently, he learns —Marion Cantrill, the scoundrel's mistress for years, *tells him*—that the man who had killed Joe Hicks was Max Sandstrom!

Sam Krause, one of Sandstrom's henchmen, informs Sandstrom that Marion Cantrill is preparing to tell the authorities what she knows—and she knows plenty. Sandstrom makes his plans instantly. He orders his butler to see that Paula does not leave her room. Then, with Krause, he sets forth to find Marion. . . .

Ben Wood, Marion and Peter have a conference in Marion's room—a shabby hideaway in a sordid section of the city. Wood is in love with the woman. And Marion is well aware of how he feels toward her. Listening to him, as he tells her what she must do, her mind leaps back twelve years.

She remembers the night when, hungry and penniless, she had been led into a cheap restaurant by Ben Wood (whom she had never seen before). She remembers how tender he had been, and how she had told him her pitiful story. . . .

Conclusion

SHOPGIRL out of work, out of money, out of food—Marion's wasn't a new story, but it was one Ben Wood believed. He got her a room in his boardinghouse, and helped her find a job. After that she saw him at mealtime, or he'd turn up at her door—a stocky, unsmiling man who'd say, "How are things, Marion?"

He saw her drawing that way. He watched one night while she copied a magazine cover in charcoal, and he carried the drawing away with him. The next day he told her he'd fixed it so she could take art at night school. "Fixed it—" one way of saying he'd paid her tuition, though it was nearly a year before Marion knew that.

That was Ben Wood. A strange, quiet man who came, months later, to say, "Look, Marion, I . . . I've got a house and I was . . ." The breath went out of him then and he lifted a face white and strained. "I'm trying to ask you to marry me. . . ."

It was as though a cold hand touched her throat. The words were thin and faint upon her lips, "I . . . I'm sorry, Ben. You're so . . . so much older, and I'd never thought . . ."

"Forget it," he said. "It was a sour idea."

He said it gently, but his iron control slipped, and for just an instant she saw his soul, naked in his eyes, and knew how very much this had meant to him, *how terribly it had hurt. . . .*

And it hadn't been the difference in their ages, not really, but the other—the warped bitterness of him, the grim and driving purpose, the gray mask that was the face he held to the world. She hadn't understood; she'd been afraid.

But a year hurried away and she learned what dark chemistry made him thus. Out of whispers she made the story. Out of bits she got from the landlady, and from Ben. Some of the gaps she filled herself. There'd been a younger brother—Allen Wood—and the two of them had been alone. Ben Wood had made a way for both. He'd sold papers, dug ditches, driven a truck. He'd taken the examinations four times before he'd joined "The Force" as a rookie cop.

ALLEN WOOD had never known the hunger, the work, Ben Wood had known. His had been a different course —school, college, a degree in law—Ben Wood had seen to that. Pride had been Ben Wood's only payment, but it had been more than enough.

Allen Wood's practice had been small. A big man, Marion didn't learn his name, had offered a job that seemed a good stride ahead. But things had gone wrong, as the big man had known they must, and the full weight of blame had fallen upon Allen Wood. The headlines had screamed his name. He'd faced disbarment, a prison term, disgrace. He'd lacked Ben Wood's patient courage; he'd taken the cold muzzle of a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. And that was the real end for Ben Wood, the death of dreams. . . .

Another year, Max Sandstrom, and the day Marion packed to leave the boardinghouse. She had closed the last bag when Ben Wood came. . . .

"Don't do it," he said raggedly. "He'll put you on the street before he's through. I've been chasing Sandstrom for a long time, Marion, I know how rotten he is. He'll do for you what he did for Allen."

"Was he the one—?"

"He was!" said Ben Wood.

Marion's mouth was dry and her throat hurt. She bent her head, murmuring, We're going to be married. . . ." and when she looked up Ben Wood was gone.

Marion Cantrill went to Twin Hills, hating herself, but pulled on by something bigger, stronger than her will. There was no marriage, only—the other. And yet she was able to help a little. She faced Max Sandstrom in the study,

(Continued on page 55)

Fire Hazard

By Samuel W. Taylor

ILLUSTRAT[illegible] NALD McLEOD

He loved the lady and didn't know how to say it. But a case of spontaneous combustion made him talk

AT EIGHT o'clock the men stepped on cigarettes, squinted at the fog and said it would be another nice day. Hammers began tapping, trowels chiming and the saws wheezed, making this fourteen-house terrace stepping along the slope overlooking San Francisco. A carpenter had gone through the ceiling joists of number eight and was out with a broken arm. The roofer helper went off the top of number six yesterday—on the short side of the hill, luckily—and was out with concussion. These things always go in threes, but nobody said anything. A new helper called Happy came with the roofer crew, and before ten o'clock the carpenters and plumbers and masons and electricians were exchanging an occasional significant glance and spitting through the fog with deliberation. Somebody said, "We're going to have fun."

There were three men on the roofer crew: Pop Morgan, Tug Dunn and the new helper, Happy. Happy hustled the stuff up the ladder and helped Pop with the under felt, valleys and flashings, while Tug Dunn slapped on the shingles. It was a Dutch lap composition job in blue. The roof was slick, with the paper beaded from the fog, but that never bothered Tug, who was like a cat, or Pop, who'd come through twenty years of the game without a mark, or Happy, who ran around the wet pitch whistling; no, what made the men below eye one another and spit deliberately into the fog was the impending pay-off. They knew Tug.

"I wouldn't," Tug advised Happy before the day was ten minutes gone, "whistle up here."

The hammers below paused. Happy was coming along the moist pitch from the ladder with a bundle of shingles under each big arm. He tossed them down and said, grinning, "All right, you don't have to."

"I'm talking about you," Tug said.

"No, you ain't," Happy said.

Pop bawled for another roll of paper, and Happy tossed over his shoulder, "I ain't superstitious like some old maids I know," as he went for the ladder.

The hammers below began tapping again. Tug squatted there slapping on that Dutch lap until it sounded like an air hammer. The next time Happy got up on the roof he tried to tell Tug how to eliminate waste motions—and Tug was as fast as they come. Then Happy remarked on Tug's haircut, and occasionally he'd squint along the shingle courses to check on Tug's alignment. Little things like that, all forenoon. Somebody tried to put Happy wise once when he was down after nails. "Sure, I know about your man-eater," Happy boomed. He knew Tug could hear, and he didn't care. "I'll have his job in a week. I eat man-eaters!"

So the building gang spat deliberately into the fog and waited for the pay-off. "Too much lip," somebody muttered. This Happy guy was big, good-looking, with yellow hair on his arms and his head. He would scale about two-ten, and none of that was fat. Tug would only go about one-eighty. But, "Too much lip," they muttered about Happy. "A guy who can do it don't have to talk it." But, still—Happy was built. He was plenty much of a man. Cocky, lippy, a smart guy, too big for his pants—sure. But that didn't take any of the meat off his arms. Happy was a man. Plenty much a man.

But the men knew Tug. Tug wouldn't be talked out of it. He was mostly shoulders. He didn't have any hips. He had a bony, brown face like an Indian, and stiff black hair. And Tug was a hell-roaring terror with his fists. Not that he was a hard guy. Nor was he a troublemaker. In the natural course of events he'd gathered a little reputation. That was all. . . .

A LITTLE before noon, Pop's daughter, Margaret, brought his lunch. She'd been doing this a couple of years, and the reason was Tug. Tug was not a ladies' man. When he wore a suit—which wasn't often—he always seemed to have too much knobby wrist sticking out the sleeves. The width of his shoulders made the lapels weird, and his pants bagged because he didn't have any hips. Mostly he got along with pants and sweater. The kind of girls who hang around taverns were nice to him; he just thought such girls were nice to anybody. He didn't have an idea any "good" girl, any "real" girl, could see anything in him.

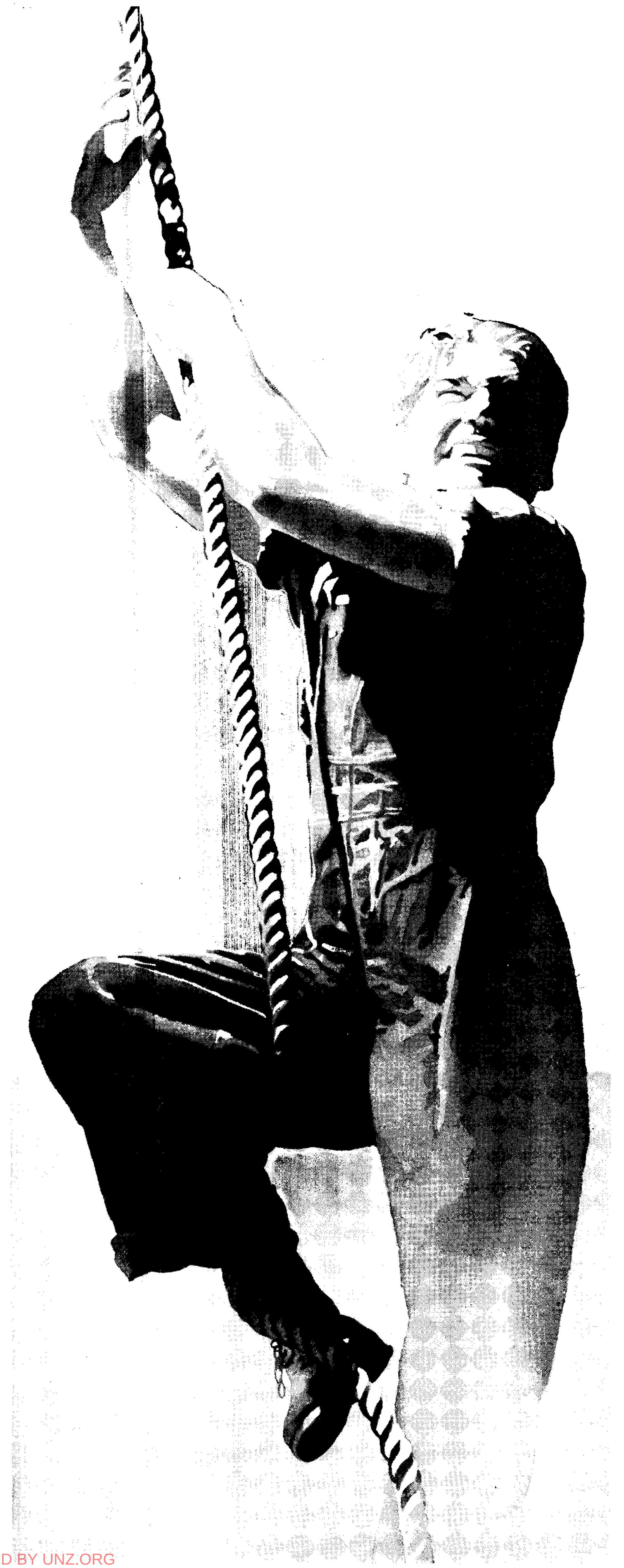
Margaret was a good girl, a real girl. She had a lot of brown hair and plenty of brown eyes, and she was somehow fine and fresh like sun after rain. She would bring Pop's lunch at noon, and chat with Tug a little. A couple or three evenings a week Tug would put on his pants and sweater and go over to Pop's house to see Pop. Generally Pop would be too all-in to go anywhere, and so Tug and Margaret might take in a show or something. But it didn't mean anything, because Tug was just a friend of her old man's.

Tug grinned as she appeared on the ladder. She wore slacks and a sweater, and she had that fresh, happy look. Tug's bony face went somehow soft. Then it hardened as he saw Happy coming behind and helping her up. Happy had a hand on her arm.

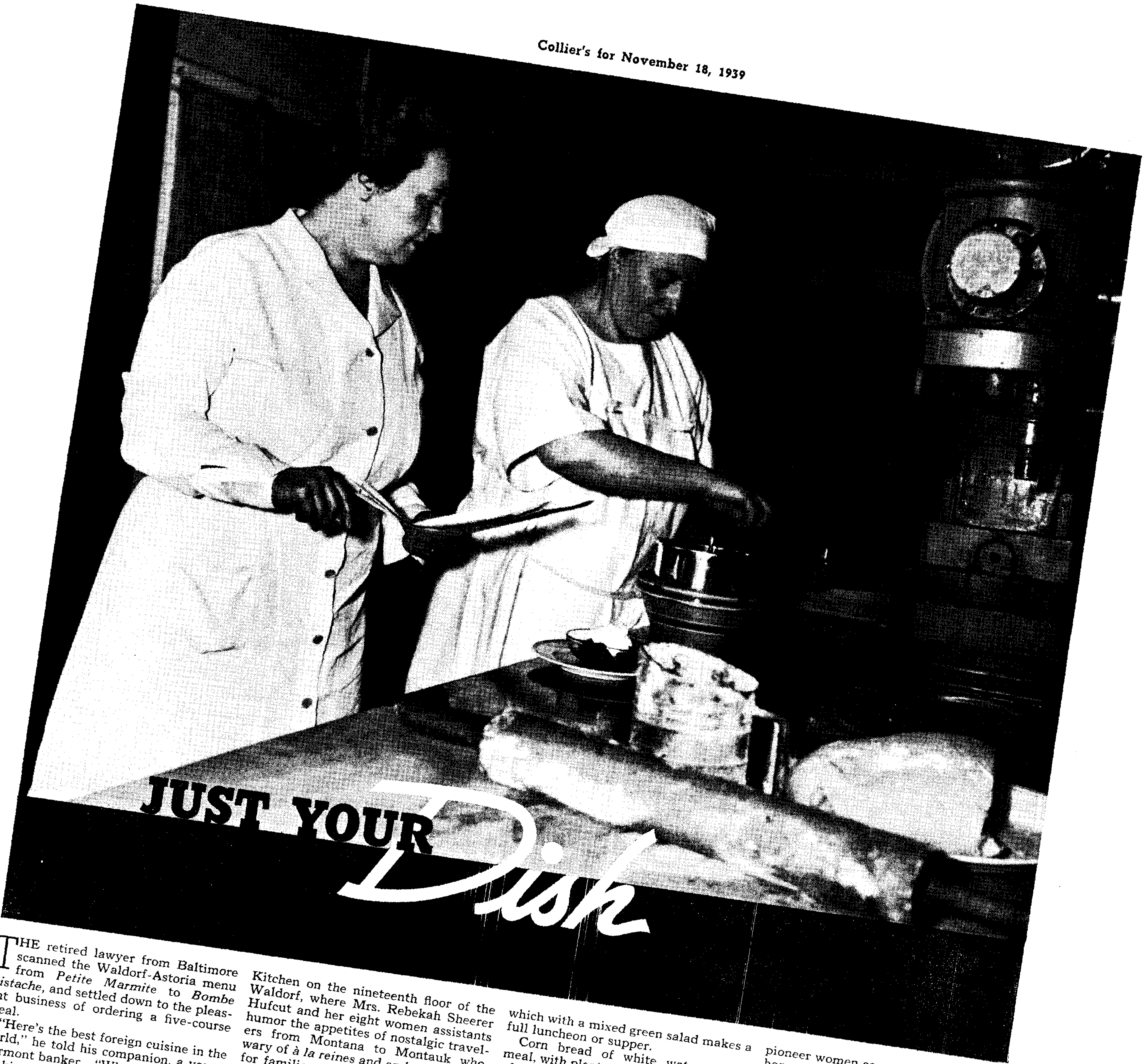
"I told you to keep this roof clean of scraps," Tug growled at Happy. He could have been nipping off galvanized roofing nails instead of words.

Margaret hopped onto the roof with her crepe-soled sneakers, waved at Pop and started toward Tug. Happy was right alongside her, grinning down and saying things that made her smile. He was plenty nimble with his tongue, and maybe that didn't improve matters with

(Continued on page 71)



It was a line that had no end. He strangled with the smoke, the heat pressed at his eyes and his hands had to be told to grip



JUST YOUR Dish

THE retired lawyer from Baltimore scanned the Waldorf-Astoria menu from *Petite Marmite* to *Bombe Pistache*, and settled down to the pleasant business of ordering a five-course meal.

"Here's the best foreign cuisine in the world," he told his companion, a young Vermont banker. "What's good enough for kings, potentates and Diamond Jim Brady is good enough for us, eh, when we can get it?"

"Oh, sure," agreed his guest, who was tired, hungry and very polite. "Now you take one of these tricky soufflés—"

But he didn't.

He turned to the spot marked modestly Home Cooking Kitchen and took clam soup, New England boiled dinner and a slice or two of Vermont maple cream cake.

Not a truffle or a touch of sherry in the order. No casserole blessed by a haughty, white-capped apostle of Escoffier and sent to the table with a "Don't ask me what's in it" warning. No dressed-up, high-sounding names.

Just simple, old-fashioned all-American dishes from the white-tiled Home Kitchen on the nineteenth floor of the Waldorf, where Mrs. Rebekah Sheerer Hufcut and her eight women assistants humor the appetites of nostalgic travelers from Montana to Montauk who, wary of *à la reines* and *en bordures*, call for familiar, unadorned native food.

Lamb stew, not a mixture of leftover meat and vegetables in a sea of counterfeit brown gravy, but a simple, honest-to-goodness family stew of freshly boiled meat, potatoes, onions and carrots, simmered in their own juices over a low burner until they rest happily in a hot, savory liquid jelly.

Fluffy codfish balls without tomato sauce, the original dish as prepared by the New England housewife. A pound of salt codfish and a quart of potatoes, cut in small pieces, are boiled in water until tender. Drained dry and mashed well, they are combined with two eggs well beaten, one tablespoon of butter and a dash of white pepper. Spoonfuls are fried in hot fat till golden brown.

Okra and tomatoes Creole for the guest from Louisiana, not a side order of vegetables, but a hearty main dish, complete with diced ham and chicken, which with a mixed green salad makes a full luncheon or supper.

Corn bread of white water-ground meal, with plenty of salt and not a grain of sugar, for the North Carolinian who sneers at the soft, sweet yellow squares that grace the table above the Line.

Served to Grandfather's Taste

Real Texas chili con carne, a blending of medium-sized cubes of succulent beef of the best cut, with small, hard, red native Mexican beans, onions, garlic, chili powder and cuminseed, not to be confused with the peppery stew of cheap ground meat and large, soft kidney beans that some misguided folk call chili.

New England boiled dinners—but what brings us again to the main part of the order of the Vermont banker of our story, who passed up the rich foreign dishes of the Waldorf cuisine in favor of the simple foods his mother and grandmother had been serving in the Green Mountains for many years?

Why did the boiled dinner come into being? Because of its economy. The pioneer women corned their beef on the homestead. They raised their vegetables and, before frost, buried carrots, beets, onions and turnips in a pit in the ground. The potatoes they kept in their cellars.

Mrs. Hufcut says the secret of the superlative goodness of her kind of New England boiled dinner lies in a suggestion given her by the wife of a Cape Cod fisherman! The corned beef and vegetables are cooked separately.

The meat, four or five pounds of the butt end of brisket corned beef, is placed in water flavored with onion and bay leaves and allowed to stand over a slow fire for five hours. Then it is removed to a platter and kept warm while the cabbage, beets, turnips, onions and potatoes are cooked in the meat stock. In this way, the vegetables get the flavor of the meat, whereas the meat is not reduced to a tasteless, overcooked mass.

As an additional home touch, the Home Kitchen served our New Englander Yorkshire pudding baked in popover cups, in place of bread.

The clam soup that preceded his main course might have been called

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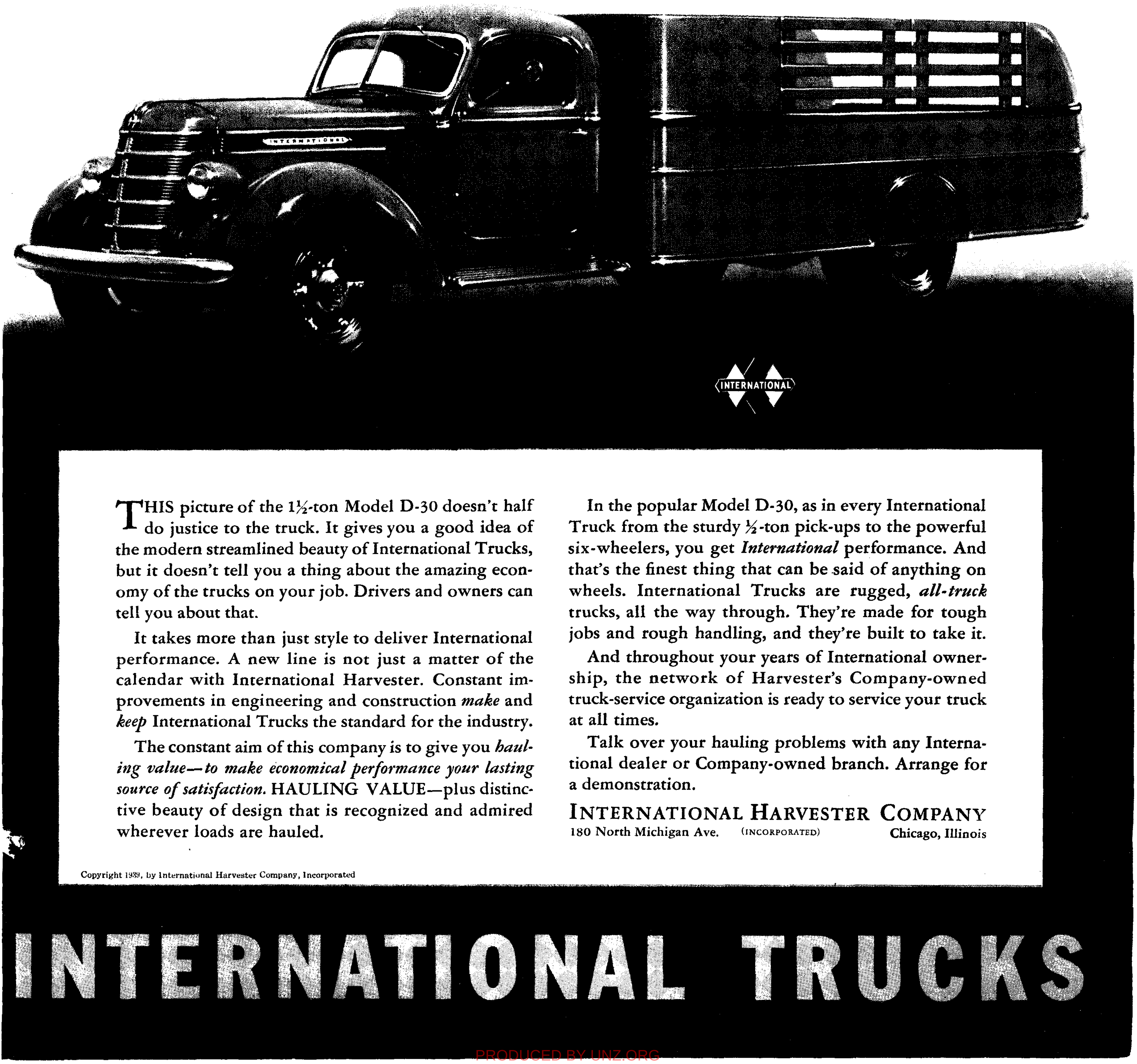

INTERNATIONAL

THIS picture of the 1½-ton Model D-30 doesn't half do justice to the truck. It gives you a good idea of the modern streamlined beauty of International Trucks, but it doesn't tell you a thing about the amazing economy of the trucks on your job. Drivers and owners can tell you about that.

It takes more than just style to deliver International performance. A new line is not just a matter of the calendar with International Harvester. Constant improvements in engineering and construction *make* and *keep* International Trucks the standard for the industry.

The constant aim of this company is to give you *hauling value—to make economical performance your lasting source of satisfaction.* HAULING VALUE—plus distinctive beauty of design that is recognized and admired wherever loads are hauled.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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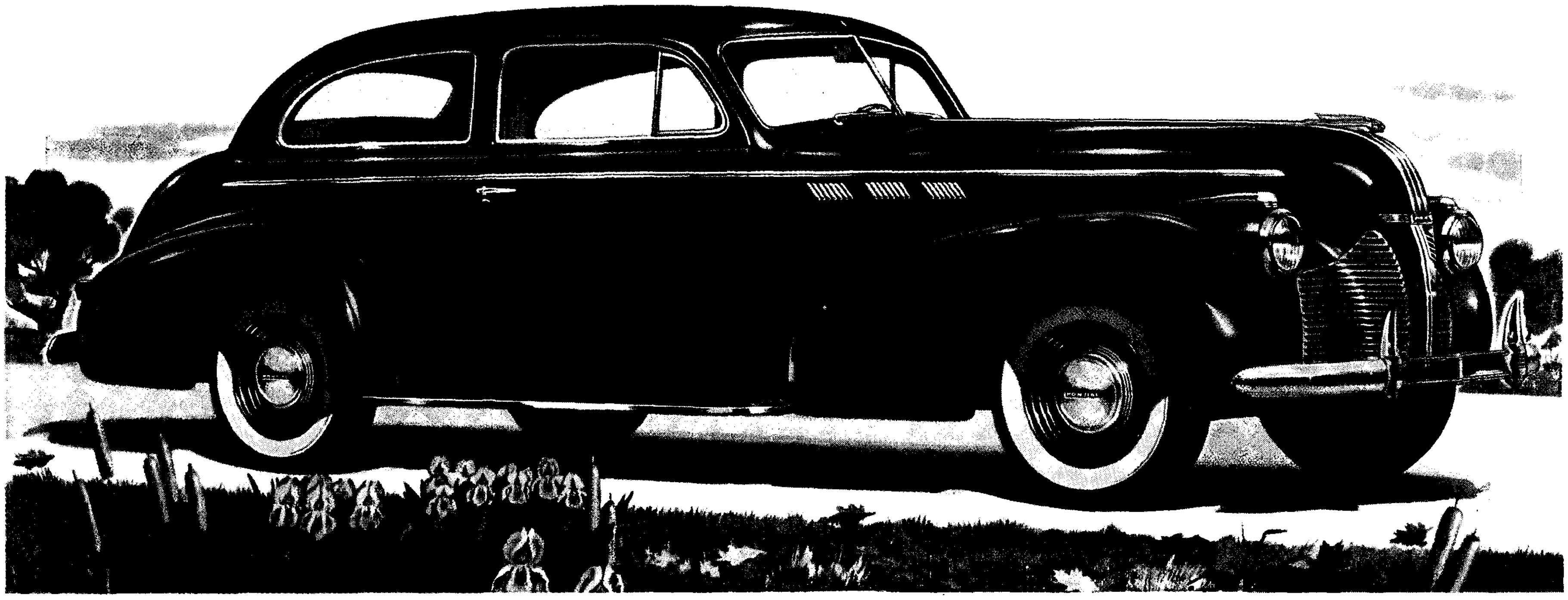
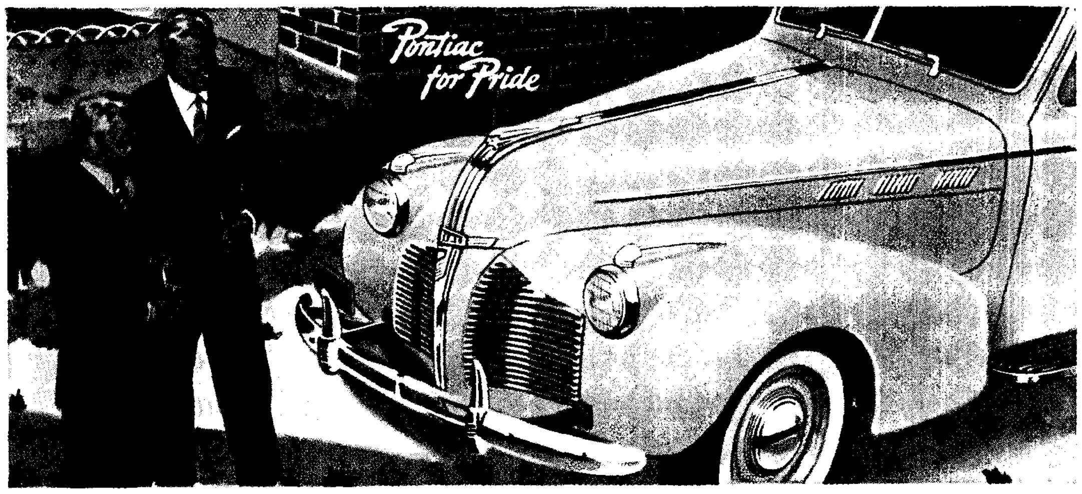
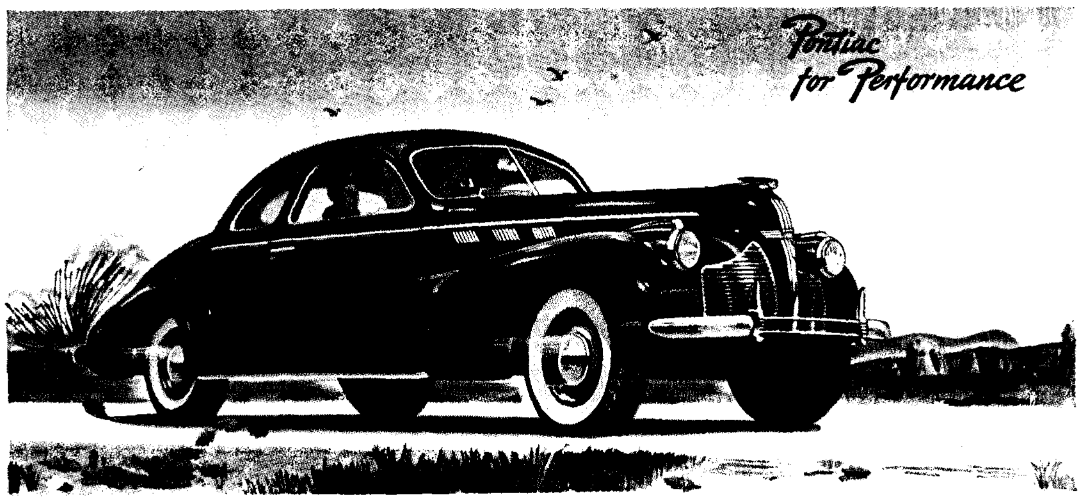






NO CAR CAN MAKE you happy unless you can drive it with pride. And no car can *keep* you happy unless it's a great performer. That's why you ought to choose a 1940 Pontiac.

It's a big, beautiful, luxurious car—so handsome and distinctive it gets the spot-light at the smartest spots. The front end looks like a setting for some gigantic jewel. Chromium sparkles everywhere. It's a sight for the sightseers if there ever was one.

And what a performer! Once at the wheel, you'll never be happy anywhere else. It has power to spare. It's smooth; it's quiet; it's trigger-quick on acceleration. Yet it is as gentle as a lamb and as obedient as a well-trained pointer.

There are 17 Pontiac models this year—sixes and eights in 4 price ranges, with prices beginning right next door to the lowest. One of them will make you proud and happy. Get it today!

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Pontiac

AMERICA'S FINEST
LOW-PRICED CAR

Just Your Dish

Continued from page 24

clam chowder by a less robust eater who would make a full meal of it. Not chowder New York style with its freight of tomatoes, carrots and thyme, but rock-bound Back Bay clam chowder, a proper marriage of chowder clams, onions, potatoes and translucent dabs of salt pork to a smooth, thin milk-and-cream mixture. And, as any Vermonter will tell you, a supply of pilot crackers, which the objective-minded native will dunk without apology.

But what happened to the man from Baltimore who was prepared to work his way through foreign viands from *hors d'oeuvres* to *petits fours?* Something interrupted his quest for continental kickshaws, and that something was the plaintive voice of his young friend calling for the home-cooked dishes of his boyhood.

From the Banks of the Choptank

Today, the menu said, the Home Cooking Kitchen offered Maryland shad, stuffed and baked and served with roe sauce. Fresh shad! Filet of sole *vin blanc* and chiffonade salad were forgotten, while the native son gave an emergency order for his country's most delectable river fish, new potatoes, a simple green salad and nutmeg custard. A meal Savarin might have envied had he known about stuffed shad. . . .

If you want to bake a shad Mrs. Hufcut's way (and she traces her recipe to the banks of the Choptank), stuff a five-pound fish with a mixture of soft white bread crumbs, onion, parsley, chopped celery leaves and a generous amount of melted butter. Sew, and bind the fish with strips of salt pork. Since shad is an oily fish, it is not necessary to baste it with butter or oil.

For the roe sauce, place one half a shad roe in a small shallow baking dish. Dot with two tablespoons of butter; add four tablespoons of sherry and two of butter. Bake in oven for thirty minutes. When done, remove the membrane. Melt and brown three tablespoons of flour and butter and add one cup of rich consommé or bouillon. Bring to a boil and add the roe. Garnish shad with lemon and parsley and serve with the roe sauce.

Rebekah Sheerer Hufcut started her collection of American cooking recipes at the age of twelve with her grandfather, who opened and ran the first restaurant in the town of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, her birthplace, as her tutor. Grandfather was the first to bring oysters, clams, bananas and cantaloupes beyond the Alleghenies. Andrew Carnegie, always a good trencherman, traveled many miles to Greensburg for a bowl of Grandfather's fish soup, or a helping of sautéed purple Mexican corn.

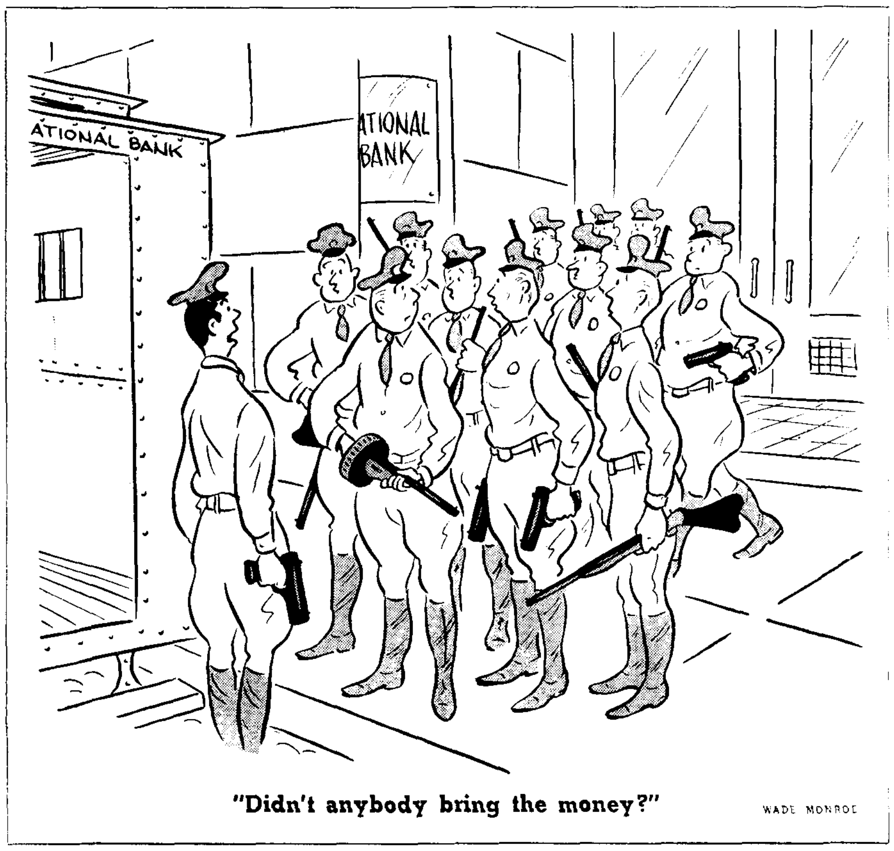
The little girl listened as the old pioneer warned her against cooking a piece of meat from which the bone had been removed. No flavor left, he vowed. Marrow and bone sweetened and gave accent to the blandness of lamb and beef and mutton. That made sense. . . .

In the attic of her grandmother's house, Rebekah found directions for making Dutch applecake, shoo-fly pie, a cross between an open pie and a crumb cake, apple butter and sweet-sour coleslaw, all of which she follows today in the Home Kitchen. She learned to make the famous Minnehaha cake, a rich and buttery confection filled with dates, nuts and figs and topped with orange sugar icing.

She copied her mother's recipe for a red currant beverage, now a popular appetizer: Cook the berries in a little water, strain and let them drain. Sweeten to taste, but keep on the tart side. Frappéed, Mrs. Hufcut serves this as currant sherbet with chicken shortcake, another family delicacy, of creamed white meat of chicken and mushrooms poured over split hot baking-powder biscuits.

The Quakers bought the very best food, cooked it with care and left it in its natural state. No decorations, condiments, sauces to hide the original color and taste. Each dish had its own natural blending of flavors brought out by long, slow cooking.

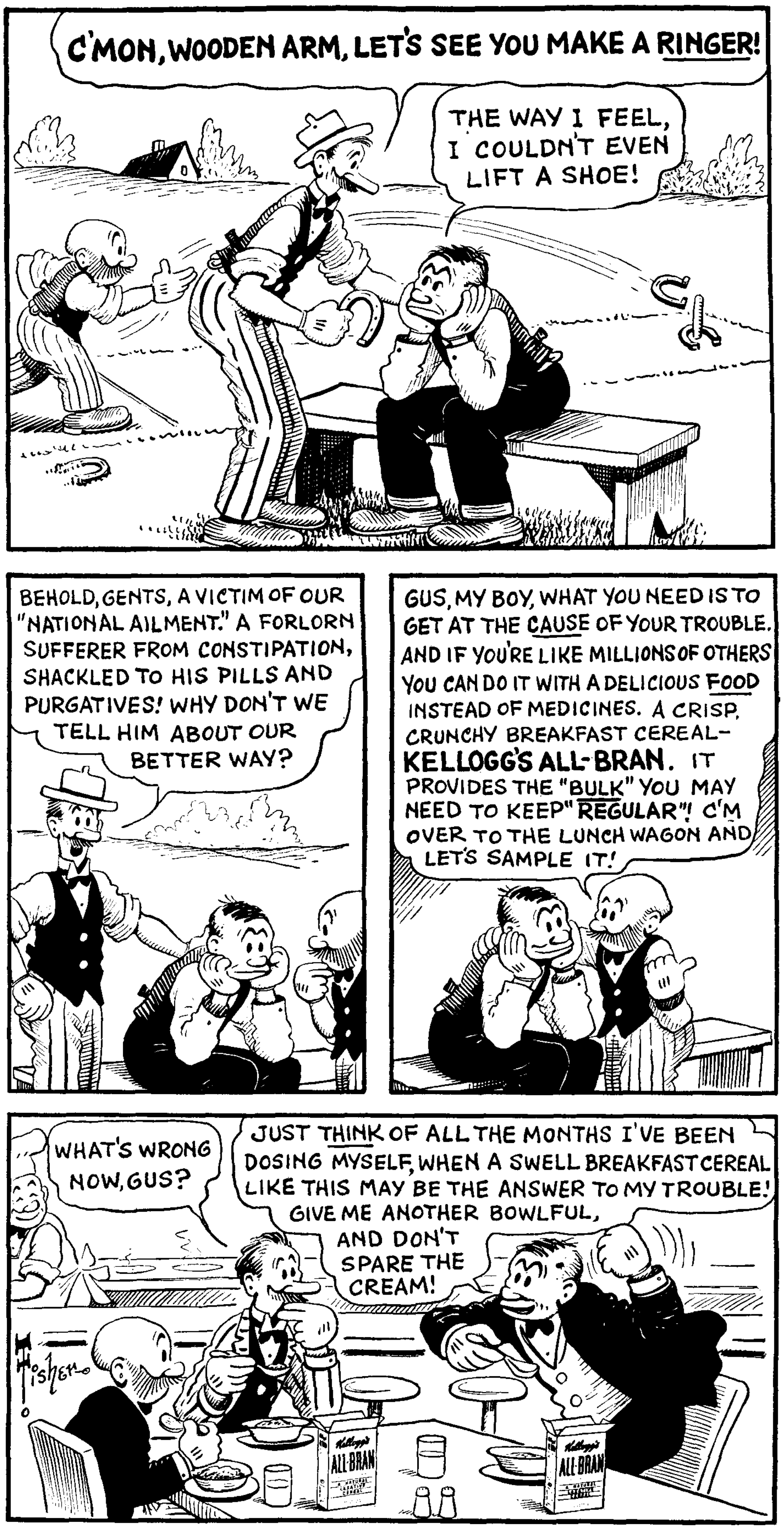
With this practical training behind her, Mrs. Hufcut left Greensburg for Pratt Institute and Columbia Univer-

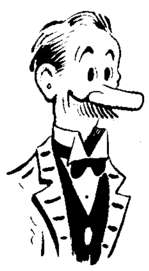

ATIONAL BANK
ATIONAL BANK

"Didn't anybody bring the money?"

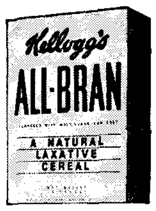
WADE MONROE

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


C'MON, WOODEN ARM, LET'S SEE YOU MAKE A RINGER!
THE WAY I FEEL, I COULDN'T EVEN LIFT A SHOE!
BEHOLD, GENTS, A VICTIM OF OUR "NATIONAL AILMENT." A FORLORN SUFFERER FROM CONSTIPATION, SHACKLED TO HIS PILLS AND PURGATIVES! WHY DON'T WE TELL HIM ABOUT OUR BETTER WAY?
GUS, MY BOY, WHAT YOU NEED IS TO GET AT THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE. AND IF YOU'RE LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS YOU CAN DO IT WITH A DELICIOUS FOOD INSTEAD OF MEDICINES. A CRISP, CRUNCHY BREAKFAST CEREAL— KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. IT PROVIDES THE "BULK" YOU MAY NEED TO KEEP "REGULAR"! C'M OVER TO THE LUNCH WAGON AND LET'S SAMPLE IT!
WHAT'S WRONG NOW, GUS?
JUST THINK OF ALL THE MONTHS I'VE BEEN DOSING MYSELF, WHEN A SWELL BREAKFAST CEREAL LIKE THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO MY TROUBLE! GIVE ME ANOTHER BOWLFUL, AND DON'T SPARE THE CREAM!
Fisher
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN



HOW about you? Would you like to be free of those heavy, logy days due to constipation — and free from the pills and purgatives, too? You *can* — if your trouble is the common kind (due to lack of "bulk" in diet). It's no harder to do than just eating a delicious breakfast cereal — crisp, crunchy, "bulk-forming" All-Bran. Eat it for breakfast every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't get more kick out of life!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A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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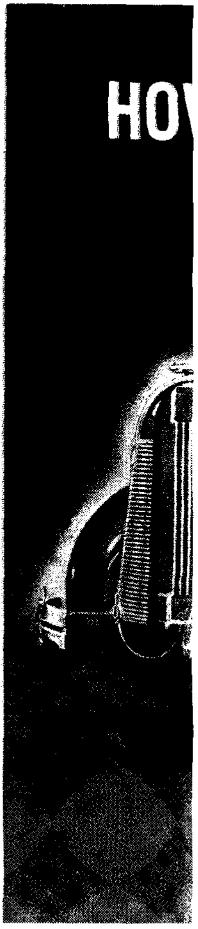

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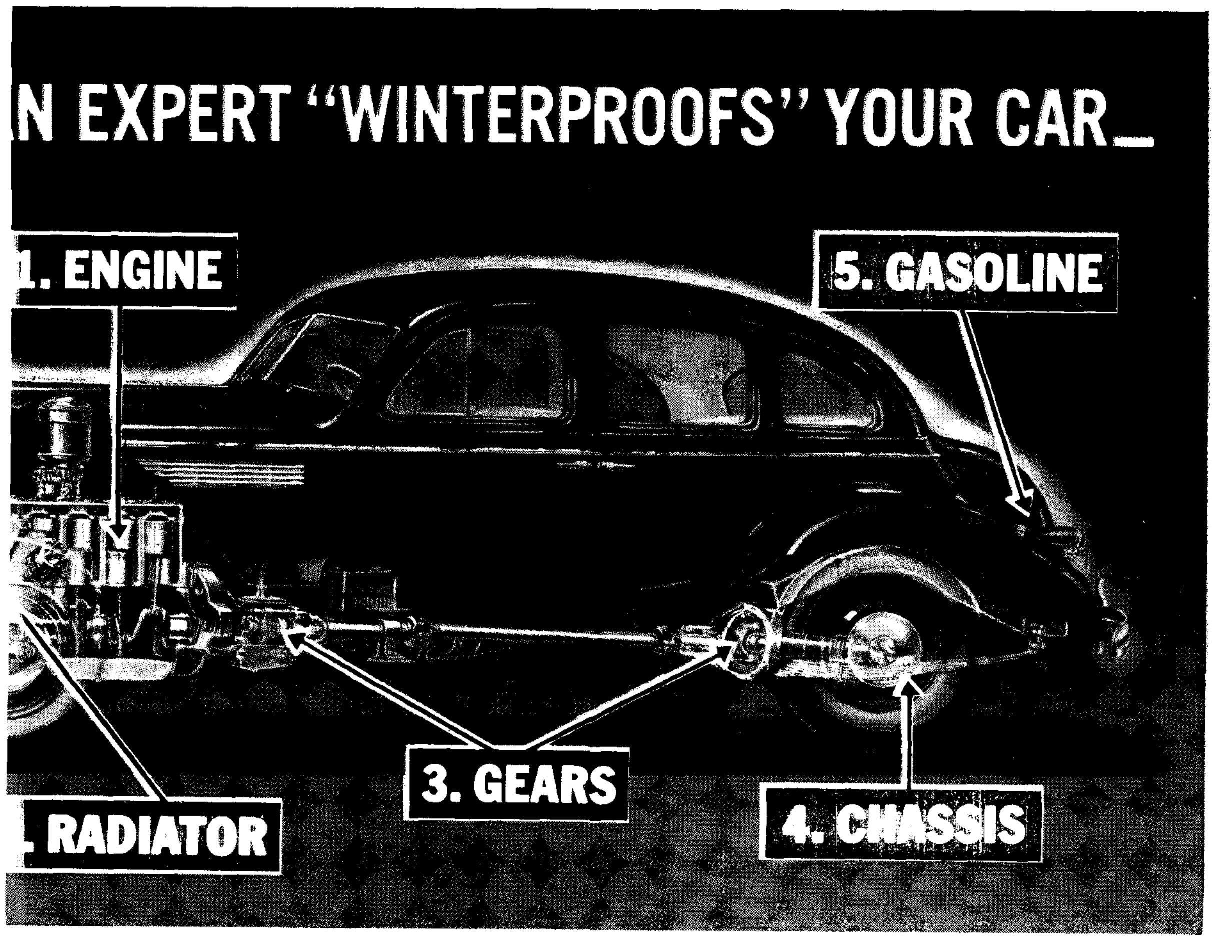

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sity where she studied dietetics and domestic science. A period as chief dietitian for a chain of New York restaurants, and then in 1931 when the new Waldorf-Astoria opened, the offer to superintend the special kitchen in the hotel for guests who craved home-cooked food.

Her department is conducted on the scale of a large, well-managed private home, with a fresh menu each day. There are no leftovers, since each dish is made in less than a dozen servings. (Better speak early for those New Jersey fried tomatoes with grilled bacon and cream gravy. Gracie Allen says they make her goofy!) In some instances, the guests make their choice hours in advance on the day of their arrival. Joan Crawford calls for hot-tamale pie, the best, she says, this side of San Antonio. A double order for seven-thirty, please.

Clark Gable likes Mrs. Hufcut's potato dumplings with pot roast. Cole Porter can't get enough farm sausage from Pennsylvania served with mashed potatoes and brown gravy. Harold Lloyd votes for baked ham and candied yams, and the famous Oscar himself extends the laurels to Hufcut strawberry shortcake.

For Philadelphia Pepper Pot

Americans would be healthier, Mrs. Hufcut thinks, if they ate more plain, home-cooked food. "Meals as prepared in Colonial days had to be good in order to give energy to the pioneers. During the Revolutionary War it was up to the women to keep their men well nourished. I like to think that after his long ride, Paul Revere's wife had ready for him a pot of smoking baked beans and brown bread, and that Ben Franklin's womenfolks used my recipe for Philadelphia pepper pot."

For this, wash thoroughly a one-pound honeycomb tripe, place it in a kettle and barely cover with water. Simmer gently for four hours. When cool, remove the tripe and cut in half-inch squares. Meanwhile, put a knuckle of veal in a pot with three pints of water. Cook while the tripe is simmering. Remove the meat from the bone and cut in small pieces. Strain the veal broth into a kettle, add chopped onion, bay leaf, celery, green pepper, parsley, spices, salt and cayenne. Simmer one hour, add three cups of potato cubes and cook until tender. Add meat and tripe. Mix one-half cup of finely chopped suet with one cup of flour, one egg and one-fourth teaspoon of salt into a dough that can be formed into balls the size of a marble. Put the dumplings into the soup and simmer five minutes. Add additional spices, peppercorn and thyme to suit your taste.

Or try Pennsylvania scrapple, which Janet Gaynor, herself a native of Germantown, orders whenever she visits New York:

Clean a pig's head carefully and cook very slowly in water just to cover. Remove meat from bones and cut in small pieces. Strain the stock and take off all fat before you add the yellow corn meal, allowing two pounds of meal for three pounds of meat. Add salt, black pepper and onion juice. Bring to a boil, add the meat to the mush and cook over hot water about one hour. Pour into molds and let cool. When ready to serve, cut in slices about one-half inch thick and brown or sauté in a little fat. Serve with steamed or scalloped apples, sautéed pineapple or fried apple rings.

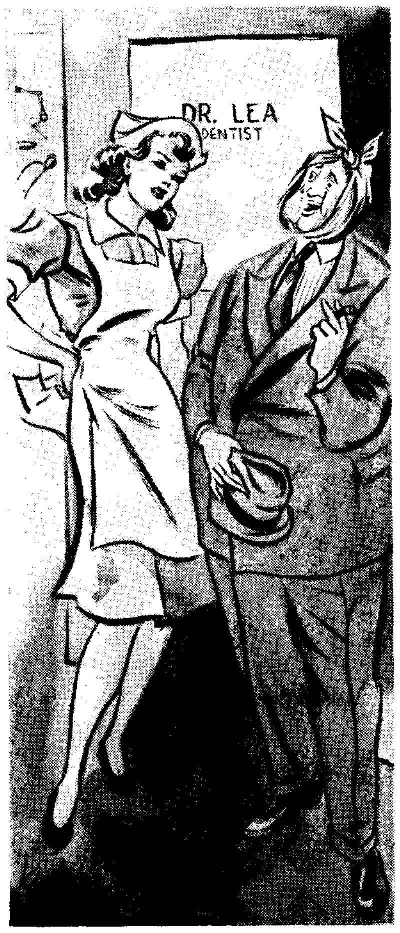
When on vacation, Mrs. Hufcut travels around the country in her car, talking to housewives, restaurant owners, chefs and waitresses, not to mention her friends and relatives, about original methods of preparing American dishes.

When she ran across the recipe for Indian pudding, just as it was made one hundred years ago, hers was the thrill of the antique fancier who comes on a museum piece.

Here's her recipe:

To four cups of scalded milk, add one-third cup of corn meal, preferably water-ground meal. Cook in a double boiler for twenty minutes, and combine with three-fourths cup of molasses (the old Bostonians called it treacle), a teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of ginger, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, two tablespoons of melted butter and two eggs well beaten. Turn into a buttered baking dish. Pour over top one-half cup of cold milk and bake in an oven of three hundred degrees not less than two hours. Serve with cream while still warm.

And yet Mrs. Hufcut admits that the only two authentic American foods on our table are turkey and maize. The others have a foreign influence: Scandinavian in the Northwest, German in the Middle West around Missouri (you should taste Mrs. Hufcut's hasenpfeffer made from the recipe of Tony Faust in St. Louis!) and French and Spanish in the South and Southwest.



"The doc owes me ten bucks and I'm willing to take it out in trade"

KIRK STILES

When Pierre Laval, former Prime Minister of France, stopped at the Waldorf Tower, he called for a typical American meal. He was served:

Clams on the half shell
Yankee pot roast with vegetables
Cauliflower in cream
Apple and pumpkin pie with
American cheese
Large coffee with cream

On the following day, he asked Mrs. Hufcut to repeat the menu without variation.

But she's used to the call, "Seconds, please!" As a matter of fact, the musical signature of the Home Cooking Kitchen is: "If it was good enough for Grandfather, it's good enough for me!"

Trial Run

Continued from page 21

straight down at green water as she heels over a good fifteen degrees.

Ten seconds later, before the ship can regain an even keel, another order, "Full right rudder!" again throws her off balance and the truck of her mast traces an arc in the blue sky. For fifteen minutes Captain Fred makes her zigzag like a figure skater until he is satisfied that her rudder and steering gear can stand the punishment.

"They don't always act this pretty," he tells you.

What's the Point of It All?

The Hammann, luckily for her, has smooth water for a steering test. One of her older sisters, the recently commissioned Lang, had to plunge through whitecaps on her first trial. When they zigzagged her she took seas clear across her main deck while the bridge instruments showed a heel of thirty degrees.

A layman might scoff at crash stop and steering tests as cruel, impractical stunts. Most spectacular, but what's the point?

Let a destroyer man answer that. A destroyer, he tells you, is the hornet of the sea, a combination of scouting and attack plane without wings. It must be nimble enough to stop on a dime and wheel smartly at the push of an electric button. It shepherds and smoke-screens the slower, ponderous battleships and protects them from marauding submarines. To do this job well it must be a package of concentrated power. The Hammann, for example, actually has the power of the Leviathan crowded into the hull of a yacht. It is strictly an offensive weapon. No heavy armor is allowed to reduce its speed and maneuverability. That's why the welded hull is only five sixteenths of an inch thick in spots and don't let those impressive turrets fool you—their walls are thinner than your living-room plaster. Just a steel umbrella to keep seas and spray from hampering the gun crews inside. Navy men have an appropriate name for destroyers—"tin cans."

The tin can christened Hammann is now approaching Fire Island lightship and she has a good forty fathoms under her. That's an ideal depth for her speed tests. You may not know it but the depth and temperature of the water she's navigating affect a ship's speed. When her bow bites into the sea it sends invisible waves down to the bottom where they bounce and return to the ship's hull. The less resistance these waves produce, the greater the ship's efficiency. Naval engineers studied this for years and finally worked out a simple slide-rule formula. For best results, multiply the ship's draft by ten times its speed and divide that figure by the ship's length. When you apply this to the Hammann you get forty fathoms.

"You need cold water, too," Captain Fred informs you. "Up at Rockland where the water's real cold we could get an extra knot out of this ship without speeding up her turbines a bit. She gets a better bite in cold water somehow."

The Hammann is coming abeam of the lightship now and her siren lets out with three wails. If you're expecting another hair-raising maneuver you're mistaken. The man at the annunciator, Charlie Freshwater (that's his real name) enlightens you on the etiquette of the sea. Captain Fred, it seems, is using the siren to wave to an old pal on the lightship.

But you won't have to wait long for a real thrill. It's 1:20 now and in ten minutes you'll see the climax of today's drama—the crash stop. While you're waiting you might take a turn around deck to see how the rest of the Hammann's complement is preparing for it.

First you descend a ladder from the bridge to the main deck where two lifeboats are swung out on their davits—just in case. At intervals along the ship's rail are doughnutlike life rafts, and just as ominous is the mesh ambulance stretcher lashed on deck aft. Dropping down another ladder, this one slippery with grease and oil, to the half-pint boiler rooms, you bump into Arthur Stack and the other wet nurses of the Hammann's three boilers. They are watching the flames and gauges and water levels like anxious mothers. Temperature, 720 degrees. Pressure, 590. That's pounds per square inch. Stack nods silently and phones the bridge: "Ready boiler room."

Now crouch forward—there's not enough headroom to walk erect—along a slippery steel catwalk and shout your question to the throttleman over the shrill whine of the destroyer's high-pressure turbines. Yes, he yells back, we're turning up 380 revolutions—about thirty-nine knots. How are the new turbines taking it? Fine—bring on your crash stop.

The heat and din soon temper further curiosity and it's good to be back on deck where a salty breeze reddens your cheeks. You brace yourself on the flying bridge against a 45-mile gale whipped up synthetically by the Hammann's forward dash as you wait tensely for the siren announcing the crash stop. Sure, you're as nervous as a June bride—so is everyone else aboard. Particularly Bill Gibbs, the designer.

Have a look at Bill now. He's stretched prone on the main deck, his nose fondling the steel deck plates. Bill holds this ridiculous pose until the split second when the Hammann halts her 50,000 horses and backs them up. Then the Gibbs nose acts as a stethoscope, and it's vibration he's looking for. Minute shudders you could never pick up through your leather heels are recorded by Bill's beak to be translated later into corrections on the next destroyer he builds on paper.

Now for the Crash Stop

Two minutes to go. Just time enough to scurry below again. The show there is worth the trip. Arthur Stack is crouched before the number-one boiler, and two more Federal engineers are watching the others. Now notice these three when the bridge buzzes for the crash stop. Before the sound of the buzzer has faded from your ears, each boilerman makes a few sudden thrusts, pulls several of the flaming nozzles out for an instant, then jabs them back in. Two blinks and you'd miss the whole show.

Here's what happens: Steam heated to about 720 degrees is surging through the Hammann's turbines under a pressure of 590 pounds. (Note: Your family furnace temperature is about 220 degrees and the pressure probably is 18.) To maintain that heat and pressure, each of the destroyer's three boilers must be fired by a miniature Hades. And when the ahead throttle is closed—zing!—for the sudden stop, the steam has to go somewhere. The only available outlet then is through the safety valves.

Engineers like Arthur Stack are too proud of their skill to let safety valves pop. That's a sign of sloppy work. So Stack and his two pals have developed a hair-trigger sense of timing that tells them exactly when to pull the fires and

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Most people take a laxative when a cold threatens. But some laxatives work so slowly, it is hours before they are effective. And speed in fighting a cold is important. So the very next time you feel a cold coming on, take Sal Hepatica. Your doctor will tell you that this sparkling mineral salt laxative quickly yet gently flushes wastes away. In addition, it speedily helps Nature counteract the ACID acidity that usually accompanies a cold. Sal Hepatica helps fast—two ways. Get a bottle at your druggist's today.

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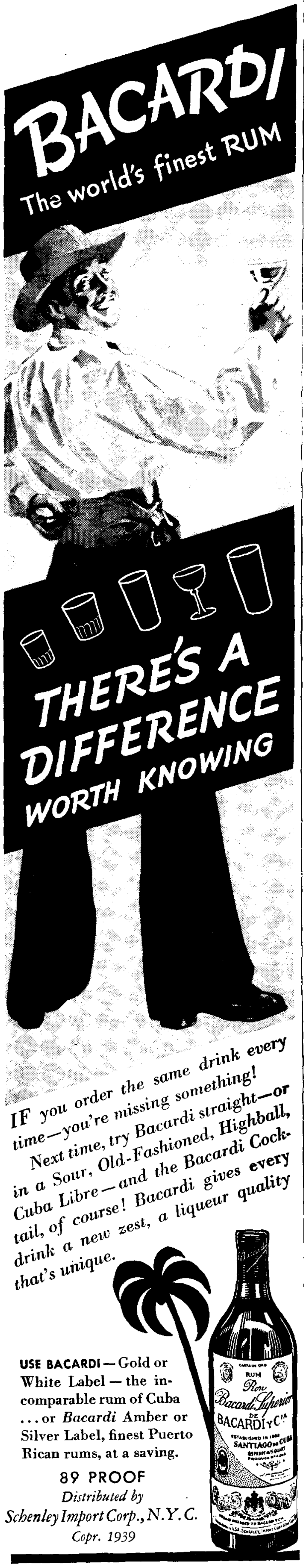

IF you order the same drink every time—you're missing something! Next time, try Bacardi straight—or in a Sour, Old-Fashioned, Highball, Cuba Libre—and the Bacardi Cocktail, of course! Bacardi gives every drink a new zest, a liqueur quality that's unique.

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when to jab them back in as the reverse turbine suddenly calls for its supper. Not an ounce of steam wasted.

Engineers of that caliber have the respect of Captain Fred. They inspire him to a pet story that explodes one of the traditions of the sea. According to that tradition, there is a constant feud raging between the deck force and the black gang, and the skipper and chief engineer are respectively Grant and Lee in naval togs. But let Captain Fred tell you what happened on the Destroyer Somers' trial run a couple of years ago:

"We had polished off her trial run and were heading back to port at Rockland. It was growing dusk and I was anxious to tie her up before it got too dark. You never know how a new ship is going to handle at the dock. Well, sir, she was doing a good twenty knots as we came into the harbor, when suddenly a coal barge loomed up dead ahead. She hadn't been there when we went out that morning and we learned later she had been towed in and anchored during the day.

"The barge wasn't three hundred yards away when I called for full astern. Down below they weren't expecting any surprise like this and had even cut out two of her boilers. But those engineers showed their stuff in an emergency. In just fifteen seconds, mind you, the Somers had sternway on her and they had lighted off the two dead boilers to boost the pressure for the astern turbine. We cleared the barge handily. That's the fastest crash stop I ever made."

Then "Full Ahead"

While he's telling this story, the Hammann's skipper is alternately checking the maze of dials on the bridge and keeping a weather eye astern. For the destroyer is still reversing as the helmsman, bending over the gyrocompass, keeps her tail trained on a speck on the horizon. The twenty knots she's turning up is a respectable speed for the average liner heading for Southampton. Of course, her squat stern isn't designed for wave cutting so it's taking aboard acres of ocean.

Now comes the last and steepest hurdle of the day. It's another stop-go, and a quick one. Captain Fred's terse order, "Full ahead!" can mean terrible things to the Hammann and her crew. It can mean the loss of one or both propellers and a helpless, floundering ship. It can mean the breaking of a steam line and the instantaneous scalding of every man below decks. Or the penknife blades of her turbines can be sheared off, nullifying months of painstaking labor. A dozen other tragedies are waiting off stage.

But the rookie Hammann takes it like a veteran. Standing at her aft rail, you drop an empty pop bottle over the side at the instant the stop order is given. Watch that bottle bob along toward the bow as you and the steel deck shudder. You don't quite believe your eyes when the bottle comes to rest in approximately half the destroyer's length. It teeters a second or two in the waves before it begins to move astern. That means the ship you are helping test is building up to her full speed forward and she reaches it in precisely fifty-two seconds.

You have been too busy with the bottle to notice Bill Gibbs. Look aloft now and, sure enough, there's Bill standing in the crow's-nest, his supersensitive nose pressed hard against the mainmast. Bill is still a detective on the trail of that old rascal, vibration. He stays in his lofty perch until the Hammann, her big job done, resumes cruising speed and heads for home. Then Bill climbs down and relaxes with you on the bridge wing.

It's plain that Bill loves destroyers. The strange part of it is that he was virtually shanghaied into designing his first. He and his brother Fred had been drawing plans for merchant vessels eleven years when in 1933 the Navy asked him to come down to Washington for a talk. In essence the talk was this: The ten-year naval holiday had left our fleet rather seedy and the naval contractors, with no ships to construct, were gathering a deep-red rust. Foreign competition in naval strength was disturbing—remember that was when a reborn Germany was about to surprise the world with its first vest-pocket battleship. The Navy Department wanted Bill Gibbs to help them meet this competition.

"But I've never designed a naval ship in my life," he objected. "That's all right," replied the Navy. "We've watched your work and we want to see what you can do with that high-pressure, superheat technique in destroyers. We realize it isn't going to be easy. You have plenty of space for your power plant in a merchant ship, while a destroyer has to economize on square inches. But if you think it's worth a try, go ahead."

A NEW TRIUMPH FOR HERCULE POIROT!

The evidence pointed to her guilt. She did nothing to defend herself. But for the help of the astonishing Belgian detective she would have pleaded guilty to a crime she had not committed. . . .

AGATHA CHRISTIE

tells the story in her new novel, SAD CYPRESS, beginning next week in

COLLIER'S

So Bill Gibbs, who is quite touchy about challenges, went ahead. And the U.S.S. Hammann, whose shiny new decks (stainless steel) he now treads, is his seventy-first distinct answer to that challenge. In the past six years he has been the father of seventy-one destroyers born on his drawing board.

It wasn't all smooth sailing. From the start his radical ideas about stepping up pressure and temperature were criticized, and there is still a faction in the Navy that holds it impractical and dangerous. Destroyers, they hold, shouldn't have power plants built on a hairspring principle; they should be rugged and sturdy enough to stand the rigors of battle maneuvers and extended cruises. Like the three- and four-stacker World War destroyers. Look at the excellent record they piled up in convoy duty, across the Atlantic, scatting German subs in the North Sea, and similar jobs. They proved they could take it and so did their turbines, which only require 400 degrees temperature and 260 pounds pressure. Since the destroyers Bill Gibbs has designed just about double each of these figures, the critics ask rhetorically, can you expect a race horse to do the work of a cavalry charger?

Huddled in a corner of the Hammann's bridge wing, Bill Gibbs has a ready answer. First he asks you if you'd rather be driving a 1919-model car over today's smooth roads; then he refers all critics of his souped-up destroyers to the Navy's official report of the Caribbean war games last winter. It's history now that the twenty-six high-pressure, superheated steam destroyers participating outclassed the older ships in every maneuver. Those maneuvers proved, Bill says, that the new type is thirty per cent more efficient.

And how about the Benham? She recently finished a shakedown cruise that broke every destroyer record in the Navy, for speed, endurance and economy. They did their utmost to wear the Benham down. On her first trial they put her over all the jumps the Hammann is taking today—and more. They ran her 4,000 miles before uncapping the turbines to look inside. And what did they find? A single flaw. A sealing strip—about double the thickness of your thumbnail—was bent out of line. A new, stronger sealing strip was installed and, just to be sure, they ran the turbines on block test at full power for a period equivalent to fourteen years of duty. Nothing untoward happened, so the Benham is now an accepted member of the Atlantic fleet.

The Rest is Duck Soup

So Bill Gibbs isn't worrying too much about the future of the Hammann as Captain Fred threads her through the channel buoys back to the shipyard dock. She has come through her baptism of water so well that he is confident the succeeding trials will be duck soup. In a few weeks the shipyard will turn her over to a regular Navy crew who will take her out on an eight-hour run and duplicate today's program. If the plebe destroyer weathers this second hazing, the builders *will* make last-minute adjustments and polish her up until she glistens. Then they will deliver her officially to the United States government at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, virtually wrapped in tissue and tied with a big blue bow. To make sure she is delivered in A-1 condition she won't even make the 18-mile run under her own power. A tug will substitute for her shiny new turbines.

Even then she will still be on probation. For six active months the Navy crew will try to rattle her apart on what is appropriately called a shakedown cruise. (When you read this, she will be on that cruise.) Under all weather conditions she will have to get passing marks on economy runs—so many miles to the gallon of fuel oil—endurance runs when her turbines are not slowed down for twenty hours at a time, and more steering tests and crash stops. They will fire her four five-inch guns for the first time and cautiously. The gun crews will load and set their primers. Then they will leave the turrets and the actual firing will be done by remote control. If there is a turret explosion or a gun failure, the resulting damage will be only to material.

The Hammann is gliding slowly into her berth. Her bowline has been made fast to a bollard on the deck and the now quiet stern is swinging in lazily. Shipyard workers have a gangway ready to place aboard the moment she is stopped alongside.

Captain Fred, from the bridge, gives his last order of the day, "Secure ship!" and goes below. Already a stream of engineers and designers has started to flow over the gangway to shore. Bill Gibbs takes a last look around and joins the stream. Admiral Bowen and the rest of the Navy disembark. The last man ashore has a bundle tucked snugly under his arm. It's a burlap bag filled with sprayer plates—eight thousand dollars' worth.

No Wonder They Call It: *"Most Amazing Lowest Priced Car Ever Built!"*

Here, on this page, is photographic proof that something *new* and something *big* has happened in the lowest price field. Here are some of the important reasons why thousands who have looked at the "other three" are *buying* this new 1940 Hudson Six.

With many, it's love at first sight the minute they open its doors on a breathtaking combination of roominess, luxury, completeness, *new* to the lowest price field. (See above and below.)

But there are many other reasons for the rush to Hudson showrooms. For instance... news from Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah which proved that this new lowest priced car stands all alone in its class in economy, performance, endurance!

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Girl Meets Dog

Continued from page 12

"Have you any good dogs?" Patricia inquired.

"Well, now," said Adam, "sometimes we have. Happen to be a mite short of dogs just now."

Patricia hopped out, her lovely yellow hair tossing, her blue slacks flapping and her toenails gleaming richly through her sandals. She informed Adam her name was Patricia Moon and that she wanted a dog then and there. She explained that when she wanted a thing, next week wouldn't do. She was that sort. Think of a thing and—zip—do it. Adam's wife emerged from the house, blinking and looking like the entire cast of Tobacco Road. And they all moved slowly to the rear, where there was a ramshackle kennel and a large Biscuit Schnauzer contemplating a bone. He was the father dog. In a corner sat the mamma dog of the same breed, getting ready obviously for another bundle from the dog heaven.

"If you're looking for a Biscuit Schnauzer," said Adam Becker, with a touch of pride, "we haven't any pups now, but we will have soon and I could hold one for you."

Patricia shook her head vigorously and repeated her code. She had to have a dog when the mood seized her.

"Well," said Adam, looking at his wife, and while he was thinking, there was a noise and a dog whizzed around the barn and Helen Becker whizzed after him.

"There's a dog," Patricia shrieked.

"That one belongs to my daughter," Adam said. "Didn't figure on lettin' him go. The pups will be just like him when they come along."

"Then," said Patricia warmly, "your daughter can have one of those pups, can't she? What's the darling's name?"

"Whisky," Helen replied.

"I'll take Whisky," Patricia announced in firm tones. "How much would you want for him?"

"Well," said Adam hesitantly, "we wa'n't figurin' on sellin' him. Helen raised him and—"

"Fifty dollars would be a high price," the visitor interrupted. "I'll give you seventy-five."

"Well," said Adam, turning to look at Helen.

He already knew she didn't want to sell her dog any more than she would sell her right knee. Helen swallowed once and said: "Why, I suppose it would be all right to sell Whisky. I can do with one of the new pups."

"Sold," cried Patricia happily, and her young man nodded his smiling approval. Whisky wagged his tail furiously, the caller whipped open her bag and drew forth seventy-five dollars in new bills and in less than five minutes the roadster was roaring down the Whitewater Road, with Whisky on the seat between them and Patricia leaning over to pat him on his faithless head. Adam went into town and paid some on the groceries. Mrs. Becker bought a colored print dress—six bucks. They both urged Helen to cheer up, as there would probably be another pup some day soon.

NOW then, we can hasten along into Hollywood, for there Patricia lived with her father in the usual large home, with a Jap watering the lawn and another Jap watching him do it. The father was Richard Moon, board-of-directors type, thin hair, deep-set eyes, a money man and diabetes on the way. He owned thirty-five motion-picture theaters, known as a string, had deposits in twelve banks, was asked his opinion for publication and put on evening clothes twice a week.

Mr. Moon had definitely come to the conclusion that it was time his daughter did something. Patricia and he had given serious thought to her career, which was commencing to shape itself. She had patiently slugged her way through the West Coast Drama School and the West Coast Art and Culture League.

She stood tiptoe on the misty mountaintop, ready for the big leap and it was her general intent to bring a new and vital character to the screen. It was her further intention not to waste time among the extras and beginners, with their low salaries and hopeless outlook. Ordinary girls begin at the bottom and are happy if allowed inside the gate, but not Patricia Moon.

IT CAME about thus that Mr. Richard Moon had a brief telephone talk with Basil Short, and if you are a diligent reader of the fan magazines you will remember that Basil Short is the head shot at the Major Film Studios, sits in the front office, dictates policies, runs the works and is famous for his keenness in detecting and grabbing fresh talent. He can see a young girl quicker than can a sailor off the fleet, but demands more. Mr. Moon speaking to Mr. Short:

"My daughter, Patricia, is thinking about going into the movies and I believe I spoke to you about her before. I have great confidence in her future, Mr. Short. We agreed at home that your Major Studios provide the best atmosphere for a young girl like Patricia and nothing would please me more than to have you take charge of her."

"Fine business," said Basil, looking across at his secretary.

"My girl already has stage experience," the parent continued, and from there he went on rapidly, giving Mr. Short the details. "We would appreciate it if you could give Patricia a test in the near future."

"Be glad to," Basil said heartily, for if you are the head man in a movie studio, you will naturally speak in a friendly manner to the man who owns thirty-five theaters and runs your films.

Now a test in the movies is about the first step when a young person begins her film career, and Mr. Short suggested that Mr. Moon send his daughter to the studio—any time at all—and they would gladly test her. Mr. Short called Adolph Bower, one of his better directors, and commanded him to hold ready for the onrush of a young creature named Moon and thereafter Mr. Short dismissed the whole business from his mind.

That was Monday, and on Thursday of the same week Director Bower gave Miss Patricia a most thorough going-over, searching with a camera for her talents and charms. Donald McDonald played with her, a delicate compliment, for Donald is the fair-haired lad at Major and earns more money than forty-one senators. Tony Zucca shot the scenes and Tony has no peer as a scene shooter. Everything was nice and first-class and Patricia threw her soul into the test, made her eyes look like Merle Oberon's and acted passionately, with and without gestures. She gave them the undertones and nuances learned in the dramatic academies, used her own costumes, one of which was a bathing ensemble, in case they wished to be sure about her figure.

In the ordinary run of his chores and duties, Mr. Basil Short came eventually to the Moon test. . . . When Patricia donned her bathing suit, Basil sat up to watch the young candidate disport herself on a studio beach. A flicker of interest shone in his gaze.

"That's enough," he said to the operator, a tobacco chewer named Ed. "Where did she get that dog?"

Ed didn't know. In the bathing scene, Miss Moon was seen romping down the dunes with a dog, which had one white ear and a circle about one eye. Mr. Short went to his office and telephoned Director Bower, who could give him no information, except to say the dog seemed to belong to Miss Moon. The Short secretary called up the Moon home and a wildly excited Patricia fell through a French window and galloped to the instrument, her heart thumping as would the heart of any young dame about to hear from Basil Short.

"The test looks all right," said Basil, whose mind was not remotely on acting or art or the movies. "We'll let you know. What I called up about is that dog. That's a Biscuit Schnauzer, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Short," Patricia cried, glad to have him interested even in her dog. "That's my pup."

"Where'd you get him—or her—which is it?"

"It's a he and I got him down near Whitewater."

She chattered along with the details and Basil asked questions. He was a dog man himself and so was his wife and grim tragedy had laid them both low. Their own beloved Biscuit Schnauzer had succumbed and, while Basil was upset thereby, his wife was a sheer wreck. She cried for two hours. Like sensible people, the Shorts attempted to replace their pup and learned the gloomy facts—that you cannot buy a Biscuit Schnauzer in all of southern California, including Mexico—unless you are lucky.

Kennel people don't handle them. They would love to, but can't and for the simple reason that Biscuit Schnauzers are as rare as Eskimo millionaires or three-legged pulpits. You just cannot buy or locate a Biscuit Schnauzer. Ordinary Schnauzers—to be sure. They are to be seen gamboling on the lawns of Beverly Hills and freely bite pedestrians. But not Biscuits, which spring from a small town in Poland, or what was Poland.

Patricia could do little about it, except to inform Mr. Short that there was a Mr. Becker down near Whitewater, about six miles from town, and that he raised dogs on the side and was presently about to come through with a fresh batch if nature held to schedule and they would all be Biscuit Schnauzers of the truest breed.

She was eager to inquire more about her test, but Basil seemed in a hurry, which he was, for that was the day he deserted the studio, rushed home in his car, seized his wife and posted off to Whitewater, one hundred miles from Hollywood and all uphill.

They located the Becker farm and found Adam dustier than ever, surrounded by his dogs and troubles. He removed his hat and looked at Mrs. Short.

"Yes, ma'am, we have a new litter," he said. "Four nice little fellows."

"Are they Biscuit Schnauzers?" Mrs. Short asked, almost incredulously.

"Yes, ma'am."

BASIL shut off his motor and they followed Adam around behind the barn, where Mrs. Short instantly burst into squeals of rapture, plopped to her knees over a family of new dogs and immediately indicated the two she fancied.

"Can I have them?" she asked and Adam said he guessed she could, whereat Mrs. Short clapped her hands and acted pretty silly for a grownup. The pups were perfect specimens, but instant disappointment followed, for the lady desired to take them straight home in her car.

"Well, now, Mrs. Short," Adam said. "I'm afraid you can't do that, because they're too young yet to leave their mamma. They have to stay here a while, but don't you worry. They're yours and you'll have 'em."

"How soon?"

"Oh, mebbe two-three weeks. You take 'em now and they might not live."

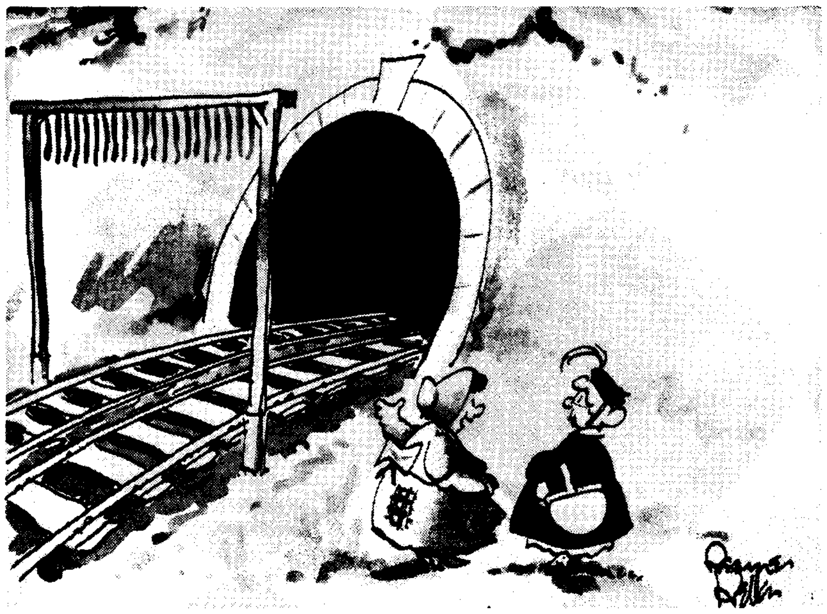
Mr. and Mrs. Short drove on back to town only partly happy, a cold wind blew into the car and next day the film man's spouse was down with her annual heavy cold and had to remain miserably in bed. Basil, being a tough egg, caught no cold, but continued at his labors and within two days Mrs. Short was about the house, lonely and petulant.

"Here I am," she complained to her husband over the phone, "practically an invalid and confined to this darned house and I feel terrible and there's no dog. Why can't I have those dogs? If I had them I'd feel better."

"You know why, darling," he answered patiently. "They're growing up. You'll soon have them."

"Yes, but I'm lonesome and it's spooky here. A dog makes the greatest difference."

Basil Short, being the kind and in-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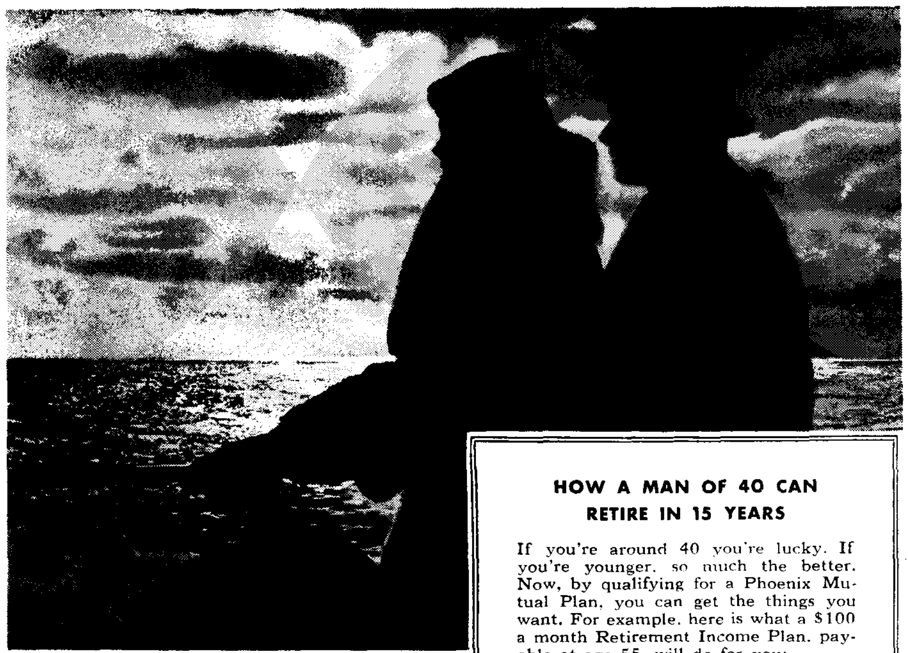

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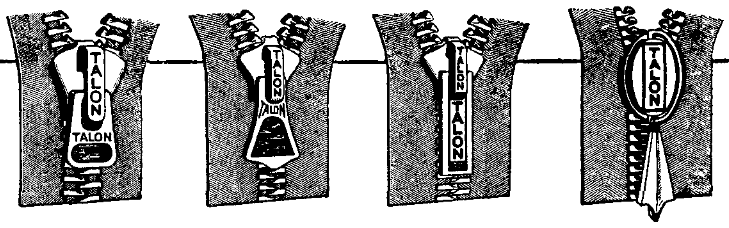

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dulgent husband, urged her to take a couple of pills and then sent for Joe Novik, head of the studio trucking, ordered him to take a car and go out to Whitewater, have another look at the state of the Becker pups and ask Adam if he couldn't strain a peg and release Mrs. Short's two.

Joe said he would leave within the hour and as he started out of the office Basil thought of something else.

"You better take a cameraman along with you," he ordered, "and if Becker says 'no,' get a batch of pictures. It'll cheer my wife up."

In eighteen minutes, Novik and a cameraman slid out of the studio and headed for Whitewater, where they located the Becker farm with the unerring aim of their ilk. Adam was on hand and quizzical.

"I never did see anybody in such an all-fired hurry," he remarked, with what might have been a grin. "No, you can't take 'em. They're still babies."

Novik solemnly examined the subjects, found them husky and the cameraman set up his artillery and shot freely, taking the mamma dog and the pups at lunch and the papa dog looking on benignly. He filmed the four young Biscuits lying down, sitting up, crawling in, falling out and slathering about on their weak pins. He ground maybe a third of a reel, all pretty fascinating to a person who likes canine pups, brought the stuff back to the shop and had a print made for his boss, who was not at all surprised to learn that the Becker pups were still too feeble to migrate.

That night in the Short home, dinner was lightened with the news that Mrs. Short could have her doggies in ten days more and that she could immediately have a look at her two.

IN THE comfortable projection room, where he often worked, Mr. Short sat down with his wife and ordered one of his houseboys to run the dog stuff, and they watched in the darkness, Mrs. Short giving out delighted shrieks.

Likewise they beheld Adam Becker and his wife, who were worked into the dog stuff, and the chickens and Adam's daughter, holding the pups in her arms and helping the cameraman with brisk action.

Next morning Basil took his dog stuff over to the studio, had a short chat with Joe Novik and went along to a projection room, where he was met by three of his trusted associates in film production.

"Like to have you look at some dogs," he explained and they all sat down to look, knowing Mr. Short and his amiable weakness.

"Who's the girl?" one of them asked.

Basil grinned and made chortling noises in his throat.

"I was just wondering if you'd ask," he said. "That's old man Becker's daughter. He owns the dogs."

"The girl's a pip."

"Did you notice her in the shot where she was tapping the pup on the nose?" Mr. Short inquired, and his voice rose: "She's smiling. Gentlemen, there's a smile."

There was some general conversation and one of the experts inquired if Mr. Short contemplated doing anything about it.

"It's already done," said Basil, "and I might suggest that in a couple of years from now you lads remember that you saw her here today, but I saw her first."

That was the same day when a studio car again drew into the Becker farm and once more Adam came out to note and remark upon the impatience of movie people. The caller said his name was Morton and that he came from Mr. Short, who had seen the dog pictures and some shots of Adam's daughter.

"Is she home?" Mr. Morton asked and Adam nodded and called for Helen. After that, they all sat on the front stoop, father, mother, daughter and Mr. Morton.

"The way it is," he explained, "we would like to know if Miss Becker would be interested in going to work for us?"

"Work?" asked Adam, his mouth partly open, and then Mr. Morton explained further how such things are brought about, where a young girl has no experience and a studio thinks something might be made of her. Helen said nothing at all.

"We'd have to start her at a nominal salary, put her in the studio school and then we'll see."

"What would you mean by nominal salary?" Adam asked politely.

"Say seventy-five a week."

THAT conversation occurred early in the working week, and before Sunday came around the Becker family was no longer resident of the Whitewater community. They packed and departed from the bean field with the speed of rabbits on the run and the studio found them a small bungalow at modest rental.

After a week, Adam hardly knew his daughter. The studio fixed her hair a new way, gave her expert advice on clothes and provided her with a small hat modeled on the lines of the latest crushed tin can. . . . In the course of her education, she was required to study other young ladies at their acting and likewise to observe some who were not so good. Thus she saw Patricia Moon's test, and in the bathing scene Helen stood up and cried: "There's my Whisky."

"What's that?" asked Basil Short, who was waiting to start work.

"That's my dog."

"Your dog?"

"Sure it is," and when the film ended she told Mr. Short of the quick and painful transaction down at Whitewater.

"Hum," he said and later on his office talked with Miss Moon's home and a secretary wondered if Miss Moon would care to sell her pup to the movies.

"Why, certainly," said Patricia. "I paid seventy-five dollars for him."

"Send him over," directed the secretary and Patricia herself delivered Whisky to the Major Films, accompanied by her young man in the green-and-white coat and very happy to lend the movies a helping hand, even if only via dog. It gave her a chance to inquire about her test and she was informed that they would have to take another test later on, when a certain ace director returned from Africa. This is one way of avoiding the reply direct. Basil's secretary telephoned Helen and asked her to come over and pick up a small present, which they wished to make as a mark of esteem. A dog.

"A dog!" Helen repeated.

"Yes. His name is Whisky."

There was a shriek at the other end of the wire and young Helen Becker started without her hat. She made the three blocks at a quick trot, and as she arrived there was a large and shining motorcar at the curb and in it lounged a young man in green and white. He was waiting for Patricia, who came out presently and climbed in. The young man stared at a hurrying figure heading for the main gate.

"You see that girl?" he asked Patricia, who turned and cast a quick glance.

"Yes, what about her?"

"Don't you know her? Haven't we seen her? Why, that's the dog girl."

Patricia turned again and nodded.

"Sure enough."

"How she's changed! What do you suppose she's doing in the studio?"

"Oh, probably trying to sell them a dog," smiled Patricia, starting her automobile.

Strictly for Sweeney

Continued from page 10

of the song entitled Martha, but could not recall the music or the meaning of the words. He walked into the room, in front of the girl, and employed his self-control not to turn around and gape, before he found the chair ahead of him, in the accepted business fashion.

Martha Sweeney sat down in Mike's old swivel chair, and you would think, to look at the girl, that she knew what all the telephones were for. The lady bubbled quiet ability, but you could not imagine her calling all those race tracks on all those telephones. He began to worry about the lack of shine on his shoes and the dust on the crown of his hat. She offered him a cigarette, which, for some strange reason, he declined. "You're not abstaining?" asked Miss Sweeney. "You are certainly not in training."

"No. Oh, no," said Willy.

"Because you never did. Not even when you were in college. That's one of the things they used to say about you."

WILLY wondered if the slightly thinning hair upon his head had revealed it as a crystal ball, and this girl could read his old and recent sins just by sitting there across the desk. "Who used to say what things about me?"

"The coeds at Michigan," said Miss Sweeney. "They knew all about you. They said you broke all the rules. They said you were the devil-may-care type, although, as a matter of fact, you always wore a hat."

"Maybe we're crazy," Willy said. "Absolutely crazy! How do you know so much about Michigan, so much about me? Were you there?"

She smiled. "Class of thirty-three," she said. "Two years after you. You were a junior when I entered at Michigan. You were All-America that year. You were drunk at Alpha Omega house and fell down the stairs. That was in the winter, and because of that you didn't play basketball."

He took a cigarette and was slow in applying the flame. He had never seen this girl before. He did not believe one campus would have been large enough to hide her. He said, "Look—I just got off the boat. You're not Mike's daughter, because he told me he never had a daughter, and he said if he had a son like me he'd drown it at the age of two."

"I was his niece."

"He never told me about you."

"Maybe not," said Martha, "but he told me about you. He said to keep away from you."

"He was a great kidder," Willy said. "He was a strange and wonderful man." He had forgotten the pain in his head and trouble in his stomach.

"That was Uncle Mike," said Martha. "I told him you weren't as bad as he said. I told him in Michigan they thought you were nice."

He said, "I'll go quietly, Miss Sweeney. I won't give you any trouble."

"You can do that in less than three weeks," she told him. "But you're playing football Sunday, and the Sunday after that, I hope."

"Where?"

"At the Polo Grounds, with the Titans." Miss Sweeney tapped a pencil on the glass top of the desk. "We've got to win Sunday, Mr. Creedon. It is absolutely essential that we get in the play-offs with the Bears." Miss Sweeney continued to tap the pencil, and the smile grew in the corners of her mouth, bright and kind and warm and soft, beyond the loveliness of other smiles that he had seen.

"Listen," he said, "I used to play with the Titans. For seven years I played with them. If I could win ball games for the Titans, I wouldn't be with Jersey City. I can't run the way I used to, lady. I'm not young any more; I'm all used up."

"You're thirty-three years old."

"I don't admit it."

"You've got to admit it. . . . How are you ever going to amount to anything, wasting your time the way you do? What will you do when you're through playing football?"

He didn't like the question. "I'll get along," he said. "I'll get a job coaching. There's lots of things I can do. What kind of an inquisition is this anyway?"

She ignored his question. "You won't get along on your reputation," she told him. "You've kicked that all over town. They don't hire coaches who can't even handle themselves."

"All right, all right. I'll run a peanut stand. I'll get a job taking care of little boys."

"It would be a start. It would be honest work. You're not such a big shot; you're not the man you think you are. But I still think you're the greatest football player in the world. I always did think so, and in college I knew it. I'm paying you so much a game, and I don't see why I should have you loafing around with Jersey City when you could put the Titans in the play-offs."

"I couldn't help the Titans if they played the Girl Scouts. I'm tired and I want to be honest, especially because you're such a wonderful girl. You're very beautiful and get me excited. I had a chance. I had a thousand chances and Mike always paid off. But not this time. This time I have to pay off, and I may as well tell you that I owed your uncle three thousand dollars. I hope you collect it some day. I hope you're luckier than I think you'll be."

"I wasn't going to mention that," she told him. "But I'm glad you did. I have it written in a little book. I'm sure some day the debt will be paid. Just as you said, Uncle Mike never failed to pay off. Neither will you, then."

"That was what made Mike an institution," he reflected.

She said, "Let me call you Willy," and, surprised, he nodded assent. "Uncle Mike was very fond of you, Willy. He told me once I should avoid you, but if I was ever in serious trouble I should go to see you. He said you could always do a big job in a very short time. Personally, I'd like to get into those play-offs."

WILLY'S gratitude, his response and his fears, were scrambled by the appearance of Walter Barrett, executor of the Sweeney estate. Walter walked right in, as though his welcome were assured by previous success, and Walter was not a bad guy, Willy would agree, as well as young and good to look at and full of money and astonishing success. He was an excellent lawyer, and trim, and blessed with a wonderful zest.

He said, "Hello, Willy."

Willy said, "Hello, Walter," and wished the man had never arrived, although they were friends, and Willy liked Walter, remembering Old Mike Sweeney had liked him, too.

Walter walked over and squeezed Martha just over the girdle, with a property sense quite clear and unconfused. Willy, somehow, felt pierced by a sword. Walter had a big smile for Martha and he said, "A tough day, darling?"—just like that.

She looked at the man as though she

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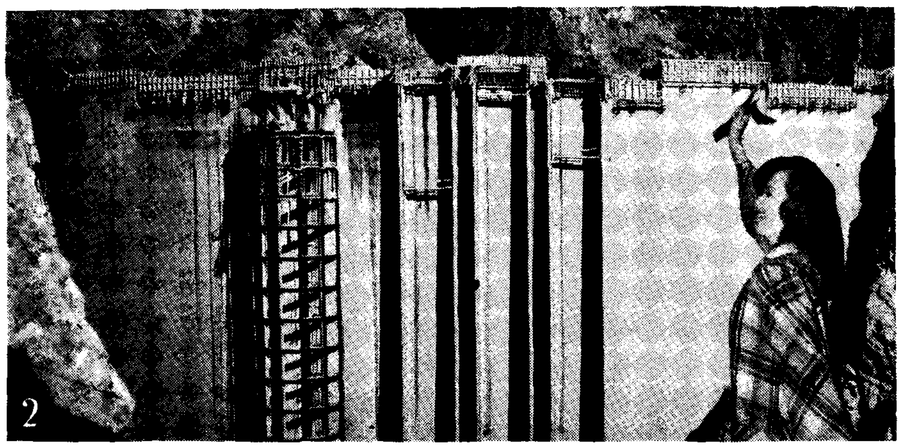

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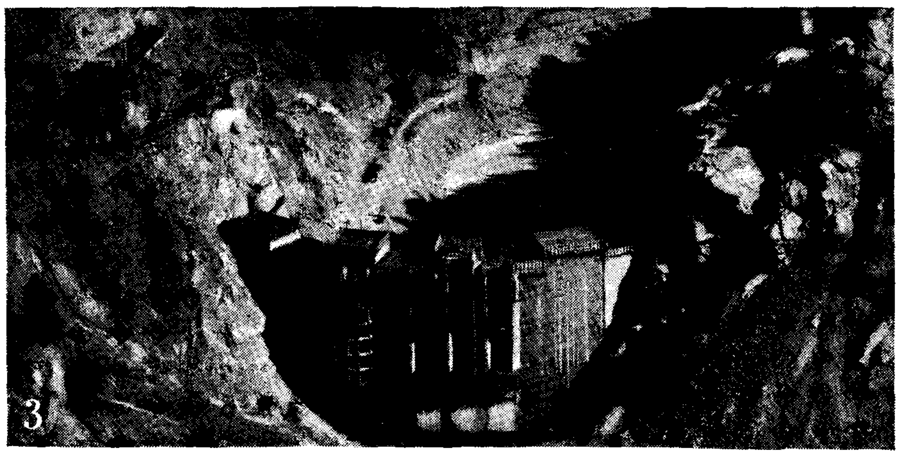

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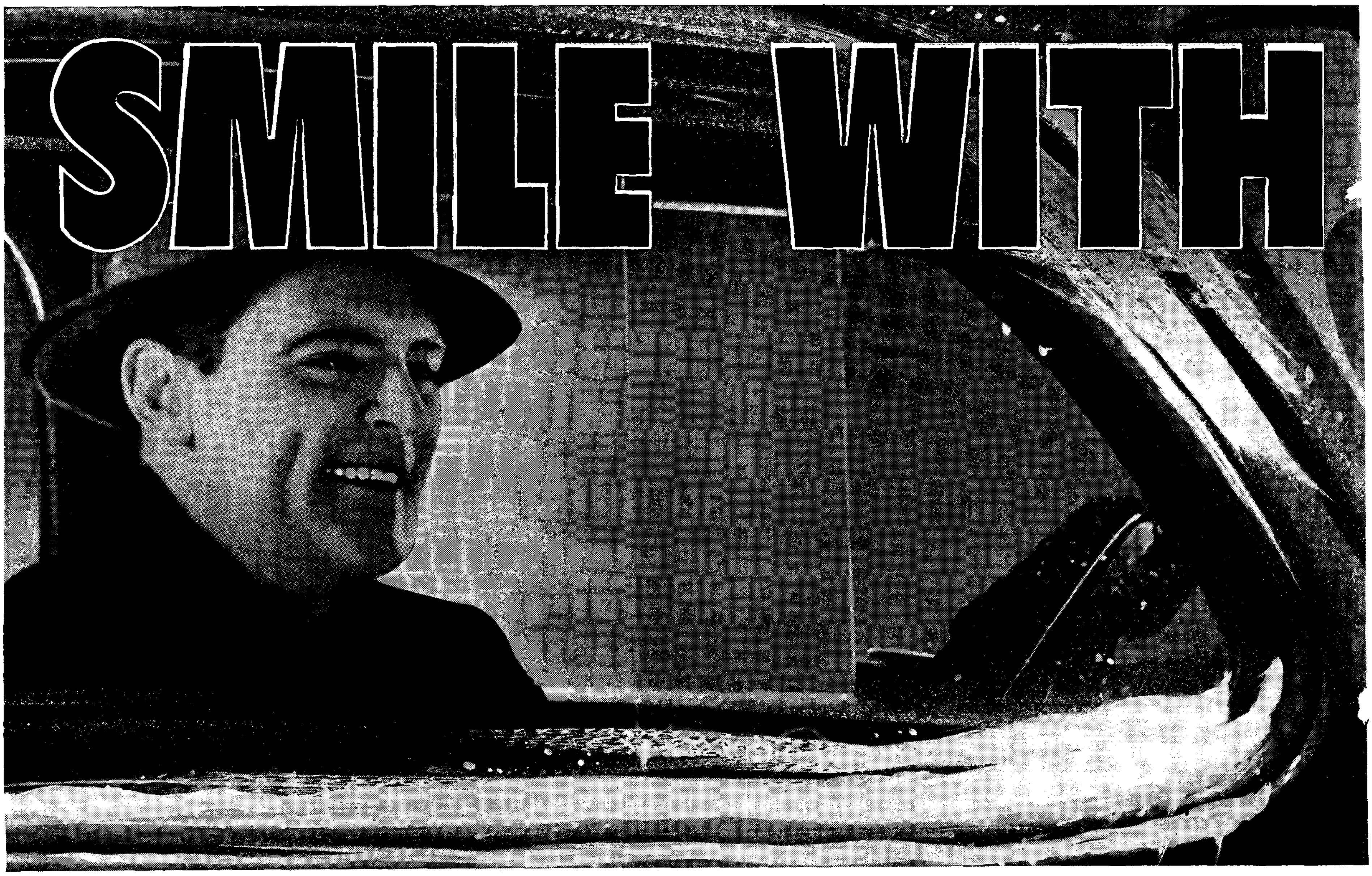

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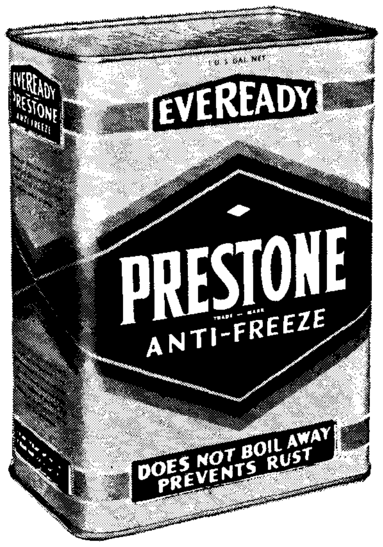

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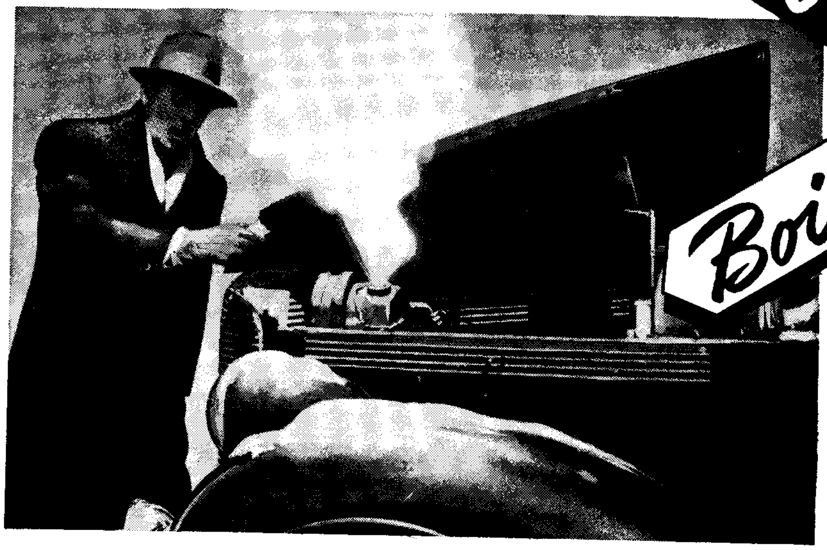

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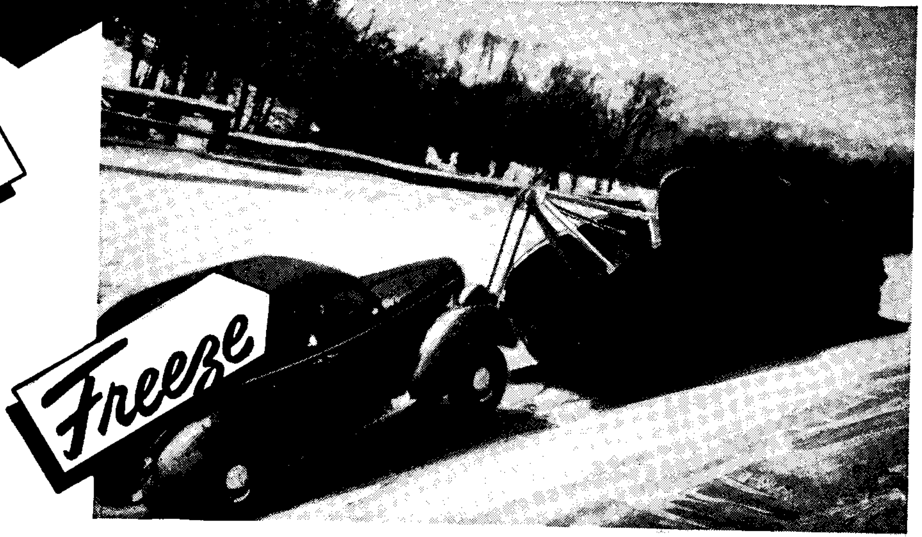

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loved him. She said, "We're in a tough league now, but I'm batting a thousand. I won Willy."

They both looked over and both of them were pleased. As for Willy, he was not pleased, but was very impressed. He took his hat. He said, "So long."

The girl said, "You'll report to Firpo tomorrow?" She meant Firpo Hawkins, the coach of the Titans.

"I'll be there," said Willy. "I'll do what I can do. I'll take a swing. So long, Walter."

FIRPO HAWKINS was a football genius who looked like an iceman and could not stuff the suet of his waistline within the bounds of regulation pants. He said, "What's the use of kidding ourselves, Willy? You can't get off a dime. You're outta shape. You don't look good. You got no speed."

Willy said, with desperate determination, "Lemme try again. I may get better. I might get the old touch back."

"You get it back an' I'll give you the ball park. Show me the Willy Creedon I usta know and I'll fire the rest of the backs I got."

Willy wrapped himself around the ball and hit the middle of the line. The middle of the line hit him and the exercise was halted. He tried several times in the afternoon's scrimmage, but could not dissuade the Titans with his reputation. It would be difficult to ride a bicycle over the length of the headlines he had made, but Willy's day was over, and the whims of Martha Sweeney indulged only to a point.

He retired, discouraged, then began to kick placements all over the lot. Firpo said, "You still got your toe, kid. They can't take that away. Three points is three points. You might get a basketful on Sunday."

"I might get a wheel chair on Sunday, too," said Willy, then went to the showers and was miserable there. He put on his clothes and went out in the street, and he thought, "The trouble is I love that girl, but it doesn't do me any good. I should have met her long ago; it might have changed my life."

This state of mind was too difficult to bear, until he'd had a set of drinks. Time moved along and Willy floated with it, and he was finally, at twelve o'clock, in a fancy trap called the Uptown Club.

The girl said, "It's so nice to see you here."

He turned around, with the drink in his hand, and the girl was Martha Sweeney, and Walter was standing beside her. He shook his head twice and said, "What'll you have?" He felt very bad that she should find him thus.

"I've been to the league meeting," Martha said, and there was explanation in that. "I was telling them I had a surprise for them Sunday. I said Wild Willy Creedon would run again."

"You must be thinkin' of the Lone Ranger." He could not endure it to have her looking at him as she did. He loved her, then damned her, for asking what aging flesh could no longer do.

"We have to get out of here, Martha," Walter said. "I have to see that chap at the Plaza."

She said, "You run along, Walter. I have property to look after. I've got a bad investment."

Walter went away, shrugging hopelessly.

"You mouse," said the girl to Willy.

"I feel terrible," he said. "I'll hang myself by the tail."

THEY were in a taxi, and Miss Sweeney was taking him home, and the lights of Central Park seemed to make a necklace for some goddess of the night. "Imagine," thought Willy, "she worries for me, and who the hell, in all the world, has ever cared before?" He thought it was sweet. He was almost content. "It's too late now," she said.

"Uh-huh, it's too late now all right. Firpo said I was through. He said I would be a porcupine in the line-up. He said you were givin' him the needle."

The girl said nothing, and when he looked at her the water had left her eyes and settled on her cheeks, very lovely there, as is the rain upon an apple. "Don't cry!" he shouted. It was frightening that she cried for him.

She cried a little bit, but fought like any Sweeney, ever brave against the tears. "You shouldn't carry on like this," he said. "What would Walter think?"

"Walter? Walter? You shouldn't even mention his name! What would he think? He would think nothing that wasn't straight and honest and forthright. Walter has been a darling."

He didn't say a word, and the cab went busily along. He lived way up where the rents were not too tough, but now, when she spoke of Walter, he wished he lived in a cave, away from the light of the world.

"People pick the strangest heroes," she told him. "I once had your picture pasted in a book, when I was a coed, of course—before I had grown up. I thought you were valiant and strong. We used to watch you on the campus. I used to hear the students say, 'There goes Creedon!'—as they would have spoken had Sir Galahad gone past us on his horse."

"Not *him!* Not *that* guy! He always annoyed me."

"I'll bet he always paid his debts. I'll bet you won't look like Galahad when the Redskins finish kicking you around! Doesn't this game mean *anything* to you? Can't you even *try?*"

The cab stopped before his house, and the way she looked at him he could not help himself. He took her in his arms and kissed her fervently upon the crimson moisture of her lips. She struggled free, afire and out of breath. "I didn't think you were man enough," she said. He took his hat.

WILLY did not start the game. He sat upon the bench. He was huddled in a blanket, just a decoration there. He could see the Washington Redskins as they labored on the grass, outcharging the stubborn Titans, who fought for every yard. He saw the Redskins go to work and make twelve yards through the middle. The Titans held for a pair of downs, and then Baugh got off a pass. Millner took the ball in stride and went for twenty yards. In Titan territory now, the Redskins snapped into their play. They shoved up to the twenty-eight, then lost the precious leather on a fumble. Joe Bittari kicked the home team out of trouble and the game went on like that.

The pros play a good and bitter game, the best that can be seen. Willy found it unendurable to sit in helplessness upon the bench. The Redskins shoved the boys around, but at the half there was no score.

The Titans struck swiftly in the fifth minute of the second half. Sachow, the end, took a long pass down the middle, then sprinted to the Redskin forty-five. Biggie Weinbaum carried on a smashing reverse that brought the customers screaming from their seats. They spilled him on the thirty-two yard line and Biggie tried again. This time no good, and the next time, too, and then Firpo called, "Willy!" and Willy came off the bench. Firpo was nice about it. He said, "I don't want you to give me a touchdown, Willy. I want three little points. There is no guy in the world can kick a ball like you. Go get it for me, kid."

So Willy went out there, running across the grass. He could hear the thunder of the crowd, growing with the strides he made. The shadows were heavy over the ball park. There was a light snow falling now and hands were wet. Willy looked at the goal posts, far away, and prayed a little while he loosened up his leg. Johnny Hafey called the signals for the Titans. Johnny had played five seasons with Willy on other Titan teams, and he was a soldier under fire, very smart and exceedingly game. Willy was glad that it was Johnny who was going to hold the ball.

The ball came back to where Hafey was crouched to set it up. Willy started to move into the ball. He saw Hafey, momentarily, fumble with the dampened leather. He kicked it but it wasn't any good. It dribbled miserably out of bounds and was disgusting to behold. He heard the groan of the disappointed crowd. He knew the chance would never come again. He thought how very badly he served the House of Sweeney.

Johnny came running over and said, "It wasn't your fault, Willy. I messed it up. I'm sorry, pal." He said a lot of things, and several of the boys came to tell him that his effort had been fine.

THE Redskins had the ball, and this was distressing to Willy. Morgan, the Washington speed boy, ripped through a tackle and Willy saw him, let himself go, and planted Morgan like a vegetable in the grass. When he arose, his mouth was bleeding, but he was somewhat pleased and didn't mind. He figured it was strictly for Sweeney and he said to himself, "I can eat these guys. If it really gets tough it might be fun. It reminds me of my youth."

The game grew soggy and the third quarter passed away, but Firpo did not take him out and Willy knew that he was doing his job all right. He thought, "The old man should see me now. This is really a labor of love."

The Titans took the ball for themselves and Hafey's eyes were glassy in the huddle. He said, "Willy's got it!"—perhaps out of habit from the past. The boys said, "Who?" But there was no time to argue, and Willy found himself in the slot this time and alive with the will to run. He took the ball and followed Biggie Weinbaum's interference. He drove himself with a terrible strength. He picked the hole between the tackle and the guard. He put his hips on hinges, as he did in the long ago. His legs ate hungrily at the yards and he found himself in the clear. He raced for the side lines, running fast. He shifted the ball from one big hand to the other. He put the free hand in the features of the Washington guy who dove for him. He shed the limp arms that sought to halt him. He made another ten before they succeeded in knocking him down.

He heard them yelling, "Creedon!" and it is nice to hear your name, so loud upon so many tongues, a tonic to the weary man who owns the name.

Hafey said, in the huddle, "It's Willy again!" He hit the middle of the Redskin wall and it sagged before his thrust. He picked up five, then took another try. He made a first down on the Washington thirty-five. They called time out and he was standing there, full of purple lumps, but wanting more. He thought of Martha in the stands and hoped his work was noble in her eyes.

There was a flat pass over the line from Hafey to Sachow, and the ball was on the twenty, and the work was there for Willy to do. He put his head down and let himself go, and this was not the minor leagues at all, but Willy Creedon all over again, in the role that made him famous, put his picture in the papers. He smashed his way down to the ten, then to the seven and the five. He tried once more and went over standing up, leaving Washington players prone on the last white stripe that marks the goal. Willy was beyond the line, goofy and erect, with the ball clutched in his hands. But he was not too groggy to kick the extra point, then walk off the field on his trembling legs, drinking in the sound.

He combed and brushed his locks with loving care, so as not to bring new anguish to the bumps upon his scalp. He wore a patch of tape above one eye, and the clearest print of a Washington cleat across one swollen cheek. He lighted a large and mellowed cigar, believing he could face the world and be free of shame.

Martha came along and took him by the arm. She was very close to him and gripping his sleeve. He could not see her face. Walter Barrett said, "Willy, you were magnificent," and offered his hand. "You were the U. S. Marines," said Walter. "Let me thank you for your services to Martha."

He tried not to let their happiness punish him. He hoped they both would be delirious with glee, if he were not required to watch it. But the girl held on to his sleeve. She led him into a clubhouse room where there weren't any people and there wasn't any Walter. She was a tall girl, and her hat climbed as high as his nose. It was not difficult for her to kiss him on the lumpy side of his jaw. She said, "Thanks, Willy. I know that thanks are cheap." She placed her head against his chest and started in to cry.

He said, "Don't! I can't stand it! What the hell is the matter now? You're in the play-offs; you're gonna collect. You have Walter and your troubles are over. Lemme outta here!"

She withdrew, and he could read the injury in her face. She said, "I'm sorry. I thought you did it for me."

"Sure, I did it for you. For you and Mike. But it's over. I hope you're happy. I hope some day I'll have the three thousand dollars I owe you. Now that you have the Titans, you can have all the football games you want."

"I don't own the Titans," she told him.

"You what?"

"I don't own the Titans. I sold them this afternoon. To Walter. Walter is a darling."

"Why is Walter such a darling?"

"For buying the Titans."

"Old Mike will be a pin wheel in his grave!"

SHE clutched his lapels. "You don't understand," she told him. "My uncle died broke."

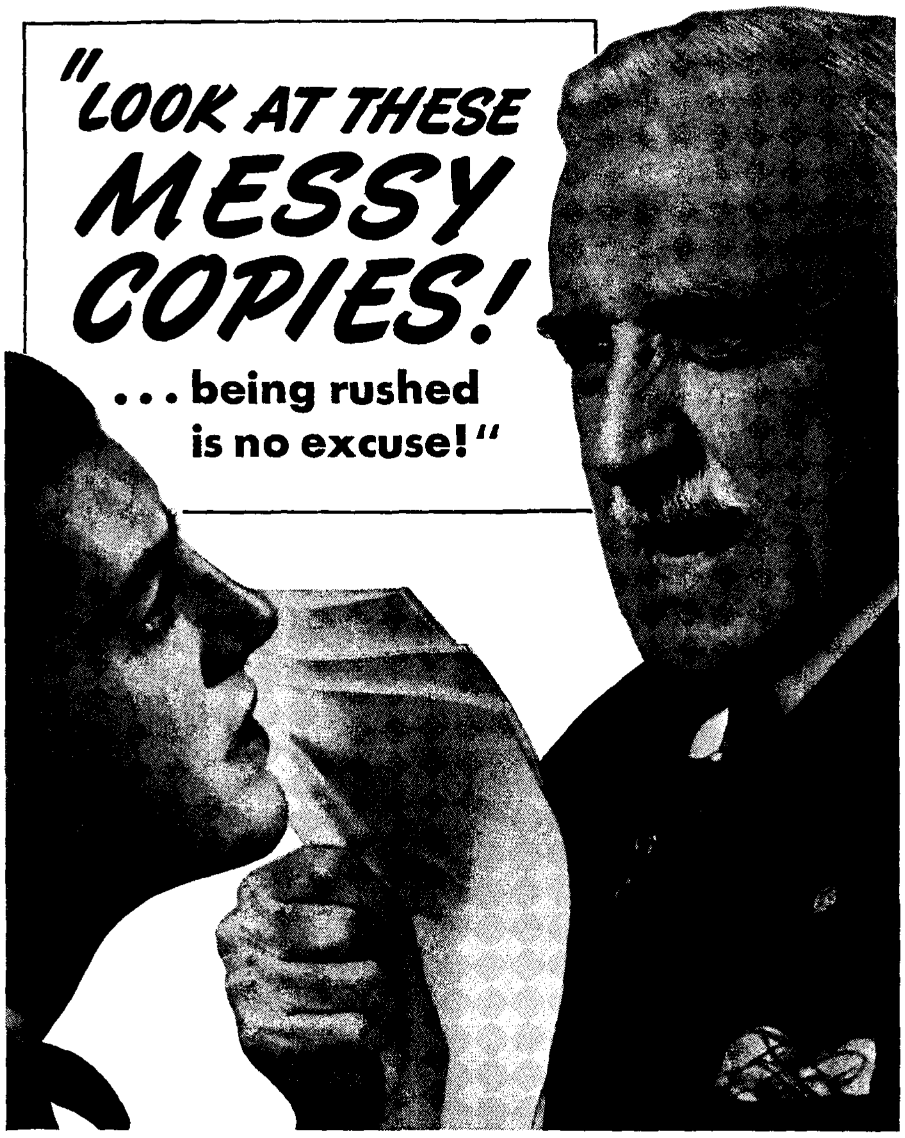
"Broke? You mean without any money?"

"I mean broke, and unable to pay off his debts. Unable to square himself for the money he lost on the horses. I wanted to cover him up," she said. "I called upon you. I remembered what he thought of you, and I remembered loving you, silently, when I was at school. I had to get in the play-offs, to make the team solvent and sell it to Walter. Mike had borrowed on the league franchise, but next Sunday's receipts will just about square the bill. That's why Walter is a darling. He covered Mike's debts with every nickel he owned, but now he's going to get it back. And that's why you can forget those three thousand, Willy, but I can't forget you. I don't love Walter, you see? Not the way you think."

He said, "Imagine that?" He held her for a long time in his arms, until her troubles went away. "What are you going to do now, Willy?" she asked him.

He said, "Next week I'm going to murder the Chicago Bears. There will be enough to make a rug for the living room. After that, I'm going to get a job. I'm going to be an honest man. I'm going to put muscles on some high-school kids in Jersey."

She told him, "That would be wonderful, Willy. I'd like to come along." And then they walked, in a pleasant trance, out of the clubhouse and into the street.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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

Europe's Blockade Can't Shut Us Down

Continued from page 15

In 1898 Sir William Crookes had been prophesying with gloomy certainty that the human race was headed for starvation as soon as the Chilean nitrate deposits were exhausted. The Haber process put an end to that fear for all time. The effect in this country when the new process went into commercial operation in the 'twenties was to cut the price of ammonia exactly in half.

Subsequently the erection of a plant for the production of synthetic nitrate of soda at Hopewell, Virginia, made the United States independent of foreign producers for this important fertilizer material.

The Chilean monopoly was broken, the Chilean government was in financial straits that led to a series of upheavals, and the American farmer was assured of plenty of concentrated plant food whatever might be happening on the high seas.

The price of ammonia continued to fall until it reached one third of its former level, and as it fell new uses were found for the product—petroleum refining, for one—so that the gross sales continued to mount. It is a strange history for a chemical that has been in use since the dawn of history and owes its name to an Egyptian god.

Egypt's reputation in the ancient world rested to a considerable degree upon its fine linens, prepared by the bleachers of Thebes. One secret of that guild was that before the linens were exposed to the sun they must be treated with a mysterious and potent powder concocted by the priests of the sun god, Ammon-Ra. Attentive observers may have guessed that the accumulation of dung left in the temple courtyards by the pilgrims' animals had something to do with the magic powder. If so, they were right. Berthollet, who was at one time Napoleon's tutor, isolated the active ingredient and, with a nice turn for archaeology, named it after the sun god. The principal commercial source of ammonia, however, remained the same up to recent times—dung.

But that's not the end of what came out of the last war. In a surprising way, the development of our synthetic plastics, lacquers and finishes is indebted to the munitions business. In the making of propellants, nitrocellulose is the principal ingredient. One solvent for that is acetone. And so tremendous stocks of acetone were urgently needed—especially since it was also used for "doping" airplane fabrics. The prewar method of producing it by distilling wood proved too slow and too expensive.

The problem was solved for the Allies by Chaim Weizmann, the present leader of the Zionists. He isolated and put to work a strain of bacteria that would produce acetone by fermentation from grain. On this side of the Atlantic, whisky distilleries in Toronto and Terre Haute were converted to house Weizmann's little pets, and acetone began to flow in a steady stream. With it, as a by-product, came butanol.

Gold from the Scrap Heap

After the Armistice there were great quantities of acetone and butanol on hand and also huge accumulations of nitrocellulose, going at bargain prices. The question was: What could be done with them?

The answer turned out to be that they could help in the development of our great plastics and lacquer industries. Before the war we had two synthetic plastics—one of which was celluloid. It had been invented by John Hyatt, a printer in Newark, New Jersey, who was competing for a ten-thousand-dollar prize offered to anyone who could produce a substitute for ivory in the making of billiard balls. Mr. Hyatt never got the prize, but before long people were wondering how they had ever got along without celluloid. A thousand uses were found for it, including, of course, the manufacture of all kinds of photographic film.

Now celluloid is nothing but nitrocellulose rendered plastic by the use of camphor. And so it was logical to think about converting the excess stores of nitrocellulose to its manufacture. Chemists had been toying with the idea of making lacquer by dissolving celluloid or something like it and depositing it in a thin coat. To do this they needed an abundant, cheap solvent, and the only solvent known at that time was fusel oil (a by-product of the whisky business, which at the moment was not doing well). It didn't take them long to discover that butanol had qualities quite similar to fusel oil. And so the two waste products contributed to the lacquer industry—with what success you can see by taking a look at your car.

The original source of camphor was the island of Formosa. There and only there grew the trees from whose wood the sweet-smelling white crystals could be distilled. The Chinese were the first to lend them an appreciative nose. They were, in fact, so appreciative that they immediately annexed the island and began to peddle camphor up and down the world. It soon became highly esteemed for the relief of sprains and the discouragement of moths.

In 1895 the Japanese took over Formosa and built up a camphor monopoly of their own. By 1918 they had run the price up to $3.75 a pound. This, all good chemists agreed, was nonsense, and some of them set out to make synthetic camphor. Starting with turpentine, the research workers in the Du Pont laboratories produced a substance that was chemically identical with camphor—and sold for forty-eight cents and less a pound. (The Japanese, upset like the Chileans by the loss of their monopoly, are getting ready to manufacture synthetic camphor themselves.)

Our other prewar plastic was bakelite, synthesized from carbolic acid and urea. For the latter we were completely dependent on Germany. Now synthetic urea is produced here in quantity.

A host of new chemical plasticizers followed, and synthetic plastics of all kinds began to remodel and improve our lives.

These are examples of what chemistry, spurred by the last war, has done to make us self-sufficient. We are, as a matter of fact, on top of the heap,

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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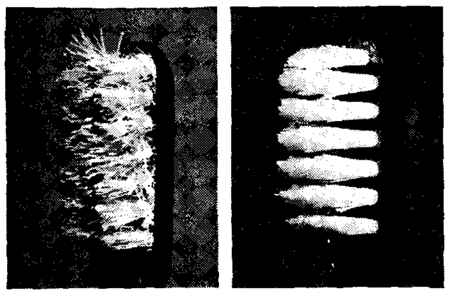

HERE'S THE PROOF *Left:* Old-type Tek brush with ordinary natural bristles worn out by our laboratory test. *Right:* The new Tek, still full of life after *six times more wear.* With new, long-life natural bristles —Tek 50¢. Tek Jr. 25¢. Double Tek (morning and night brushes) special value.

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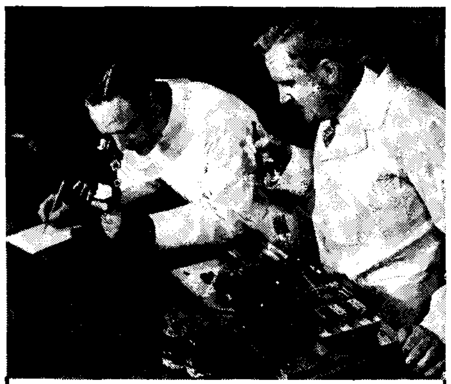

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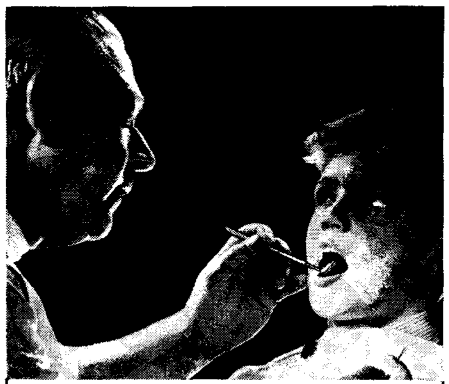

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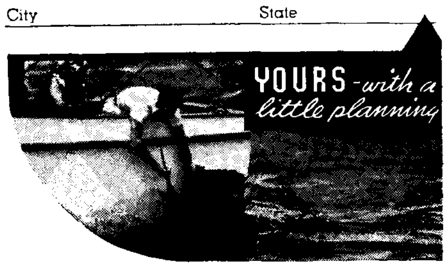


much better off than any other nation. Let's see just where we stand today.

Potash, mentioned in the German dispatches, is no longer a problem. At the time of the last blockade its price jumped from forty to four hundred dollars a ton and desperate efforts were made to recover it from every possible source, ranging from wood ashes to cement mill dust. Now we have developed our own potash deposits in California and New Mexico and are completely independent. Florida and Tennessee can supply us with all the phosphates we need. And these two, together with the American synthetic nitrogen industry, would make it possible for us to get along without importing a single dollar's worth of fertilizer.

This is all very fine, but there remain certain flaws in the picture. Last January the United States government published the following list of strategic materials "essential to the national defense for the supply of which in war dependence must be placed in whole or in part on sources outside the continental limits of the United States, and for which strict conservation and distribution control measures will be necessary: Aluminum, mica, rubber, antimony, nickel, silk, chromium, optical glass, tin, coconut shell char, quartz crystal, tungsten, manganese, ferrograde quicksilver, wool, Manila fiber and quinine."

Those are the seventeen items we have to be careful about. How serious is our deficiency in them? In most cases it is not bad. At least that's what the experts say. For instance, there are in this country large deposits of low-grade manganese (which we use in steelmaking) and a new recovery process promises to make them easily available. Optical glass, equal to the best in the world, is now produced here. In fact, according to Dr. E. Berl, research professor of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, the United States has only four glaring deficiencies—rubber, tin, antimony and chromium.

We'll Get Along Somehow

Even here the case is not desperate. There are deposits of antimony and chromium in this country that, if developed, would meet about half our needs. In an emergency we could rely on our metallurgists to find ways of getting along without the other fifty per cent.

Nor does tin present an insuperable obstacle. At present we depend chiefly on British Malaya, producing ourselves less than one per cent of what we use. But there are deposits here and in Alaska that might supply at least half our needs. Besides, it's quite likely that tin will disappear from tin cans in the near future. Chemists are working on suitable lacquers to take its place. When they have succeeded, we can save our supply of tin for such things as trains, ships, planes, automobiles and electric systems.

That leaves rubber, and rubber is a more complicated story. We use, of course, tremendous quantities of it and we have on hand large amounts of old rubber, mostly in the form of tires, that could be reclaimed. We might also take to growing guayule bushes from which rubber can be made. But a more hopeful direction to look is the laboratory where for years our chemists have been producing artificial rubber.

The man who started us on our way toward independence of natural rubber was Father Nieuwland of Notre Dame, who, oddly enough, wasn't interested in rubber at all. His subject was acetylene gas plus its possible derivatives. The Du Pont company invited him into their laboratories, and he got their chemists interested in acetylene compounds. Some years later neoprene, a chemical rubber synthesized from coal, limestone, salt and water, appeared on the market. Its price has remained higher than natural rubber, but since it has much greater resistance to heat, oil, grease, gasoline, oxygen and sunlight there has been a good market for it. The last time you stopped at a filling station, the tank of your car was probably filled through a neoprene hose. Since the materials for making neoprene are unlimited, it could be counted on to play a large part in meeting a possible national emergency.

Within the last few months chemists have succeeded in synthesizing another rubberlike substance from butane gas, which is practically a waste product of the oil fields. (The Germans were ahead of us here, but the American product is said to be better than the German "Buna" rubber.) This butane rubber is not yet on the market, but if it is as good as its makers believe it will represent another almost unlimited source for the relief of our rubber shortage.

"Thiokol," another rubber substitute, is made from sulphur, caustic soda and simple organic compounds.

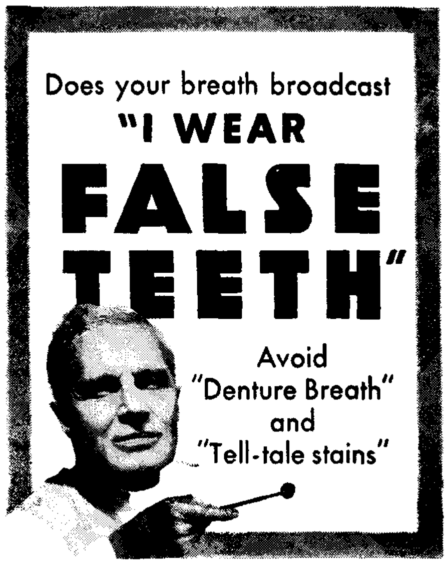
Beating the Silkworm

Not so long ago, if our supply of silk from Japan, China, France and Italy had been cut off, there would have been no hope in sight. Now we have several synthetic substances, among them nylon, another product of the Du Pont Laboratories and one of the chemist's most amazing creations. Three things go into the manufacture of nylon—coal, air and water. Out of their synthesis comes a substance that can be spun into strong, elastic textile fabrics or made into bristles or sheets. Its use in bristles (which came, happily enough, just when the supply of hog bristles from the Orient was becoming undependable) is already familiar in toothbrushes and soon will be in brushes of other kinds. The textile possibilities are very great, and we are likely to see some of them realized within a few months. Stockings, as everyone knows who attended the New York World's Fair, are already being made, though they're not on the market.

Which reminds us: In case you thought the finest silk grown goes into stockings, you're mistaken. It never gets onto the open market at all. The milling and petroleum industries snap it up. It's only the second and lower grades that go into stockings. One of the important things about nylon fibers is that they can be made very fine indeed, finer than cobwebs, and they can be made uniform, much more uniform than a silkworm could make them.

But more important even than the possible uses of nylon are the prospects it opens up. Nylon is a proteinlike substance prepared wholly from raw materials of the mineral kingdom. If other proteinlike substances can be synthesized—and the chemists see no impossibility here—we shall possibly have substitutes for leather, wool and perhaps certain foods. But these will not be substitutes in the sense of German *Ersatz* during the last war—counterfeits that were used because people couldn't get the real thing. These will be superior products, better than the natural ones because they are designed especially for man's use and not simply borrowed and adapted from the animal kingdom.

Even in time of peace the life of our oil supplies presents a question over which the experts have wrangled. So far new wells have kept pace with increased consumption. Our annual production of crude oil is now over 1,200,000,000 barrels. Nobody knows how long we can



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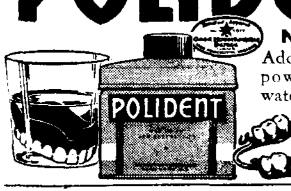

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Add a little Polident powder to ½ glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use

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keep that up, but we do know that chemistry has, in effect, doubled our oil reserves as far as gasoline is concerned. The "cracking" process of making gasoline results in double the amount that was formerly obtained by straight distillation. Cracked gasoline has a higher octane rating; that is, less tendency to knock.

Supplies of high octane gas may very well be a decisive factor in command of the air in the present war. Germany is largely dependent on gasoline produced from coal, with an octane rating of not over 75. Any nation that can supply its planes with 100-octane gas will have a marked advantage in power, speed and lift, not to mention effective life of the engines.

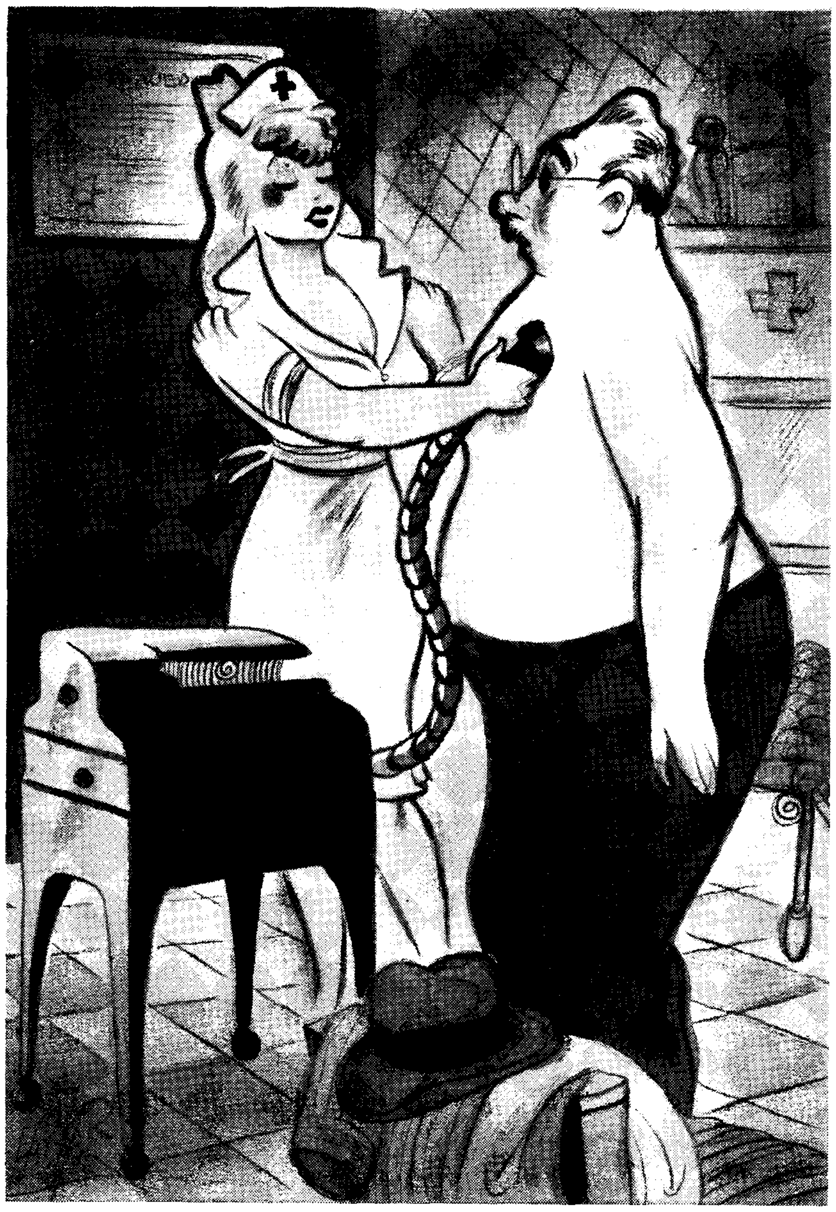
Our Fine New World

Only a few years ago the daily delivery of our newspapers was dependent on imports of newsprint. We still import most of our newsprint—some $180,000,000 worth a year—but the way is open now for us to meet our own needs. The discovery that set us on the way to self-sufficiency as regards newsprint was made by the late Dr. Charles H. Herty, who demonstrated that a high quality of paper can be made from fast-growing Southern slash pine which can be raised as a crop, thereby providing a continuous supply of raw material. There are now 125,000,000 acres of timber suitable for papermaking in the section from Tennessee to the Gulf and from central South Carolina to eastern Texas.

For many years American manufacturers of porcelain, china, glass and certain other wares were almost wholly dependent upon foreign sources for ceramic colors. Today the situation is almost reversed. The American chemical industry has developed improved ceramic colors not available from any other source. With the perfecting of colors has come reduction in cost, elimination of waste. We have taken the lead both technically and in design; today millionaire's goods are on sale in the five-and-ten.

But more important than any specific achievement are the potentialities represented by some 32,000 research workers in the industrial and consulting laboratories of the United States. Industry has taught them where to look for the answers to the bewildering problems of the modern world. If at the present moment we are sitting pretty among the nations of the earth, it is thanks in no small degree to them. Whatever national emergency lies ahead, they'll be ready to tackle it.

But if the chemist can make a nation self-sufficient in a war-torn world, can't he do something about removing the causes of wars? If it is true that nations go to war to procure raw materials, then chemistry promises a solution. President Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology foresees the time when science will remove some of the major causes of war by producing in the laboratory the treasures for which nations are now ready to fight. Scientists would like to do it. They have in mind a fine new world; they know pretty accurately how they can produce it—provided no bombs in the meantime crash through their laboratory roofs.



"Dr. Werner will phone you his diagnosis just as soon as he returns"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

OLD DRUM BREAKING ALL RECORDS? THAT'S NO SURPRISE TO ME!

"IT'S TOPS IN QUALITY AT A PRICE THAT'S RIGHT"

"Some of the boys threw a birthday party for me a few months ago. One of them brought over a couple of bottles of Old Drum. And, mister, at my first taste I sure knew I had been missing something. If you like a whiskey really smooth and mellow, Old Drum sure is it. It's blended whiskey, of course—the only kind I'll drink.

"But my real surprise was when I found out how little it cost. You couldn't ask for a better whiskey. So right then and there, I decided, 'It's Old Drum for me from now on'!"

"NO, SIR, IT DOESN'T surprise me a bit that Old Drum is breaking sales records right and left. Folks around here are certainly taking to Old Drum in a big way. Take a tip from me. It's tops in quality at a price that's right."

SALES UP 27% IN NATION-WIDE TREND

AS WE GO TO PRESS, Old Drum's sales throughout the nation are actually 27% over the same period last year. Definite proof that folks *like* this smooth, mellow whiskey with the fair price!

OLD DRUM BRAND

Blended Whiskey

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

FEEL NEW

SARÁKA
FOR CONSTIPATION

Let Saráka help you regain more youthful regularity

"IT'S made a new woman of me", Mary tells herself happily. Those dreary constipated days that used to come so often now seem just like bad dreams. The whole world seems brighter . . . since she discovered a laxative that really agrees with her.

"I feel like a different person." Perhaps Saráka* will make you want to say those words. For Saráka itself is something new in laxatives. Different because it acts in two ways. Its two actions supplement each other—interlock. Each is more effective because the other is present.

First Saráka supplies soft, smooth bulk. Extra bulk which exercises the intestinal muscles . . . helps make them stronger workers for your better health. Second, Saráka contains a special ingredient which tones up the intestines . . . encourages the muscles to keep the extra bulk *in motion.* This two-fold, balanced action is called *Bulk Plus Motility.** A combination that has helped thousands of constipation sufferers regain more youthful regularity.

Ask your doctor about Saráka and the safety of Bulk Plus Motility. Then mail the coupon below for a free trial-size tin.

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Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.,
P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

Please send me a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1939, Schering Corporation

The World is Like That

Continued from page 20

just to stay on here quietly, having her little Friday parties, going to subdeb things, making friends," Jocelyn said earnestly. "If you—if we had a place at Monterey, or Menlo, or one of the quieter places, and her friends could come to it, and there were tennis and golf and outdoor meals, that's what would save her. She doesn't care about the leaning tower or the Taj Mahal."

"Well, perhaps you're right. She misses *you.* She asked me, when we were alone last night, if you wouldn't go with them."

"And Sandy and her mother, too?"

"She seemed to think it might be arranged."

"Oh, but Phil, that would be worse and more of it!"

"THAT'S what I told her. She said again then that she wouldn't go at all. But I believe she will. You see," the man went on, "Norma'll be eighteen next February. Well, that's a long way off, but not as long as it used to be. I believe it has occurred to her mother that Norma comes into her accumulated income then. That would settle Janet's debts, if she could borrow it—"

"Debts!"

"Oh, yes; she's deep in debt. Always."

"She couldn't be!"

"She is."

"But didn't her father leave her—at the office the girls always said—"

"Yes; he left her an immense fortune. But Caverley wrecked a good part of it, and 'twenty-nine cut it down again. However, that wouldn't matter! Janet would be in debt anyway. She really doesn't know what money is. She'll promise to economize, give up a second car and a third driver, and on the way home from her broker's stop and buy herself a diamond watch for thirty-five hundred dollars. It's always come from somewhere and she thinks it always will. She sends von Sturnberg lots of money, to keep him quiet, and they tell me that she's been buying this Spazzolari silk monogrammed underwear. I don't know."

Jocelyn's face expressed her opinion, and he laughed.

"Norma comes into her fortune next year?"

"No; just the accumulated income. We've never spent half of it. But that accumulated income will run into hundreds of thousands—possibly a million. Pocket money. And Janet knows that if Norma's with her when she gets it, the chances are she'll make over to her mother about two thirds of it. So yesterday Janet was saying in her most maternal manner that she especially wanted Norma for February—I could have her until then, but please to remember that for her coming-of-age birthday she must be with Mamma. And I presume the idea is to give her such a good time now that she'll *want* to be with Mamma."

"She doesn't seem to be making a very good start."

"Well, that's where she'll fall down. Janet couldn't stick to any course very long. And now, sweetheart," Philip changed the conversation suddenly, "we've talked enough about Norma. She'll go off tomorrow, with Sandy and her mother, and if those two women have a modicum of sense they'll keep her happy for a while, at least. So that's that. What about Dunham? Did you see him last night?"

"Oh, yes. I met him at half past six, and we had dinner, and we talked."

"And is he just as unreasonable as he was Sunday night?"

"Just as unreasonable. But I don't think, Phil," Jocelyn said with a smile, "that it really matters what he says, now. It makes me feel a terrible fool, but that isn't important, either."

"Well, after all, I gave my little girl one of the richest mothers in America," Phil reminded her consolingly. "I've been a fool too!"

"I know. It seems so strange that one can feel so decidedly one way for a while, and then suddenly it all goes dead, and there's no making it come alive again. Last summer, last autumn, every thought was Kent. And at the end there, when he told me that he thought we must end it, that it wasn't fair to me or to him or to Lilian—I remember he brought his wife in!—I was like a crazy woman. I felt that I had to see him again, that nothing else mattered. And he reminds me of that now."

"He's not divorced?"

"No; Lilian only wants Kent; she doesn't seem to care on what terms. She feels that she's bound to win in the end, and I suppose she will!" Jocelyn said. "All the time I was interested in Kent she knew it; we saw each other; she used to say complacently that while Kent admired me he couldn't get along without her. I was always the outsider. It was only that last night, at Covey's cabin, that he suddenly threw all that aside, suddenly said that he and I could face the world and the critics together, and then I ran away—"

"You ran away to me," said Philip.

"Lucky, lucky woman that I am!"

"But now what does he want, Jocelyn?"

"Now he's in despair. Lilian wants to take him back, on the ground that it was all a stupid mistake. She's the kind of woman who could easily persuade herself that that was true. He wants me to be his friend, to enter into all his plans, to advise with him what can be done. And how can I? I simply don't want to. It's all—dead. And it's so embarrassing to have him pleading with me, arguing. Fortunately," Jocelyn finished, "Uncle Bart was in town for a consultation last night, and I joined him at the hospital at nine and got home. Otherwise Kent might have reasoned all night."

"WE BOTH have something—and in my case it's plenty!—to put behind us," Philip said. "Once we're married we'll hear no more of that."

"Oh, I hope not, I hope not! He manages to make me feel," Jocelyn explained ruefully, "that I'm responsible! Perhaps I am. And he reproaches me with changing toward him. Well, of course, I have. But surely it would be worse to pretend that I hadn't!"

"You've not told him about me?"

"I didn't dare, Phil, because I'm hardly able to believe it myself yet. And when I put it into words it—really, it scares me."

"Well, it won't be long. When the Malolo sails tomorrow we'll be one good step ahead. And then when will you come down to us?"

"I'll have a long talk with Aunt Nell before that and see what she thinks. But it oughtn't be too soon, Phil, because of Norma. If she needed you—if she was unhappy—it would be so terrible to have you off on a honeymoon with me. It would be letting her down again. In one way and another everyone's more or less let her down, since she was out of grammar school. Wait until you get her first letters from Hawaii; those will tell a lot. Or wait until her mother returns her in August. Everything concerning Norma has always

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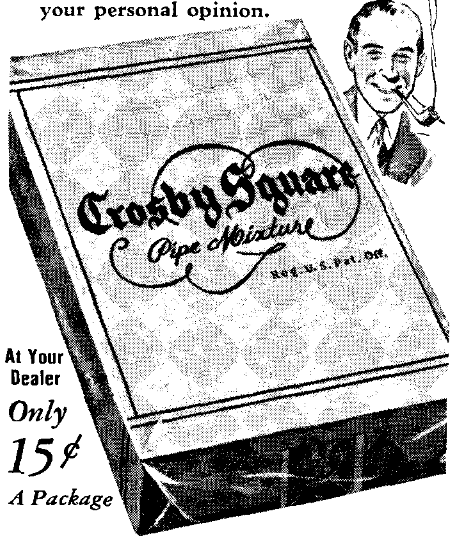

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IN FULL, 32-OUNCE QUARTS AND SMALLER SIZES

been managed so rapidly—in such a rush!"

"August!" He smiled at her. "Well," he conceded, "let's wait until they sail tomorrow and then we'll see."

"You can't think what fun it is to be planning with you, Phil."

"It is fun! But it seems as if we had so many more things to think about than most people have. There's my mother and Janet and Norma and all the ramifications—to say nothing of Sandy—!"

Her joyous laugh interrupted him.

"I LOVE the idea of it all," she declared. "I love the idea of making your life simpler and your mother and Norma my friends. And some day, Phil, we'll have a ranch, with redwoods and a creek on it, and brown little boys, and ponies, and fishing, and you'll do nothing all day but roam about with us and eat picnic meals."

"Ah, that sounds good!"

"And you don't know," Jocelyn continued, "that Norma won't settle down respectably and conventionally with the right man, and have children who'll come up and stay with us—"

She stopped, for he was looking at her across the table with the expression she loved best to see in his eyes, and when he spoke what he said had nothing to do with his daughter.

"I love you, Jocelyn. You are the most wonderful woman I ever knew. Now," Philip went on after a moment, when they had smiled at each other for a moment with all the beatitude of happy children, "when will you come down to my mother?"

"Has she any idea of the way we feel for each other?"

"I don't think so. But it won't disturb her. She lives her life completely apart. You don't have to worry about my mother. What does worry me a little is the other women. They'll all give dinners and things, and you'll hate 'em."

"We won't go to them."

"We'll have to go to some of them. They'll mean it kindly."

"I've an idea that people like the Searses and the Verrinders will be angry. They'll not be at all in a hurry to entertain me."

"All the better if they're not," Philip said. "We don't need them."

But a cloud had come into Jocelyn's eyes.

"They wouldn't snub Norma?" she asked. "They wouldn't refuse to come to her parties?"

"Not while the Lockey Company is solvent," Philip reminded her dryly.

Jocelyn laughed.

"Well, we'll meet that when we come to it," she said. "This time tomorrow they'll be out at sea, and we can plan from there. You don't go down to see them off?"

"I don't want to see Janet. I'm bringing Norma into town early, and taking her to the boat; if Mother wants to come back with me I'll bring her, but I imagine she'll stay until the last whistle blows. Might you and I lunch?"

"I'll be here at half past one. But if you're not here I'll understand."

"Jocelyn, does it seem to you miraculous to understand each other the way we do?"

"It's the loveliest part of the whole thing."

"Come on, then; we're getting looks."

And they went off together, too completely absorbed in each other to know or care whether the watching world was noticing them or not.

The next day he joined her with so changed a face that she knew before he could speak that everything had gone well.

"They're gone?"

"Gone. There was a great crowd of Janet's friends to see them off, and that put Norma into good spirits, and she and her Charles were racing all over the boat, and she had a lei of gardenias, and seemed in great form. I didn't get anywhere near to Janet; it was easy to avoid her in the crowd; but I understand from my mother that she felt quite triumphant. They pulled out on time, and ought to be going through the Gate this minute."

"What a relief, Philip! It seems as if we could breathe now, and get to our own plans."

"We'll have to decide when to tell my mother and your aunt. With Norma gone I feel as if my responsibilities were over, for the time being, anyway. If she's happy, well and good. If she's not, she'll come back all the readier to settle down to sensible living. We'll have our three months anyway, go up to Banff maybe, and on for a look at New York. This is April. Why not plan for early June?"

"It sounds heavenly."

"Oh, and by the way, I've a message from my mother. She asked me never to tell Janet, but to ask Miss Britton if she would come back and act as her secretary for a week or two. She's let herself in for the Garden Club excitement. I believe we're to have five or six hundred women trampling over the place, and a lunch, and Mother has a lot of bridge dates and can't be bothered with lists and telephones and committees and she was casting about for someone to help her and she suddenly thought of you."

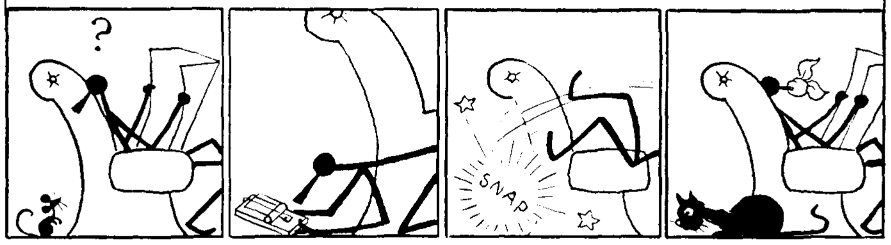
"DO YOU really mean it?" Jocelyn said, immensely pleased. "I thought she couldn't wait to get me out of the house."

"Oh, no; she has no feeling in the matter at all. As a matter of fact she likes you; Annette told me so. But with Sandy and Janet riding her she didn't want to fight. How about it? And by the way, they tell me you left a check behind you the other day."

"The Countess von Sturnberg's check. Yes. I was employed by you, after all. But how funny it sounds now! Employed by you. Yes; you owe me a month's salary. I'll spend it on a trousseau, and save you money in the long run. Perhaps I shouldn't take it. For you bought me all those beautiful clothes for Hawaii. Philip, isn't it all strange? A few days ago planning for Hawaii. Then fired, and back with Aunt Nell. And now going to be your wife."

"Not any stranger to you than to me. For it's years since I thought of being happy again, Jocelyn. It's years since I've dreamed of anything like companionship, love, having a wonderful woman

HAIRLINE HARRY



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for all
BOTTLED IN BOND
Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age
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Expensive... Yes! but look what you get...

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY . . . SINCE 1870

DIAMOND BRAND
WALNUTS

"Aren't lots of good products SOLD WITHOUT ADVERTISING... Mr. Thorpe?"

Mrs. Francis A. Nagel, of Glendale, California, interviews Mr. Carlyle Thorpe, General Manager of the California Walnut Growers Association . . . on behalf of American women everywhere who want the facts about advertising. They are standing by one of the remarkable machines which stamps the "Diamond" trade-mark on 2,000,000 walnuts a day.

MR. THORPE: "Why yes, Mrs. Nagel, quality products *can* be sold without advertising. Frequently they are. But here's a point I'd like to stress: When a product *is* advertised, it's liable to be a better product, and the public is almost sure to get more for its money."

MRS. NAGEL: **"That needs some explaining, Mr. Thorpe."**

MR. THORPE: "Let me tell you how it worked with our product. Like most everything from nature, walnuts vary a good deal in quality and size. In the old days, when you bought a pound of walnuts, some were nice and meaty, some had shriveled kernels. You had to take them as they came. Of course you were bound to get waste in every pound.

"Then, some years ago, we growers out here in California thought we ought to be selling more walnuts. We started to advertise."

MRS. NAGEL: **"But that couldn't improve the walnuts, Mr. Thorpe."**

MR. THORPE: "Indeed it could . . . and did. The minute we decided to advertise *trade-marked* walnuts, we had to make our brand stand for high quality. We knew that if customers were disappointed, our advertising would do us more harm than good.

"So we worked very hard to help our growers produce better and better walnuts. We set up strict grading and inspection. We rejected imperfect walnuts, and stamped 'Diamond' on the selected ones."

MRS. NAGEL: **"But what's to prevent your stamping 'Diamond' on less-than-perfect walnuts?"**

MR. THORPE: "Nothing, except common sense. We've spent years building confidence and respect for our brand. Do you think we'd risk throwing it all overboard? Trying to fool the public is the quick short-cut to business ruin . . . every advertiser knows that, or soon learns it to his sorrow. And that's one of the consumer's biggest benefits from advertising. The year after year investment in advertising a product is mighty good insurance of reliable quality."

MRS. NAGEL: **"Rather an expensive way to insure quality isn't it?"**

MR. THORPE: "You think advertised products cost more? That's where many people go wrong. Advertising actually *saves* money for the consumer. As sales increase, production costs go down, distribution costs go down . . . and the savings are passed along to the consumer.

"Walnuts are a specific case. In the last twenty odd years, our volume has gone up from eleven to eighty million pounds a year. At the same time walnut prices have come down to just about *half* of what they were. And our advertising, which has helped accomplish all that, costs only ½¢ a pound. Doesn't that seem like a decidedly worth-while investment from the consumer's point of view?"

To give you the truth about advertising, and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, will appear in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, and The Country Home Magazine—published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

beside me to share everything I do and care for what pleases me or worries me. You will come down to Mother, then? When?"

"Any time, Phil. Monday?"

"Monday. I'll be going down about four. I'll send over for you at three. Will that be too early? And let's set that other date. This is the eighth. Let's say—I've got a calendar here. How's nine weeks from today. June tenth?"

"My cousin Madeleine's being married on the fourth. Yes; that would be all right. Nine weeks—oh, Phil! You won't want me to have a lot of clothes?"

"We'll get clothes in New York."

"It'll take me days and days to get my breath. Married nine weeks from today!"

"I'll see you, you know. The Garden Club thing isn't for a month; you'll be down at our house and we can plan. Just take it easy, darling, and don't get fussed."

"It's nice to be fussed by happiness," she said.

And when he looked in upon her, working away at his mother's desk a few days later, she repeated the statement: "Of course I'm excited. But no woman in the world ever was so happy!"

IT WAS tremendously satisfying to get back to Hill Acres. Jocelyn reveled in every detail of her return. To be again an inmate of the big house, to resume again her old quarters and her old position was pleasure enough. But to be conscious of her secret and to see all this as the domain over which she was soon to be mistress was to feel an enchantment in every hour.

She and Philip saw each other daily now, if only for a few minutes. He was taking an unprecedented interest in the affairs of the Garden Club, and to the great delight of the other members of the committee insisted upon assuming much of the responsibility for the forthcoming festivity. At meetings Philip was businesslike and handsome in the chair, and Jocelyn was near him making notes, taking dictation. It was all like a happy dream to her.

Jocelyn was having a more and more complete introduction in the world into which she was so soon to enter, without anyone suspecting what was going on. She was a familiar figure now under the striped awnings, under the great oaks at the country club; the servants at Hill Acres respected and liked Miss Britton, and had accepted her as virtual housekeeper and manager; she had become Mrs. Fordyce's favorite companion.

Jocelyn lunched with a charmingly suave woman who had been to Paris some fifteen years earlier, and who while there had arranged hilariously to exchange her husband for that of her closest woman friend, the friend delightedly marrying the discarded husband at the same ceremony. She went to a wedding that was attended by the bride's father as well as her three stepfathers. She heard an imperious old woman at a tea demanding of her son the identity of the old man who had been following her about, and heard his laughing answer, "That's my father, Mother."

She heard virtuous women at a club lamenting that girls as well as men got "edged" so easily, disapproving the poker games that the debutantes often played in the spring afternoon for high stakes, discussing the sums paid by certain women to rid themselves of husbands. She knew pretty Barbara Worden, who went with her husband to Reno, where they rented an attractive house, employed a staff of servants and shared their necessary time of residence in the divorce capital. And she heard an alarmed mother on the telephone trying to find a daughter's whereabouts on the eve of her early-summer debut:

"She's not with you, Miss Britton? I thought she might have gone home with Mrs. Fordyce. Great heavens, if she doesn't come in soon I don't see how she can come out this afternoon!"

Also revealing, where the code and ideals of this strange world were concerned, was the general indulgent laughter when the identity of the "Social Bandit" was finally discovered. It was just Fred Farraday, and he had always been wild, and he had been drunk whenever he robbed anyone, anyway, and that did constitute some excuse, and he had been hustled off to England now, and that was the end of it. So shut up; it hurt Sally and Tod terribly if anyone talked about it.

Less lightly, but still with sympathy and excuses, was the Ford case dismissed. Linda Ford had tons of money and several servants, including a gray-caped nurse who was reputedly paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. But all that hadn't saved the Ford baby, three years old, on the night when Linda had given an especially uproarious party from which everyone had streamed forth at three o'clock to go to Dinty's for scrambled eggs. One guest, too bewildered to move, had set the drawing-room curtains afire with a cigarette, and at four o'clock the flames of the burning mansion had lighted all San Mateo County.

All the servants—cook, waitress, maid, governess—had escaped. The genial cigarette-smoking guest had escaped. But the small boy, his father divorced from his mother and many miles away, had not escaped.

But in the crazy quilt that was this social pattern there were a few homes that Jocelyn loved: the Carters', the Frenches' at Woodside, the Pells'. These managed somehow to live simply and honestly and happily in the midst of insanity and confusion, and she liked to think that they were her friends; they had elected her long before they could dream she would one day be one of them.

The weeks went by, and May was gone, and June came in on a blaze of flowers that buried the old house in beauty. Roses were everywhere, thousands, millions of roses, brilliant in the sunshine, shining darkly under the trees. Long spikes of delphinium rose like blue smoke along the borders, their bases packed with stock and foxglove and all the daisies: white, Transvaal, Shasta, Michaelmas and the golden marguerites. Dahlias and hydrangeas were beginning; wherever Jocelyn looked, in these glowing days, her eyes met the color of gardens, one garden touching another, one lawn only a more beautiful stretch of emerald than the next.

SHE and Philip had decided to give the world but one week's notice of their plans. His mother would be the only guest from his side of the house; the ceremony would take place very simply in Aunt Nell's parlor late in the afternoon, with the girl cousins composing the party, and the old doctor to give the bride away. Phil's car would be waiting; they would linger only long enough to be kissed and congratulated, and then go off for their long trip.

"And where do we dine that night, Phil?"

"Leave that to me. I've worked it all out."

"And who drives us? Louis or the little boy?"

"Nobody drives me. Your husband drives you."

"It sounds so delicious! To be going up into the wonderful Canadian woods, and to be able to loiter along just as we please, stopping whenever we want to. Are most people ever as happy as this?"

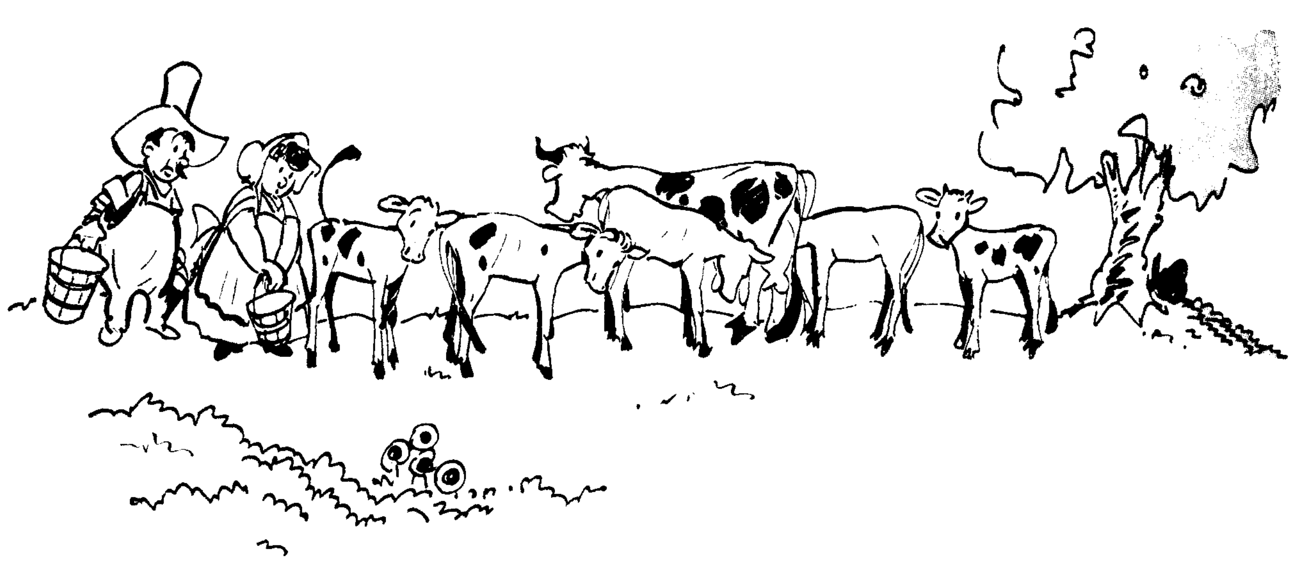
"I don't think so."

"And Norma is having a wonderful time," Jocelyn mused in satisfaction. "If your letter hadn't said so, mine would have been enough. It really sounds as if her mother were taking care of her. And, of course, there's always Sandy."

"Even Sandy appears to be somewhat tamed."

"I imagine Sandy got a scare. I wonder what Sandy'll think," Jocelyn murmured, in an amused voice, "when she comes back to find me at Hill Acres, to *stay?* It's too complete. It's like some old story, Pamela or Evelina."

It was nine o'clock at night, they were



"The other line seems to be movin' faster, Bessie"

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F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Jayson Shrunk—Fabric shrinkage less than 1%—Federal Specifications CCC-T-191 A.

out on the terrace. Philip's mother had gone out to dinner; he and Jocelyn had had theirs together, and had wandered out here afterward to look at the stars and the strengthening moonlight that was whitewashing the lawns and trees and the sleeping flowers, and to talk of the announcement that was to be made on the following day, and of all that would follow it.

"She gets out then, and she stays out," Philip said, of Sandy.

"Poor old thing!" Jocelyn, who was in his arms, snuggled against him in the big garden chair, sighed sympathetically. "It's her bread and butter, I suppose," she commented.

"Bread and butter nothing! She has a pension, has had for years before she ever came to Norma the first time. She's all right."

"Oh, I love it!" laughed Jocelyn.

"Love who, sweetheart?"

"The way they all lie to one another!"

"Did it ever occur to you that truth is a very rare thing, Jocelyn?"

"Well, I suppose it is. Yet one always tries to be truthful."

"Nations don't tell the truth to one another, diplomats don't. Politicians aren't even supposed to. Businessmen don't. Newspapers don't. It's only a sort of approximation of truth—a sort of theory that we all mean to tell the truth that gets us through at all. There isn't much here!" Philip kissed the soft hair that was lying against his shoulder in a bright mass that shone in the moonlight, and laughed. "We had a funny case of lies on the grand scale here," he said. "Paul Verrinder's sister Betty Moore and Ruth Fellowes were inseparable. Ruth was crazier about Nobby Fellowes than I ever saw any woman, but she was a plain, serious little thing, and Nobby persuaded her to go to Reno and get a divorce. She consulted me and I told her to stick it, but she didn't have a cent, and the small girl was delicate, and in the end she went. Betty Moore, who'd been through the mill, comforted her and drove them up to Reno and stayed a night or two until they got settled, and six weeks later, the day Ruth got her decree, Betty married Nobby."

"And what'd the other woman do, what'd Ruth do?"

"Oh, she was mad for a while, and then she got religion of some sort and had to forgive everyone and gave Betty a luncheon. But the joke was that by that time Ruth's father was taking about a million out of Kettleman Hills, and the Felloweses had lost practically everything, so she had the laugh in the end."

"PHIL," Jocelyn said seriously, after a time when complete content had kept them silent, "I don't like this atmosphere very much. Where could we go some day—I don't mean this year or any special year, but sometime? A place we could live. If we had children, if we had a garden and apples and cows, and a creek for them to fall into, and barns to hammer in and trees to climb. I like—seasons, Phil. I like to feel that winter's colder than summer, and that in the spring places get green. And here—here it's flowers and asparagus and card games and clothes all the year 'round. I'd love some white, rambling, shabby place with a hill on it, and a lot of old sheds for children to explore, and a windmill. I'd like to fuss with curtains, and cut a door through, and perhaps just have a nice colored couple, to start with, who'd talk to us while they were putting the food on the table. That isn't your way, Phil, I know that! But even after a few weeks here I get so—so dry inside."

"What makes you think that isn't my way?"

"Well—I think of New York clubs and first nights as your way, and a valet and the biggest suite and the slickest black car and the craziest tips to the waiter—and champagne—"

"Jocelyn," he said, as she paused, "there isn't a man alive who wouldn't like to live the way you're describing, if he could afford it. There isn't a man alive who wouldn't like the branch of a river, and trees, and salmon hopping, and children and dogs streaming out to meet him. A couple of fishing rigs and my thirty-eight and a mountain to climb—nothing but dirty old cords and pull-over sweaters; a new kid to spoil every two or three years—my God, it sounds like heaven!"

"Oh, but then, Phil," she twisted about to show him shining eyes in the moonlight. "Would you? Could we? I mean, some day—"

"Honey, all next autumn after we get back we'll take week ends off and cruise around in the lake country. And when we get the place it's going to be big. A couple of thousand acres for about that many dollars; that's what you can get if you go to the northern part of the state."

"Oh, but Phil, if people *can* do it, why don't they do it?"

"Because they like this, darling. Why, how many girls who've been stenographers in law offices wouldn't just jump at the country club and the damn' messy lunches, and the eternal talk of clothes and engagement presents and all the rest of the gossip! Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would be all for streaking it to New York. Jocelyn, I knew I loved you before this," Philip said seriously, "but if I could dream that some day we'd have a place like that, and you'd be content in it, by the Lord, I'd start in loving you all over again!"

"Books, you know, Phil, loads of books, and Chinese coolie clothes, and all the girls, and Uncle Bart, too, coming up with their children for holidays."

"And your Aunt Nell too. I like her."

"Oh, she'd be up there with a grocery list before we'd got the title cleared! We'd have a big guest cabin just for them, Phil. And we'd have to order things on a tremendous scale, have a regular grocery store for emergencies."

"We'll get a place with a lake on it. Lake Jocelyn."

"Philip, we couldn't!"

"Well, I say we could, and I'm master in my own house, and I'll thank you to remember it. Jocelyn, this world would be full of families living like that, enjoying every minute, hauling wood in, looking up to see if it's going to snow, fishing for trout, if it wasn't for the women! Women have got to have clubs and movies and dressmakers and all the rest of it."

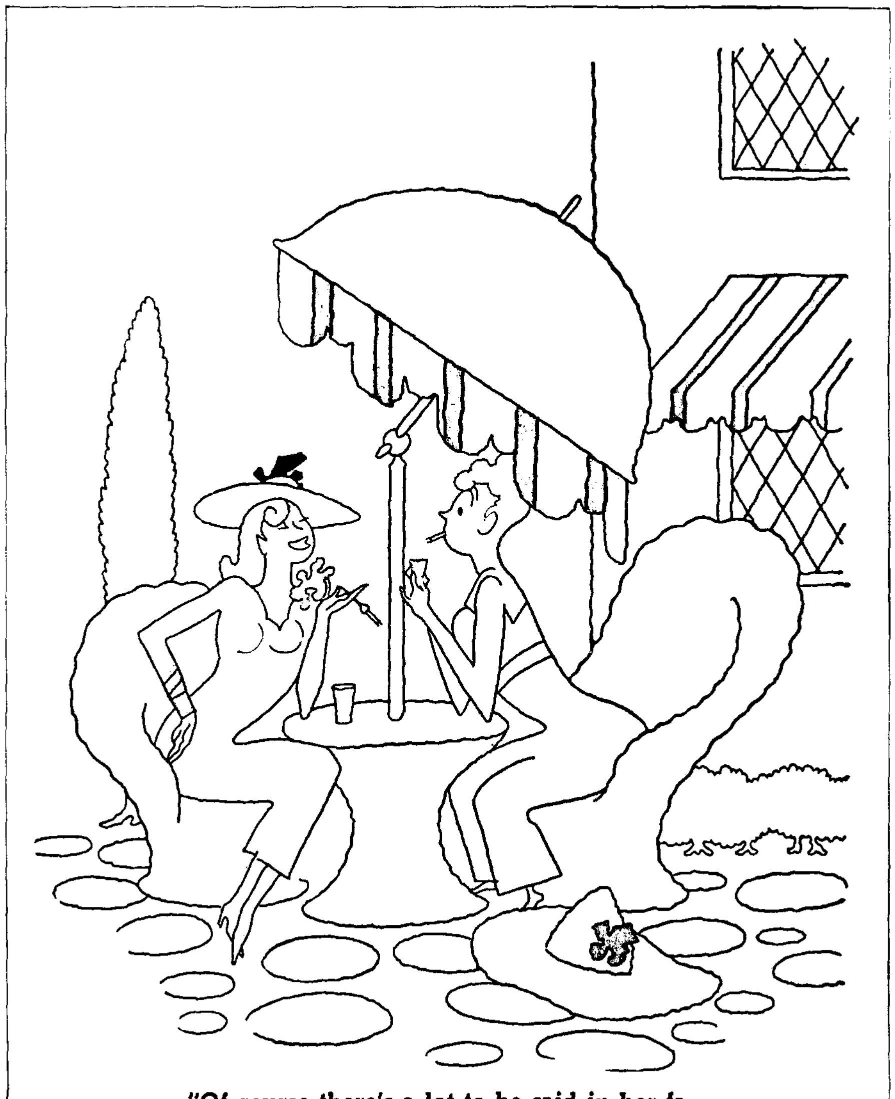
"Not all women!"

"Not all women."

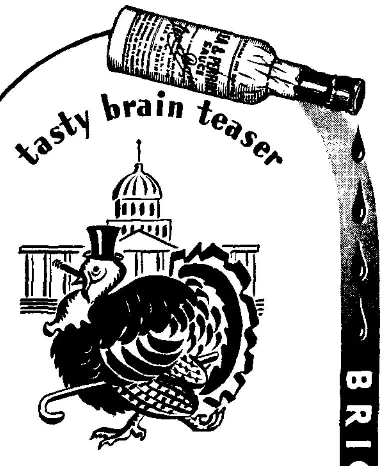
"AND then you know, in the winter, Phil, if it gets too cold, we can always come down here for a few weeks for the dentist, and for shows and seeing people. And to buy curry and chutney and things we couldn't get up there," Jocelyn concluded sensibly.

"I adore you," he said. "I simply and completely adore you. How'd I find you? What are you made of? Will you be glad to climb into the car with me just a week from tonight and start off into matrimony?"

"A week from tonight." Jocelyn was silent for a moment; her hands tight in his, his cheek resting against her temple. "I'm going to be an awfully good wife to you, Phil," she said presently. "I know all brides say that. But I mean that in spite of all the catty things I say about all this crowd, they've had the effect on me of making me want to be better. Can you understand that? They've made me feel that I don't want to drink cocktails before lunch, or



"Of course there's a lot to be said in her favor, too. But it's not nearly so interesting"



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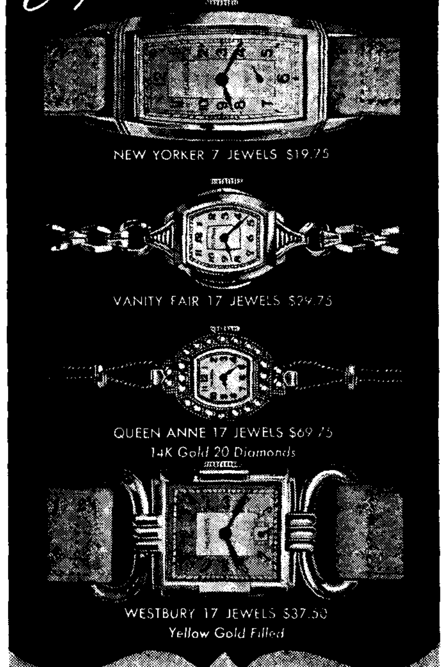

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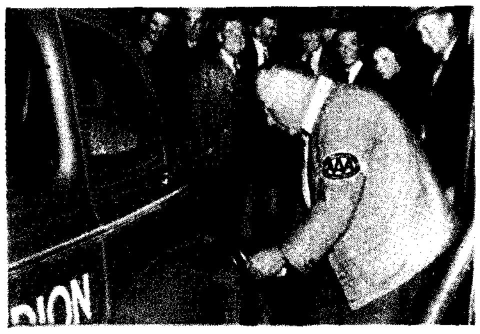

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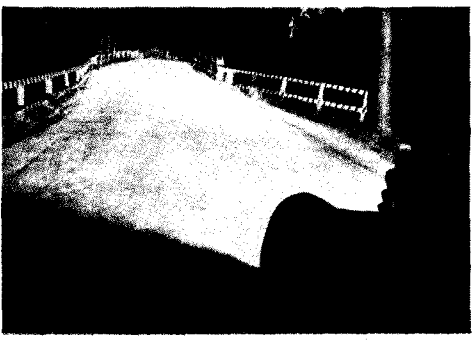

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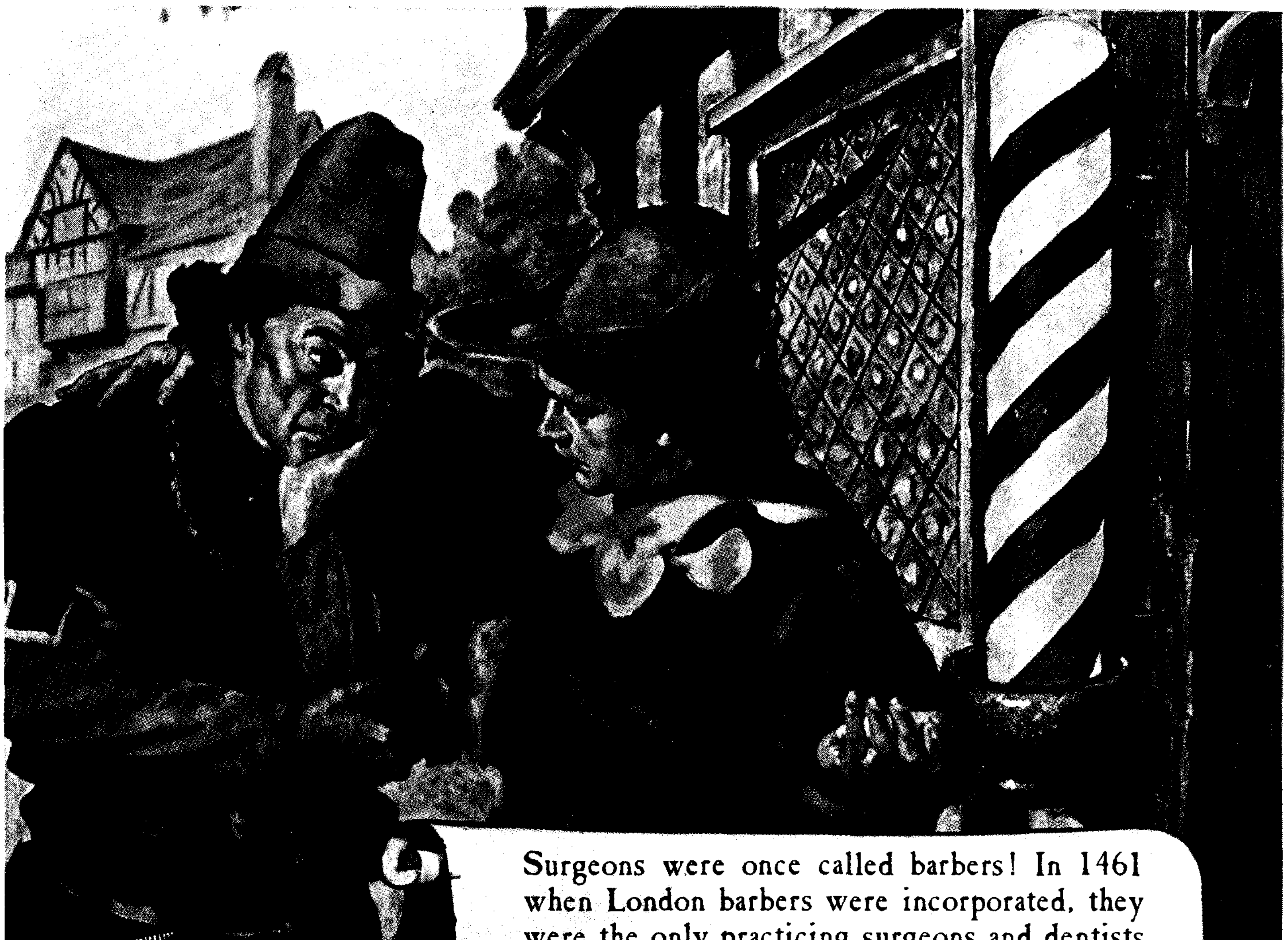

No. 17 of a series:
FACTS
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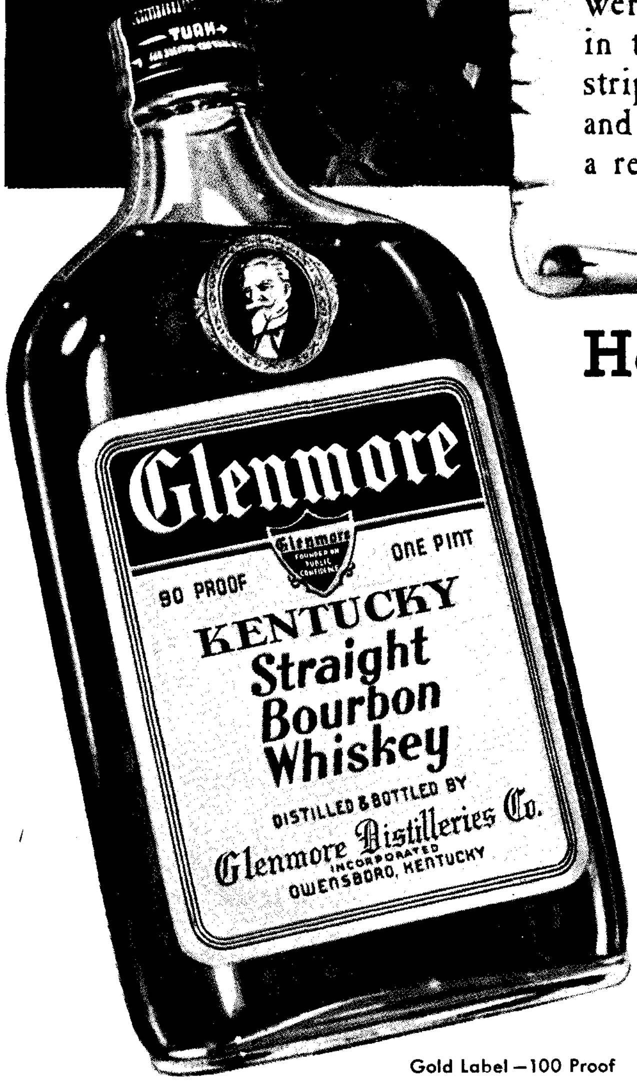
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
86.8 Proof

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lounge around smoking and gossiping and telling dirty stories, like Nita, or swearing like Olive. Olive says things when she's playing bridge that make even the men wince."

"You're telling me?" Philip murmured with a laugh.

"But even myself—the person I was a year ago, I despise *her!*" Jocelyn said confusedly, but with feeling. "It seemed to me then—I knew better, of course, for Mother was always lecturing me about girls in offices. But it seemed to me not so terrible—nothing so much out of the way, to fall in love with a married man, and go to lunches with him, and talk about how happy we'd be if his wife wasn't in the picture. And that," Jocelyn finished in a small, ashamed voice, "seems horrible to me now."

"People don't think much of that these days," Philip said. "When Tom Houston came down in his plane about a year ago everyone said, 'Poor Kate!' "

"WHY shouldn't they say 'Poor Kate?' " she demanded, twisting about to see his eyes.

"Because his wife's name happened to be Edna."

"Oh, Phil!" Jocelyn said with a shocked laugh. "D'you suppose," she resumed after a minute, "we'd all feel different if we'd been brought up in a strictly religious atmosphere? We never went to church at all, Mother and I."

"It doesn't always do it. Look at the —well, I could name you a dozen fellows who have died of drink and who haven't been any too careful about women either, who came of very strict families."

"Aunt Nell is very strict about church."

"Score one for church, then."

"You mean score one for Aunt Nell."

"I mean score one for church. We went to Sunday school when we were kids," Philip mused, "and Norma was supposed to get a religious education. But it doesn't seem to take."

"Aunt Nell feels quite bad about my marrying a divorced man, Phil. I don't know what she would have felt if she'd ever known of the affair with Kent. But as it is, with Janet married since, it seems to me to—well, to take off the curse. And only a year ago," Jocelyn remembered, "I was quite complacently considering a woman's divorcing her husband so that he could marry me. But now that all seems as if it were another woman. You know, when you're in an office building where you see a man every day, you do somehow get to think that he's a superman. He's different and you're different from everyone else. You have so much in common. Every few minutes you can steal to be together seem so precious. And then, when it's over," she concluded, with a rueful little laugh, "and when he suddenly comes down with a bump to the level of other men, you do feel such a fool!"

"And then suppose you're married to him?"

"But those affairs don't end in marriage, Phil. They end with the man getting tired, nine times out of ten. I've seen other girls go through it, and cry in their lunch hours, but I never thought I would. I wish it wasn't on my record. I wish I could wipe it all out."

"You haven't very much to want wiped out, my dear."

"I have that. And I have the worry of his being around—he's working in San Francisco again, and wanting a divorce and not able to get it, and wanting me and not able to get me, and wanting to succeed in his work and getting nowhere. And it all seems such a pity!"

"You've seen him again, then?"

"No. But I met Covington Keble, the man who has the little studio over in Piedmont, and he told me he was worried about Kent. And I feel so helpless about it, Phil. One can't help one's feelings changing! When it's all over it's so labored—so heavy to try to revive it. Not that I tried to do that when I saw Kent, but that I tried to remember it. And even then I couldn't! Covey wanted me to come over to Piedmont for supper and a talk with him and Kent, and how could I? I knew our engagement was going to be announced in a day or two, so I told him about it. I said to tell Kent. It seemed the only honest thing to do."

"I think that was wise," Phil said quietly.

"I'll be glad when everyone knows. Covey seemed completely stupefied. He said that he thought of *course* I still cared for Kent, and that sooner or later his wife would have to give in. And I had to say that I had never cared for Kent, that it was all a mistake and had been over for months. I said that I had never loved him as I did you and that you and I were actually to be married in a week."

He had tipped his head backward toward the dark bulk of the house behind them, as if listening.

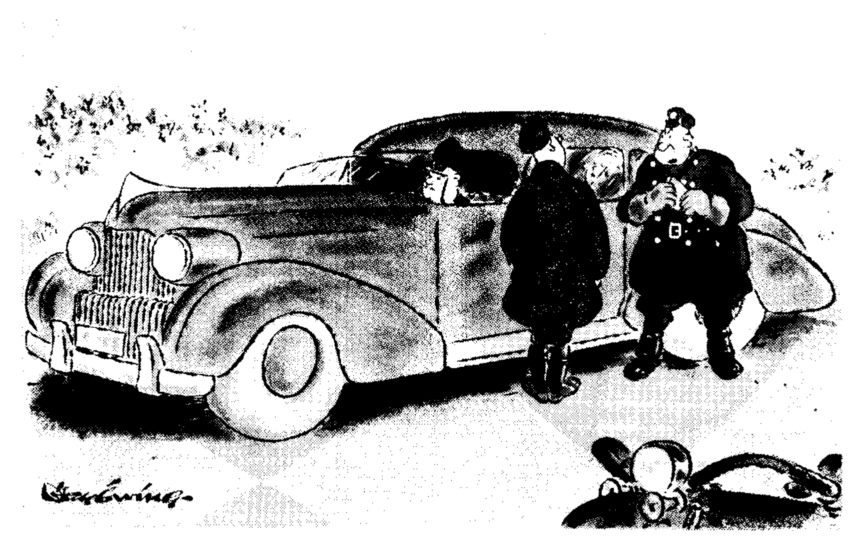
"I thought it might be Mother," he said. "You didn't hear anything, Jocelyn?"

"I did, but I thought it was someone emptying the ash trays."

Jocelyn twisted about to look toward the dimly lighted drawing-room door, and saw a man's figure silhouetted black against the faint glow of the lamps inside. Her heart rose into her mouth with sheer instinctive terror, and she muttered to Philip, as she got to her feet:

"It *is* someone, Phil. Someone to see you."

They both were walking toward the figure now; it stood perfectly still. There was something fearful; something ominous in the immobility, its watchful silence.



"Whom shall I say is calling?"

JAY IRVING

"Hello!" Philip began, curious and friendly.

"Hello," the man said in a dead voice. And Jocelyn saw that it was Kent.

His appearance, unannounced, in this sinister fashion, robbed Jocelyn of the power of speech, and she walked into the house with the two men, conscious only of fear. No possible good could come of this night visit from this pale, angry specter of a man, and so much harm could come! He couldn't do anything to change her plans or Philip's, but he might give them both a bad hour; he might make her seem less desirable to Philip. He wasn't reasonable; she had seen that in their two interviews a month earlier. She had begged him then to go back to Portland, to be reconciled to his wife, to make the best of that life he had once told her was his choice. The reasonable life, the secure one, the one that meant no strain and no change for them all. Lilian was dying to forgive him, Red and Una Booth had told her that; Lilian only wanted things to be as they once had been. Why, by all that was contrary, should he begin to suffer from love of Jocelyn, suffer so deeply, just as all her suffering had so mysteriously ended?

"Hello, Dunham," Philip said. "Let's have a little more light in here. That's right, sit there. How's it happen no one let us know that you were here?"

"I didn't come to the front door. I was walking around the house," Kent explained, "and I heard your voices out there on the terrace. I sat on the steps a while, then I walked up the other steps and went into the room and waited there a few minutes."

HE LOOKED pale and unkempt, and Jocelyn knew that he had been drinking. She took a chair opposite him at the hearth, and smiled nervously at him. Philip, with his pipe in his hand, stood between them.

"Cool enough for a fire? I should think so. And what'll you have? Want anything, Jocelyn? Nothing, eh? And you'll have a—a Scotch and soda, good. I've rung; he'll be here immediately. A Scotch and soda, Lorenz, and I'll have just a glass of plain water. Nothing for Miss Britton. Well," Philip said, straightening up after touching a match to the fire, "what brings you down our way?"

"I heard the news. I suppose it's true," Kent said. The old voice, the voice that once had so thrilled Jocelyn. She only felt intensely sorry for him, and sorry for her share in making him unhappy.

"The news is true." Philip said it simply, but he could not keep the satisfaction out of his voice, and the other man's look of resentment and tension deepened. Philip, who was looking into the fire, seemed unconscious of it.

Tension. That was the word Jocelyn had been trying to find. Kent was trembling with suppressed emotion; his thin hands shook; his voice shook; his lips were shaking.

"I congratulate you both," he said.

"You're the first," Jocelyn told him. "We've told nobody, not even Philip's mother. But tomorrow everyone will know."

"And then it will be very soon?" he asked steadily.

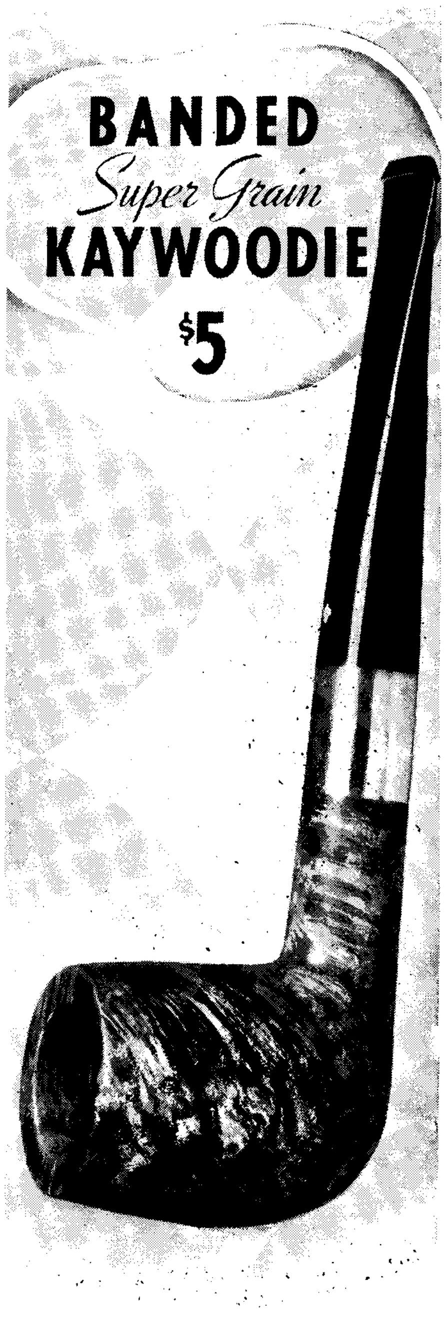
"Very soon." Philip took his pipe out of his mouth to speak, put it back again.

"What would you call very soon?"

The faintest indication of a negative movement of the head from Philip warned Jocelyn, and she answered vaguely: "Well, we aren't sure."

"I had a letter from Lilian today," Kent said. "I am going back to Portland tomorrow."

"Oh, I'm glad." She dared not let her



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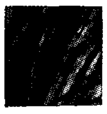

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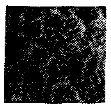

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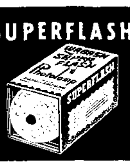


tone express how glad. He was going away! The sky was clearing. "Lilian's family is there, isn't it?"

They were making talk; it was heavy going.

"Weren't you going to let me know that you were going to be married, Jocelyn?"

"You would have known if you read the papers day after tomorrow. But it's all been very sudden."

Kent looked down at his hands, the artist's sensitive, thin hands, and cracked his knuckles as he said in a low voice, as if to himself:

"It's all very different from what I hoped. You know what I hoped, of course, Mr. Fordyce. Last fall, after Jocelyn left the office, I remember talking to you. I can't believe that she's changed to me so completely. It's awful, I suppose, saying this before you, but she'll not deny that we—we had planned it all very differently. I was to ask my wife to set me free. Jocelyn knew that. She—you must forgive me, I was at a business luncheon today and we were at the table until four, and my head feels muddled—but there was an understanding between us—"

"Ah, Kent, Kent!" Jocelyn interrupted the painful, difficult flow of words. "Don't talk that way. We were friends, we made each other very unhappy for a little while. But last fall—you must remember this, you came into my office to say that it ought to stop. That it was distressing Lilian, that you were going away. Lilian had been miserable about it, Kent, and I was unhappy then, and now you are! We've all had a turn. Can't you believe that there was nothing in that affair that would prevent me from finding another man that I loved, and that I wanted to marry?"

SHE leaned forward as she spoke; the firelight and lamplight touching her aureole of hair, deepening the beauty of her shadowed eyes. Philip watched her; he did not speak.

"Hadn't I—hadn't I first right?" Kent asked hoarsely.

"You had no right. When a thing like that is over, Kent, it's over. There isn't any talk of rights. What—listen, Kent. What do you want me to do? How can I say I love you when I don't? You wouldn't want me to give up the happiness of my life just because you and I, a few years ago, thought we were in love with each other?"

"We were in love with each other, Jocelyn. I don't ask you to give up anything. Just to wait. To give me another chance. Those days when we used to meet—to talk together at lunch—I've never known any happiness like them. I thought I could give it up. I thought we'd worn it out. I knew I'd never have you until Lilian freed me, and she said she never would. I know I'm talking like a fool—"

He broke off suddenly; covered his face with his hands. There was a painful silence.

"I'm sorry," Jocelyn said then, feeling the utter inadequacy of the words as she said them.

"I don't blame anyone who wants her," Philip said briefly.

"No, of course not! I'm talking like a fool," Kent said again. "I didn't mean to come down here tonight. But Covey came up to the studio about five o'clock and we talked—I guess we talked until nearly nine. He kept trying to make me stop talking, and I kept sending downstairs for whisky and telling him—well, that's all of that."

He got to his feet and held out his hand to Jocelyn, who stood facing him, infinite distress in her eyes.

"Goodby," he said. "Good luck to you both! Anyone who gets her gets all the luck there ever was in the world."

"Write me how things go," she said, holding his hands.

He kissed her suddenly, lightly.

"I will." Philip walked with him to the door, and Jocelyn heard one of the menservants speak in the hall. Immediately Philip came back, to put an arm about Jocelyn, who was standing with her arm stretched along the low mantel and her head down on her arm.

"Gone," Philip said. "Stop trembling and pull yourself together and forget him. He's lit up, for one thing, and he's the emotional sort that gets a kick out of a scene like that. He'd no business to come, and if he comes again he'll get shown out."

SHE took her arm down and raised her head, smiling gallantly at him, but still unable to speak.

"I don't wonder it breaks you up, darling," he said. "He looks like a ghost and he certainly gave me a turn, too, standing there in that doorway. Want some Scotch?"

"I want nothing but your arms around me, Phil."

"That's right, keep your head down. That's the last we'll see of him. Lorenz looked outraged. 'I don't know how he got in, sir,' he said, when Dunham had—Stand back there, Jocelyn, get out of the way!"

The sound that is like no other in the world sliced through the air. Jocelyn turned toward the door, saw the crazed, reeling figure there, felt her knees buckle.

Philip shouted and sprang toward the doorway. She heard him call:

"Get upstairs!"

But the sickening swift change from safety to mortal danger robbed Jocelyn of all power of any action. The bullet rang against the lamp just behind her; there was a crashing of broken glass that died away; the sharp, quick report of another bullet, somewhere outside on the terrace, followed it.

Then there was an awful silence. She and Philip, panting, faced each other in a room that had suddenly grown hostile, menacing. The quietly burning fire, the chairs and books and tables were full of horror.

"What—what—?" she whispered. She was in Philip's arms.

"You're all right?" he kept saying. Maids were heard crying out as they flew downstairs; Lorenz rushed in from the hall.

"He crashed the lamp, sir. He crashed the lamp," Lorenz said over and over. Philip put Jocelyn quickly aside and went out to the terrace, the butler somewhat hesitatingly following him. The room settled down to be itself again; Jocelyn leaned against big, comforting Agnes.

"What happened? Was he trying to kill Mr. Fordyce? What happened? Was he trying to kill Mr. Fordyce?" Agnes intoned.

"I was turning down the beds—" the other maid said. "Annette and me was turning down the beds."

PHILIP was back; he stood beside Jocelyn gripping her hand. She had felt the bullet whiz close to her hair; she knew for whom it had been intended. But that hold on her icy fingers told her to keep still; she leaned against Philip, weak and dizzy.

"He wanted a loan. He was out of his head, I think. He'd been drinking," Philip said briefly. "Lorenz, get the police station. Jocelyn, you'd better go upstairs. You'll go with her, Agnes? I don't want my mother to hear of this until I tell her; remember that, all of you!"

"Phil, is he there?" Jocelyn nodded her head toward the terrace.

"He's there," Philip said grimly. "But he won't bother us any more. That second bullet went through his head, poor fellow. He's dead."

(To be continued next week)

We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 22

saying, "I heard you talking about Ben Wood last night. I heard your plans. You've got to let him alone if you want me to stay. You've got to, Max!"

Max Sandstrom smiled and said, "It's a promise." And he made good that promise—then, and in all the later years—out of fondness, out of some queer pride. . . .

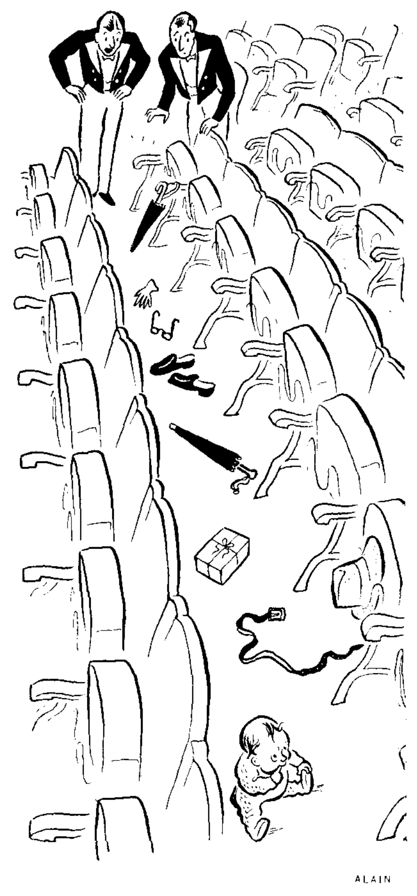
QUICK movement, close at hand, brought Marion Cantrill's eyes up. Peter Kincaid was standing near. His face was terrible in its drawn white; his mouth was a broken, jerking line.

"You've got to testify! Got to!"

Marion Cantrill said, "Please . . ."

"Can't you see?" He was whispering, but a shout could not have been more urgent, more demanding. "We don't matter—Ben, you and I—we've all been under the boots of Sandstrom. We're not important—but Paula is! Hear me, Marion! Paula does matter. You've got . . ."

"And other nights nobody will forget a thing"



Ben Wood said, "Steady!"

"I think you win," said Marion.

"You *will* testify?"

Marion Cantrill closed her eyes. "I will," she said, faintly, "but not for you, and not for Paula. Not even for myself. For . . . well, say it's for a guy who was pretty swell twelve years ago."

The quiet lasted but the space of a single heartbeat, and then, coldly, came the soft voice of Ben Wood:

"Sandstrom's here. His car just pulled up."

Marion Cantrill cried, "No!"

But his car was at the curb, long, shining and black, and he and another were on the walk beside it. They were talking, and there was something purposeful in the slow lift of Max Sandstrom's head—something deadly beyond all words in the small, deft movement of his hands. Suddenly Marion Cantrill was afraid.

"What will we do?" she asked.

Peter Kincaid said, "You've got to get away from here, clear away, and leave no trail. Donald James is waiting to take your statement. You'll be safe at his house. Sandstrom'll never find you there."

"Have you a gun?" asked Ben Wood.

Marion said, "Yes—a .25 automatic."

"You may need it." Ben Wood got to his feet. "They're both in the building—they came in the front way. You'd better get started. Take my car. You won't need a key, there's a switch under the dashboard, next to the steering column."

"She's not going alone?" said Peter.

Ben Wood said, "You go with her. I'll stay here and hold Sandstrom till you've got plenty of start."

Marion said, "I'll get my coat."

She left them, running, and her heels struck bright sound from the floor. The bedroom door snapped shut. Ben Wood touched Peter's arm. "She'll be right back—listen to me! Take her out the back way, but time it so you leave just as Sandstrom knocks. Then you'll be sure there's nobody in the back hall."

Peter Kincaid said, "Right!"

Cold metal touched Peter's hand. "My gun," said Ben Wood. "Use it if he gets in the way. Take care of her, boy!"

"Sure. But I wish she'd hurry."

A SLOW moment had stalked away before Ben Wood turned silently to the bedroom door. Peter Kincaid was beside him, a sense of unease whispering through his mind. For possibly thirty seconds they waited, listening; and then Ben Wood said, "We're goin' in!"

The room was empty. Directly across from them was the door that opened on the outer hall—it stood ajar. And scrawled upon the dressing-table mirror, in the scarlet of lipstick, was the message: "Why should two of us take this chance? See you at James'."

Ben Wood swore.

"I'll catch her," said Peter. "I'll—"

"No!" Ben Wood's fingers closed on Peter's wrist. "It's too late now! She might make it alone, but she'll have no chance at all if you go crashin' down the hall. We've got to wait! There's . . ."

The knock came then.

Ben Wood's face was dead-white. "I'll get it!"

Swiftly, he crossed the room, and flung wide the door. One man waited there—a tall, thin man who grinned and said, "Hi, baby. How's to come in?"

"Sam Krause," said Wood. "Where's Sandstrom?"

Sam Krause chuckled. "Never heard of him."

The sound came from beyond Peter—from the lower hall or stairway. Flat, almost unimportant, it was no louder than the crack of a stick breaking in strong hands.

Ben Wood whirled. "Marion's gun! She's in—"

Peter Kincaid sprinted for the stairs. He found no one there—no one in the alley below. He was racing toward the street when he heard the cry—choked and low and blotted out, instantly, in the snarl of an awakening motor. The great black car was moving when Peter reached the alley mouth. He had one glimpse of a fearfully white face pressed tight against the window glass, and then the car swung wide at the corner and was gone.

He turned back to meet Ben Wood. "Sandstrom got her!" he shouted. "Sandstrom got Marion Cantrill! Hurry, man—"

And they ran through a shadow-

Oh Boy! Did we have Fun!

1 What? Oh, yes, it did *sprinkle* a bit! But what's a little rain when your old alma mater downs her traditional football rival for the first time in 6 years! It was the kind of game you read about—a tricky double-pass in the last 15 seconds resulted in the winning touchdown!

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splashed alley, racing toward the car. Ben Wood reached it first. The motor awoke, roaring, as Peter Kincaid dropped into the seat.

"Which way?" Ben Wood demanded harshly.

"West! Sandstrom headed for the ramp. . . ."

The rest was lost in the engine's savage howl. Ben Wood could drive—he proved it now.

Pumping the accelerator, he lifted the speed to fifty . . . sixty, before he shifted into high. The siren's thin scream rose, climbing to a shrill, bright note. Lighted intersections flicked past.

"Got him pocketed down here!" Ben Wood shouted without turning his head. "The ramp's the only way out!"

Peter Kincaid yelled: "I know. . . ."

He was clinging to the door handle, peering ahead. The siren cut a way through the light traffic as a razor cuts through silk. Far ahead, where the white glare of street lights marked the sweeping climb of the ramp, Peter Kincaid found what he sought—the shining black of a moving car. Max Sandstrom's car!

"Sixteen-cylinder, special job," he whispered to himself. "He's driving a car we can't miss!"

And then the ramp was under them, hurling the car up and around the steep pitch of the curve. The bridge intersection was ahead; the traffic lights shone red. The black car was already turning. They followed—swinging wide in a shuddering skid—roaring on across the bridge, which, strangely, held only their car and the car ahead.

Ben Wood's voice was harsh. "That hack's bulletproof. Try for the tires. . . ."

Peter Kincaid obeyed. He got the window down; jammed his leg against the door, opening it slightly to make a rest for his gun wrist. The wind of speed struck his face; the wash of it blinding and solid. Three times he fired—without result. The black car did not sway or slacken speed.

The fourth shot was never fired, for they topped the rise of the bridge then, and ahead lay an intersection where clustered cars waited for the lights. Ben Wood hit the brake and the wail of their siren dropped to a choked growl. Through that sound came a thin, high scream, telling them Sandstrom's car was also siren-equipped.

"He's turning," Peter shouted. "Watch it!"

And Max Sandstrom did turn—hard to the right on a ramp that doubled back beneath the bridge. They saw his car flash under them at right angles to their path.

BUT Ben Wood was the man to follow Sandstrom. Marion's life was at stake. They had to get through. And so—though he never hesitated, and always used the full power of his motor—there was something almost impersonal in the iron precision of his driving. . . .

They reached Dunraven, where the street choked down, slowing Sandstrom's pace. They swung far to the left to pass a string of freight trucks parked at a loading dock. They were in the clear—cutting to the right again—when headlights flamed out of nowhere.

Ben Wood shouted: "This is—"

And there was the rending shriek of crumpling metal. The coupé bounced; whirled end for end; and then rolled as though slapped by a great hand. The windshield clouded and dissolved in a splatter of flying glass.

The numbness of pain caught Peter's shoulder. His head struck metal and his senses scattered like pieces of a broken mirror—the fragments held bits of impressions, jumbled and vague.

The car lay on its right side. Ben Wood was a dead weight, pressing him down. After a time, sharp voices rang in the street; and the car moved in the grip of many hands. Slowly, it rolled erect.

Someone helped Peter Kincaid to the street. He moved to the building wall and pressed his hands against the cool brick for support. Behind him a voice said, "Take it easy—this guy was drivin'—he's hurt. . . ."

A big man in white coveralls touched his arm.

"I was drivin' the truck you hit. I heard one siren go past an' thought that was all. I started out of the garage an' . . ." He wet his lips.

Peter Kincaid said, "We need a car!"

The big man said, "My car's in the garage, Cap. You can use it." He turned away, running.

Peter Kincaid walked back to the wrecked coupé. The men grouped there parted to let him through. "The crack-up knocked my gun out of my hand," he said. "Did any of you see it?"

"I give it to this guy," said a swart man who crouched beside Ben Wood. "An' you better get him to a hospital. He ain't in shape to go chasin' anybody."

Peter Kincaid said, "How about it, Ben?"

BEN WOOD sat on the pavement, his back propped against the running board. There was a cut over one eye, and drying blood made a web of fine lines on his cheek. His lip was torn; his mouth swollen. But there was strength in him still, for he tried to rise.

"I'm goin' with you," he said thickly.

Peter Kincaid was at his side then, helping him erect. "I'm goin'," Ben Wood said again, and his voice and his eyes were old. He shook away Peter's hands and stood alone. His left arm was limp, and he bent oddly to that side. Pain had drawn his face, whitened it. He was trembling, but the will of the man, stubborn and indomitable, would not let him stop.

A moment later they were under way again. The big man's car was a roadster, new and fast; and Peter sent it climbing away from the water front to the broad, lighted parkway. There he pushed out to the center lane, held the throttle hard against the floor. Ben Wood's voice was faint in the lifting sound of the motor:

"Where're we goin'?"

Savagely, Peter Kincaid said, "Twin Hills!"

"What makes you think Sandstrom'll be there. Hell, he's got the whole state to . . ."

"He's got to be at Twin Hills!" There was flat conviction in Peter's voice. "He can't be sure the wreck stopped us—he can't be safe till he does stop us! His special police will run us down, but he's got to use a telephone to get them started. D'you see?"

Ben Wood said, "No."

"Sandstrom's car is a standout; the number one license plate, sixteen cylinders, special body. Anyone who sees that car remembers it; and anyone who sees Marion with him tonight is a possible witness against him. He can't stop. He's got to telephone. Twin Hills is his only chance."

"You may be right."

Peter Kincaid gave Ben Wood a quick glance and pulled his eyes back to the road. There was more, much more, but he didn't put it in words. Sandstrom would kill Marion at the first opportunity. He had to kill her or hang for the murder of Joe Hicks; her death would make his position no worse. And with Marion out of the way there was the chance he could dispose of her body and beat any new charge.

"One thing," said Ben Wood, "Sandstrom'll put you away for life if we miss. You know that, don't you?"

Peter Kincaid cursed him, harshly; and took the roadster wide around a lumbering bus. There was no sound

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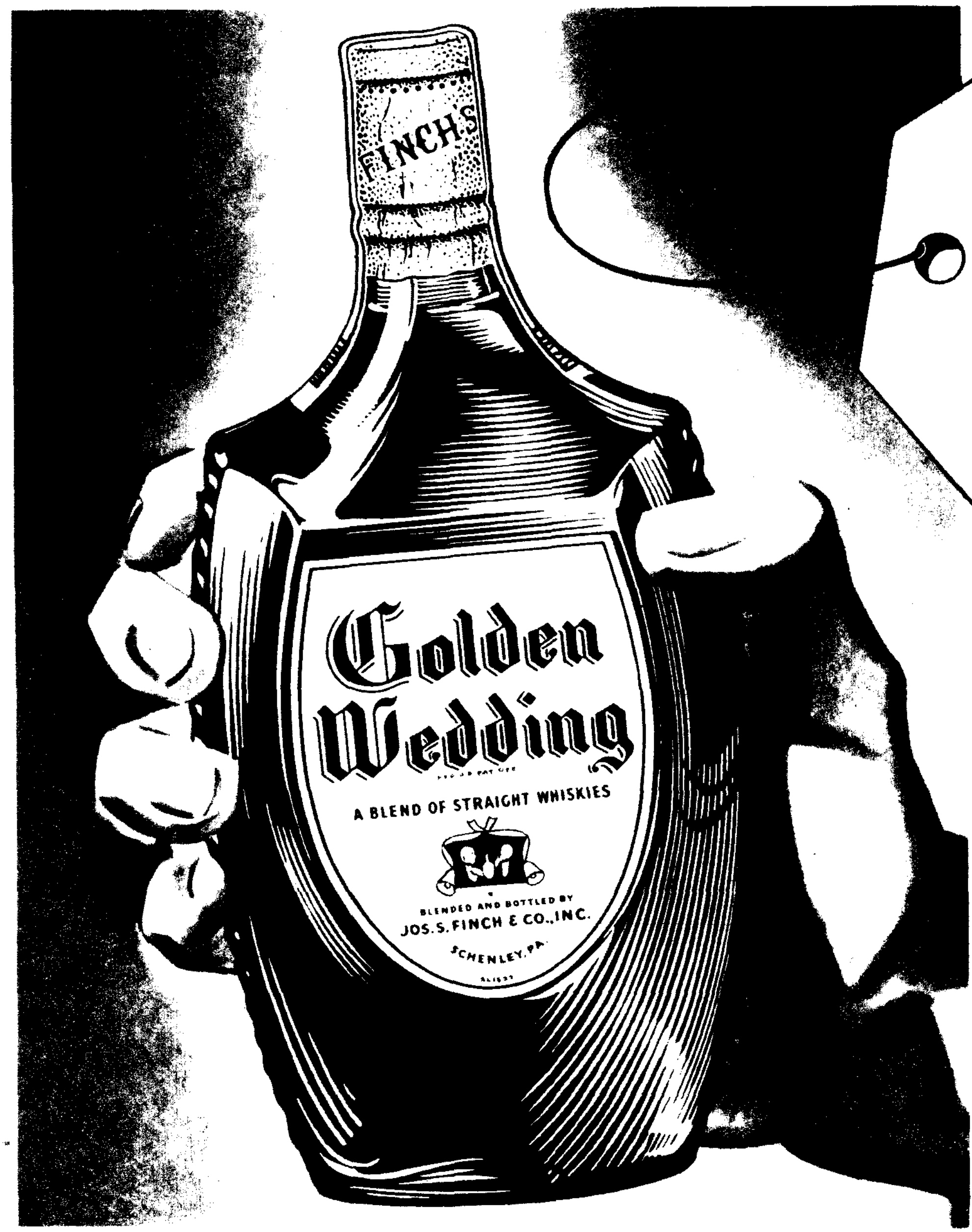
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then save the motor's roar and the rush of the wind clawing at the top. The moments slipped away. . . .

The crossroad was twenty miles from the city. And from there, up through the barren sweeps above the river, the road was dark and deserted. They were on the last curve when Ben Wood took the gun from his pocket.

Then the crushed-shell of the drive was whispering under the tires. Perfect box hedges flowed out of the night to split apart in the driving wedge of the headlights. The house was ahead and above, a dark shadow against the sky. Light shone in a lower window.

"He's there!" Peter shouted. "In the library!"

Ben Wood nodded. Pain had etched deep, white lines in the gray of his face. A throbbing vein at his temple told of inner tautness. He was afraid, not for himself, but for Marion. That was in his voice.

"He's had ten minutes start," he said. "We're too late, boy. . . ."

The drive curved again, and then they could see the garage. Just in front of it, sleek and black in the glare of their headlights, stood Max Sandstrom's sedan.

Peter Kincaid brought the roadster to a grinding stop. "Give me that," he said, and took the gun from Ben Wood's hand. "Sandstrom's in the house. We'll . . ." He stopped, for Ben Wood's face had come up to the light—ashen in hue, shiny with sweat—a sick man's face.

Peter said, "You're hurt! You'd better stay here, Ben, and let me . . ."

"Get to the house," said Wood hoarsely. "I'll be there!" There was that in his eyes which said he would follow Peter, crawling if he must, to reach Max Sandstrom.

Peter Kincaid left him, turning toward the house. There was no plan in his mind. He had to get Sandstrom quickly—nothing else mattered. He swung off the path; vaulted a low hedge, and crossed a strip of lawn to the terrace.

THE library opened upon this terrace French doors there made a wall of glass, and light fell softly through them to lay a pattern of squares across the stone. Peter Kincaid ran, plunging at the frail centerpiece of the door as he would have plunged at a man. The wood gave, splintering; glass sprayed ahead. The doors burst wide and Peter Kincaid was in the room.

Max Sandstrom was standing beside the desk. He whirled, and the telephone he held slipped away from his fingers to clatter on the desk. Surprise was bright in his eyes. He did not speak until he had replaced the telephone in its cradle.

"That entrance would do credit to Errol Flynn," he said in a sharp and biting voice. "But why was it necessary?—the door was not locked. And why the gun?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Get your hands up!"

"You're a fool, Kincaid."

"Possibly, but even a fool can use a gun. Move!"

Max Sandstrom obeyed then, stepping back and away from the desk, lifting his hands to shoulder height.

Behind Peter Kincaid, there was the soft scrape of leather on stone, the slow hoarseness of labored breathing. Ben Wood came deep into the room and stopped there, braced on widespread feet. His face was old and it was ugly—there was hate in it to make it so.

He said huskily, "Damn you, Sandstrom!"

"Ben Wood." Max Sandstrom inclined his head. "I've made few mistakes—you're one of them. I should have taken care of you long ago." He might have been talking to himself, so quiet was his tone.

Peter Kincaid said, "Can you hold a gun, Ben?"

"Yes. But let me get to a chair first."

Ben Wood picked a couch that was backed against the wall. Peter put the gun in his hand and said, "He'll be armed, Ben. I've got to search him. Shoot if he moves!"

"I will," said Ben Wood.

Anger made fists of Sandstrom's hands. "One thing," he said in a raw and bitter way. "You're through if ever you lay a hand on me. Know that, Kincaid!"

Peter Kincaid said, "You're wasting your breath."

"I was telephoning when you came in. Remember, Kincaid? The police—my police—are on the way here. They'll hit you with every charge in the book, I'll see to that! Assault while armed with a dangerous weapon, breaking and entering, robbery, intent to kill—you'll rot in prison! Yes, and Ben Wood is no better off. Get out of here while you still can. Get out of the state, both of you, and I'll forget this."

FREE SAMPLES
HUNCHY CRUNCHIES
THE NEW BREAKFAST DISH
17
Robt Day

"What's the matter—can'tcha trust me with 'em?" ROBERT DAY

Peter Kincaid looked at Ben Wood. "How long will it take the police to get here?"

"Ten minutes—fifteen at most."

"Can you handle them?"

"Not without Marion. They're his cops."

Max Sandstrom smiled. "D'you see, Kincaid?"

"We're here," said Peter. "We'll play it out!"

Peter Kincaid circled the desk to come up behind Max Sandstrom. Swiftly, he searched the man, spilling the contents of his pockets on the desk; handkerchief, billfold, letters, penknife and a small leather case. The last was marked, "Sedan," and held two keys. One key hung free, the case was snapped over the other.

But there was no gun—Peter found that in a desk drawer. Using a handkerchief to keep any fingerprints unsmudged, he lifted it to the light. He broke it, and the odor of cordite was sharp against his nostrils. He turned to Ben Wood, hating what he had to say.

"It's been fired recently—twice."

Save for the tightening of Ben Wood's mouth there was no change in his expression. "A paraffin test of his right hand will prove he fired it," he said. "Get on!"

Carefully, Peter Kincaid placed the pistol upon the desk. Short-barreled and fat of cylinder, swathed in the white of the handkerchief, it had a coldly efficient look.

"Sandstrom, you've used this," said Peter. "That means she's dead or badly hurt. Where is she?"

"Make it plain," said Sandstrom.

"What have you done with Marion Cantrill?"

"I haven't seen her in months."

"Pete!" Ben Wood's voice was thick, savage; and the gun moved in his hand. "I'll fix this—stand aside!"

Peter Kincaid said, "Steady, Ben. A bluff's no good here, and killing him won't help."

"You're right, Kincaid," said Max Sandstrom. "I won't be bluffed!" The strained white of his smile, the stiffness of his hands told of tension, of strung, singing nerves.

Peter Kincaid lifted his shoulders. "Ten minutes isn't long enough to dispose of . . . a body," he said in a quick, clipped way. "Marion's got to be here. I'll find her. You hold Sandstrom, Ben."

"I will," said Ben Wood. "One way or another."

Peter Kincaid searched the library first.

There were few places large enough to hide a person, either dead or alive. A closet, a window seat, an alcove—Peter covered them quickly and found nothing. He was turning toward the hall door when Sandstrom spoke:

"Better hurry, Kincaid. You've little time . . ."

Ben Wood said, "Shut up!"

And Peter Kincaid went silently into the hall. He closed the door and paused there, wanting a definite plan. Marion might be anywhere—upstairs, this floor, the basement, the garage—there had been time enough. Which was the most logical?

A slow step on the stairway pulled Peter's eyes that way. A small figure moved there, shadow-cloaked, gallantly erect. The old, old ache was in Peter's throat, and he waited, not moving, not breathing. And then Paula faced him, the length of the hall away.

Her hand went to her lips. "Peter!"

And for that one moment time became unimportant. He walked toward her without knowing he moved. Her eyes were wide and dark.

"Paula . . ." His voice held a shaken huskiness. "I know why you married Sandstrom. I've been a fool. An utter fool. . . ."

Paula came to him then, running. And she clung to him, trembling in his arms. "Peter," she whispered, "Peter. . . ." The touch of her cool palm against his cheek was good beyond words.

"Why are you here?" she asked. "Does . . . he know?"

Gone was the warmth of the moment. "We followed Sandstrom here," said Peter Kincaid, and went on, swiftly, to tell her what had happened. There was no color in her face when he finished.

Paula said, "Marion—I was afraid . . ." She caught his arm, and her words came in a breathless rush. "I knew he'd planned something like this. He had two servants keep me in my room so I couldn't warn you, Pete. And when he came back just now, he called them on the house phone and sent them to their quarters in the cottage back of the garage. I've been alone up there till . . ."

"Did Sandstrom come upstairs?"

"No, Pete. I'm sure of that. I'd have heard him, no matter which stairway he used."

PETER KINCAID said, "One thing more. Did you hear a shot outside, say fifteen minutes ago?"

"No . . ."

"He must have stopped somewhere along the way. But he'd have to bring her body here and hide it until he has a chance to dispose of it, completely. Nothing else would be safe. She's here somewhere, Paula, she's got to be!"

"How can I help, Peter?"

Simple words, those, but they roared in Peter's mind. Without hesitation, she'd thrown her lot with his. Without question, and in the face of terrible odds, she was with him to share success or failure.

He said, "It's no job for you . . ." and stopped. She would go through—that knowledge was cold in him—hating the rottenness of it, but rising on nerve alone to meet the need of the moment.

"Search this floor," he said, and his voice had sharpened. "I'll get the basement and the garage. Try the closets, the out-of-the-way corners. Hurry, Paula!"

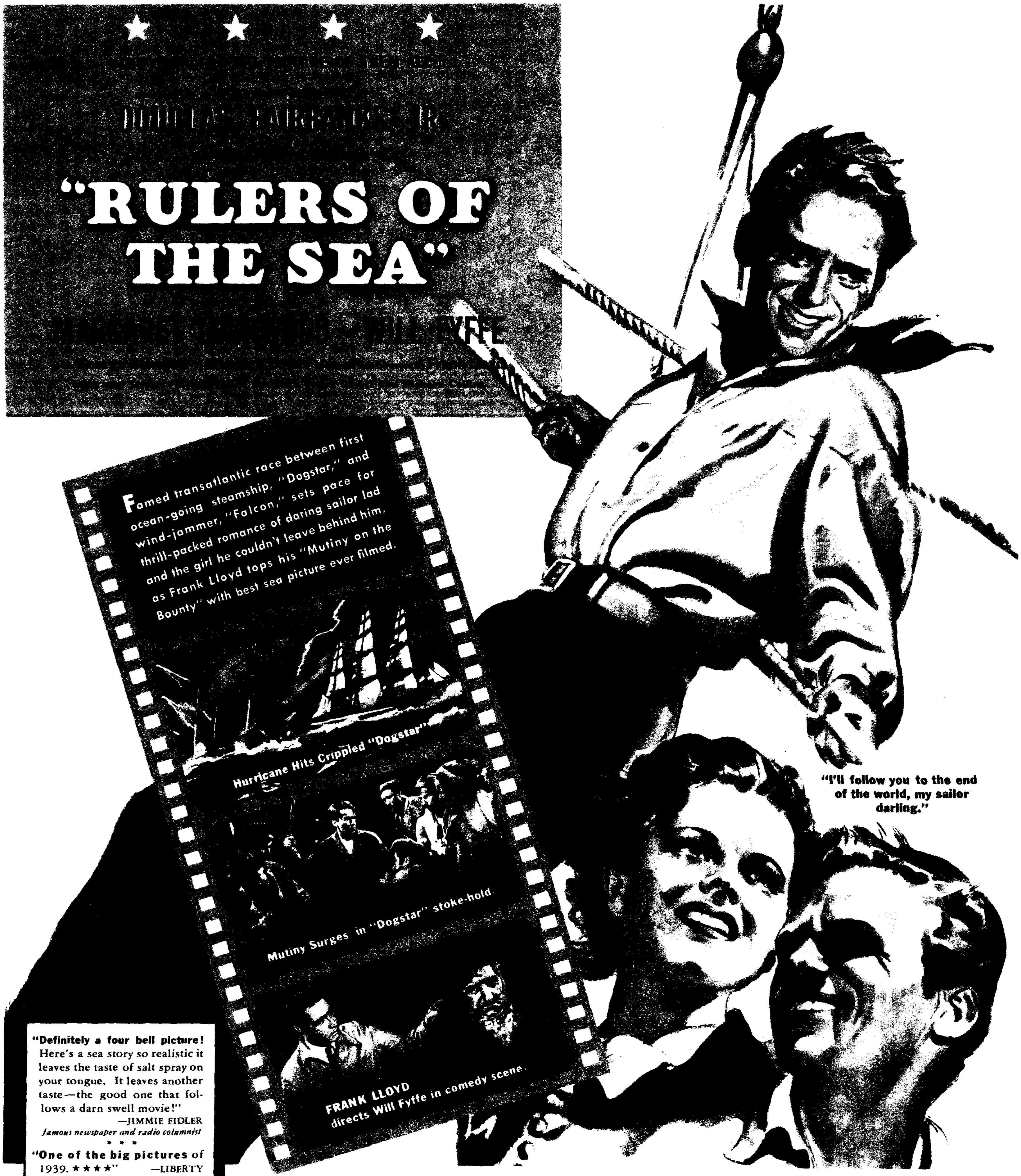
Peter Kincaid left her, running down the hall to find the basement stairs. They were racing time—each step, each second raised the odds against them. Frantic desperation tightened his jaw, pulled at nerves worn thin.

He was four minutes in the basement and garage. Helping Paula complete the search of the first floor took two more. They were done at the end of six, and they'd found nothing.

Together they went back to the library.

Ben Wood had not moved from his place on the couch. He was leaning back, watching Sandstrom out of half-closed eyes. The gun lay idle on his knee.

Max Sandstrom still stood a little way from the desk. He turned as Paula and Peter came in. Harshly, he said, "You, Paula . . ." and with the words his hard



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calm was gone. He brushed at his lips with a hand that shook.

"Mrs. Sandstrom," he said, "be good enough to go to your room. Remain there. That's an order!"

Paula moved close to Peter. He could feel the pressure of her fingers upon his arm.

"I'm staying with Peter," she said firmly.

Max Sandstrom's mouth jerked. "Think carefully, Paula. Stay—and I'll deal with you as I deal with him."

Paula whispered, "I'm here! I'm staying!"

Ben Wood spoke. His voice was sharp: "Find anything?"

Peter Kincaid said, "No."

"There was nothing to find!" said Sandstrom. He was himself again—cold, self-possessed and sure. "The police are due here now. Give it up . . ."

BEN WOOD looked at Peter. "What next?"

Max Sandstrom said, "Prison. . . ."

And for the moment Peter Kincaid could not think clearly. Sandstrom's police were coming, and then . . .

"Kincaid," Sandstrom's voice was crisp. "Tell Wood to drop that gun. You're through . . ."

Ben Wood snapped: "Shut up!"

Sweat was cold upon Peter's face. His jaw was set; the cords of his neck were hard against the brown of his skin. "Watch the terrace door, Paula," he said. "Sing out if you see a car or hear a siren."

"Right, Pete." She moved to obey.

And then Peter Kincaid was beside the desk. The stubby-barreled pistol lay there, still wrapped in the handkerchief. Heaped close by were the things Peter had taken from Sandstrom's pockets.

Seconds ran away, and still Peter did not move. "That gun," he thought, "—if it could only speak!" And with a gesture born of anger and despair his hand went out to spill Sandstrom's belongings across the desk top.

"Sandstrom," he said, "you—"

And he stopped, held still by what he saw in Max Sandstrom's face. Something had taken the man off guard—shaken him—it showed in his shadowed eyes, the spasmodic jerk of his mouth. The change was fleeting, gone as quickly as it had come.

Thinly, Sandstrom asked: "What will you do?"

Peter Kincaid did not speak. He was looking down at the scattered objects on the desk. The answer was here, under his hands. Instinct sired by alarm had tricked Sandstrom; had cut through composure to touch raw nerves. . . .

The letters carried week-old dates—one was a dun, the other had come from a distant city—and Peter threw them aside. The wallet held a sheaf of bills, nothing more. Only the key case was left then, and Peter's hand was closing over it when Paula called a warning:

"There's a car coming up the hill!"

Peter wheeled to face the terrace.

Max Sandstrom said, "The police. . . ."

"Not yet," Ben Wood corrected. "Your cops use sirens on a hurry call. That car's got none."

Restless quiet came again. Peter Kincaid turned his hand, lifting the key case. It was narrow and flat, one of those that hold two keys, each in a compartment of its own. The keys, when in use, swung from opposite ends of the case. One hung free now, and Peter loosed the second. It could tell him nothing, and yet . . . there was meaning here! That thought flicked at his mind like a name that hovers stubbornly just beyond remembering. . . .

"Got it!" Peter's head came up. "Ben—I've got it! I know where to find Marion!"

Ben Wood was on his feet, instantly, moving to Peter's side. His eyes were clouded, but there was no weakness in his voice.

"Where?" he demanded, harshly. "Where?"

"In the luggage compartment of the sedan," said Peter. "We should have known long ago. . . ."

"The car's turning in the drive!" Paula cried.

"My men," said Max Sandstrom, and the flat words rang. "You're through, Kincaid—through!"

Engine sound reached them. Swinging headlights touched the terrace with white glare.

"Watch Sandstrom!" Ben Wood pushed the gun into Peter's hand, and took the key case. "This's my job, boy. I'll have a chance out there—you wouldn't. If that's a cop he'll know me an' I can stall long enough to check your guess."

Peter Kincaid said: "It's no guess!"

Ben Wood left him, stumbling into a heavy run. His bent shoulders were framed briefly in the door, and then he was gone, blacked out. Swallowed by the night.

Calmly, Max Sandstrom said: "He won't be back."

A ragged moment crept away. The gun was steady in Peter Kincaid's hand. He spoke without turning his head:

"Watch the terrace, Paula."

"Yes, Pete. But how did you know . . . ?"

Peter Kincaid said, "The difference in the keys," and watched Max Sandstrom's eyes. "One was worn smooth, shiny; the other was dull, and had been used so little the edge was rough. The shiny key was for the ignition and door—naturally—but it was tucked back in the case. The dull key was hanging loose, and in trying to find a reason for that I thought of the luggage compartment."

Max Sandstrom did not move or speak.

Paula said: "I think someone's coming. . . ."

AND silence held the room. Thin silence, ugly with the weight of things unsaid; dragging endlessly on and on.

Max Sandstrom's eyes darkened at some inner thought. He leaned forward, and the long muscles of his back lifted, bunched. He watched the terrace door, head tilted, as though listening for some quick, expected sound. And there was that in his face—in the poised, sure balance of the man—to start the hair crawling on Peter's neck.

"Hold it!" he snapped. "Move and I'll kill you!"

Ben Wood was in the doorway a moment later—Ben Wood and another, a tall, shadow-thin man whose face had a torn and yellow look. Whose eyes went to Sandstrom, unseeingly—the dull, clouded eyes of a man drunk with shock.

Paula said, "Krause!" on an indrawn breath.

Ben Wood pushed into the room and crossed to Peter's side. He moved with a queer, slow stride. And Peter's answer was there—in Wood's step, in the stiff grayness of his face, in his eyes. Above these, with the brutal finality that only death can have, the answer was in the hand Ben Wood put out to take Peter's gun. A hand that was dark with the crimson stain of blood. Ben Wood's voice was low, but the thing he said was thunder in the room:

"She's there . . . shot twice . . . dead. . . ."

Those words were the cold and final proof, thudding home to Peter like a savage foot in his groin. He gave up the gun, and bent to put his hands flat upon the desk.

"Krause!" Max Sandstrom's voice was heavy, raw with the torment of his anger. "Why didn't you stop Wood? Where's your gun? . . ."

Sam Krause shook his head. "Not me . . . not after I seen her. . . ."

The quiet held for a full-drawn breath, and then Max Sandstrom said, "Krause! Get out of here and call my lawyers!"

Sam Krause said: "No!"

He went backward in slow steps to the wall. And he stayed there, eyes glazed with fear, fingers splayed wide against the brown wood. "Nobody could beat this—not even you!"

And a new voice came into the room—the faint scream of distant sirens. Sam Krause fell silent, and Peter Kincaid walked a dozen steps to the terrace door and stood at Paula's side.

"Cops," said Ben Wood, and a weary bitterness ran through the word. "Your cops, once—my cops now!"

Max Sandstrom's eyes flicked up, brightly blue and narrow. But he did not speak. The howl of the sirens grew louder and more shrill.

Peter Kincaid watched Max Sandstrom's face. It seemed, then, that he had always watched Max Sandstrom's face. He saw the flesh go tight at the corners of Max Sandstrom's mouth; he moved as Sandstrom moved, pressing Paula back against the wall, shielding her with his body.

And in the aching tautness of that second Peter Kincaid realized that he was the last to know this had had to come. Sam Krause had long ago moved clear. Ben Wood was waiting, gun hand hanging at his side. Max Sandstrom's pistol lay upon the desk, where Ben Wood had left it for just this purpose.

The way was open. Max Sandstrom could make the try—match speed and courage with Ben Wood—and if he won he'd be free again to trust his cleverness to take him out of the country. And he would try—Ben Wood had known that from the first—for surrender was not a part of Sandstrom.

And still Ben Wood waited. He watched Sandstrom's lunging rush, and did not stir. It was not until Max Sandstrom reached the pistol—not until he scooped it free of the desk—that Ben Wood moved. And then there was practiced speed in the way his gun flashed up, for this was old to him.

There were two shots and the explosions blended in a solid roar. There was the wet sound of a bullet striking flesh. Max Sandstrom stumbled—smashed back and away from the desk—and the breath and the strength and the life went out of him. He fell slowly, as only the dead can fall.

And for a long time no one moved. Sirens growled in the drive, slowing to a stop. Voices rang out there, but they seemed unimportant now.

Ben Wood's gun thudded to the floor. His eyes were empty, expressionless—the eyes he would have shown a stranger on the street.

"That," he said dully, "is the end of it!"

THE moon was low on the hills—a morning moon—and the sky was lightening in the east when Paula and Peter left the house. Cars made a solid wall along the drive. A uniformed policeman nodded as they passed, and touched the brim of his cap.

The roadster was on the highway when Paula spoke:

"Ben Wood?" she asked. "Is he all right?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Yes, Ben's all right. A few days in the hospital and he'll be as good as ever."

"I'm glad."

And for a moment there was no sound save the murmur of the engine. Wind brushed at them as the car took the long slants, rolling smoothly down toward the river.

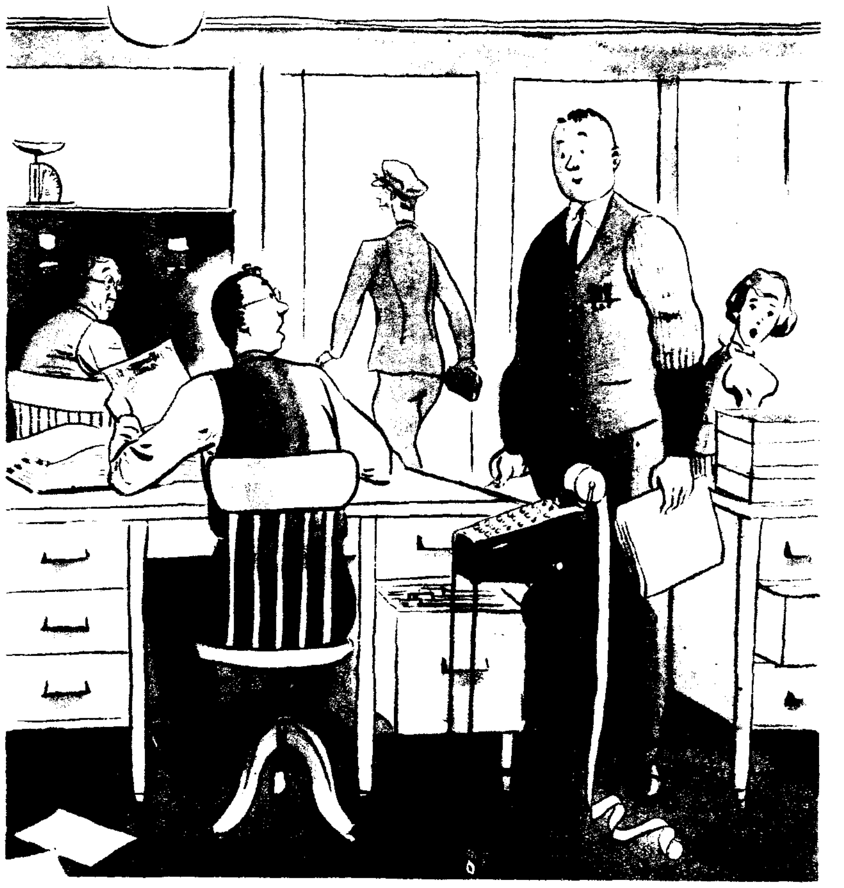
"Don't look back," said Peter then, in a quick and husky voice. "It's behind us—forever done! Oh, there's work yet; there's the cleaning up and . . . But none of that concerns us, Paula. It's out of our lives!"

"Why look back?" said Paula. "There are all the days ahead. . . ."

Somehow, then, the car was stopped, and his hands were upon her shoulders. The troubled graveness of her mouth was gone; her lips were soft, smiling. And her eyes were smiling too.

"I'm going to kiss you now," he said. "It's time. . . ."

THE END



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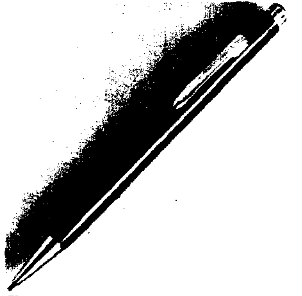

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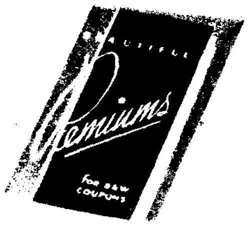

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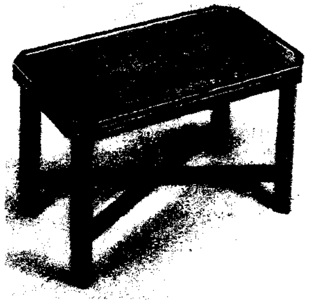

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The Governor's Lady

Continued from page 19

Abel hadn't quite been floored. He came back and pasted cold, iron socks on the bearded giant's jaw. Each sock knocked a grunt out of Alf. He wilted to his knees. Abel held him up by his beard, looked to see Alf wasn't going to leave his senses. Then he picked up his needle gun and walked off.

They hunted on along the ridge. High Squaw, exposed to the far lash of the Pacific, was drenched with spatters of wet snow, whipped by blasts like cavalry columns.

Abel paused on a rim to look back and down into the twisting valley of the Umpqua. The little clearings were like scattered squares on a map. His own was at the wide bend of the river. Here into the wilderness he had brought his snap-eyed Philadelphia bride.

All these last months Ailse had been going away from him. He had looked in her eyes every day and seen himself growing smaller till he couldn't see anything at all, only that strange inward thing. A man had to live his life outside—that was just something he hadn't figured *when he was smart and doing all* the figuring. It didn't matter what the settlers wanted, or even Alf. Honors and such were the damnedest trash and not what he'd set out after. But if he made her the Hon. Mrs. Abel . . . maybe that'd help.

"You comin'? What you doin'?" Alf bellowed in the darkness.

"Gettin' over the honeymoon," Abel said to the wind.

BY MIDNIGHT Abel and Alf had long been abed in Tom Beeman's cabin on Squaw Breast Point. They had struggled up to it in the dark, through whipping snow, Alf swearing with a paw hooked on Abel's shoulder. Alf had twisted an ankle and he swore to keep from groaning.

Tom Beeman, the Squaw Point hermit, was away on one of his pilgrimages and only his shriveled squaw, Kwatitch, greeted them. She curled slices of deer liver over the fireplace coals and they ate until Alf forgot his ankle.

The east wind sifted through the pole cabin. It only made them sleep the harder—all but Abel. He lay observing his future—a future stark and full of aloneness. Oh, it would contain men and events. And the best men might be tolerant of one another, like critters in a herd. But they didn't grow tight together. Like he and Ailse had been. That wasn't in nature.

"It ain't what a lad named Chottaw planned," he told the log wall, "when him and Ailse struck fire from each other. Chottaw's got to learn he don't do the plannin' in this hog-wallow world."

The dull pounding on the door and the faint cries brought him out of his bunk. The cries went through him like saw-edged arrow points as he reached the door, swung the bar up. Ailse tumbled into his arms, her hair like cold cobwebs on his face.

He carried her to the fireplace, threw pitch knots on the coals, held her close to the little flames. "Hon! What you doing here? Comin' all that climb, in the dark and the blow—what's happened?"

The fine walls of her nose were numb against his, her eyes black pools of spent effort. She trembled in his arms, then stiffened.

"It's—Argetsinger. I went to see him. He laughed—he boasted he'd told the settlers you didn't care to serve them—at Washington. You didn't go to the meeting and now—you'd gone hunting. He's talked them up against you! They're sending him—tomorrow. Abe! If you start now, you can get there—make him eat his lies—they'll send you—"

Ailse was shaking again and her head rolled on his arm. He stared at her, and couldn't think, especially about Argetsinger.

He didn't know what to do with her. There was a touch on his shoulder and wrinkled Kwatitch made motions with her claws. He straightened up drunkenly, carried Ailse to his bunk.

Alf snored on, Abel fed the fire helplessly. Kwatitch worked with the unconscious girl in the bunk. Kwatitch for the most part was silent. Once she said, "I tsink bad for Boston girl."

Abel went out for wood and stood a moment, letting the blizzard sting him. She wanted him to go damn' bad, so bad she risked her life coming here on a night when even an Indian wouldn't have stirred. She'd be the Governor's Lady if it killed her. He'd heard of *women like that. But Ailse—*

He carried in his load of pitch knots. The wind whisked Kwatitch's candle out and she said in the darkness, "I tsink damn' bad for Boston girl. Catchem papoose too quick. *Hyak kas-kass kultus.* You *hyas woum*—hot water."

Abel knocked the ice from the water bucket like a madman. . . .

At noon next day the little blizzard was getting its legs under it. Alf Calahan hung onto the dwindling woodpile and his whiskers blew straight west, revealing his huge Irish jaw.

He chewed a sliver and felt the wind pour through his pants legs, where the four-prong buck had ripped them. His breakfast hadn't tasted good—Tom Beeman's squaw couldn't cook for white men. And Alf never enjoyed his meals when a woman was having a young'un. At home he never played second fiddle to his woman. He always took to the brush when Mrs. Alf took to bed.

And what in Almighty did Abel's black-eyed little Delilah mean by clawing her way up here at night in an easter, making her young'un start too soon? Maybe sewing up Abe from going to Washington City. Alf waggled his cranky ankle and swore. Trouble was Ailse's middle name, ever since Abel had taken her from her Pa's fine house in Philadelphia. First her fancy fantods, setting all the women in the canyon by their ears. Now her brat, holding Abe when he had to be on his way right now, to get to go to Washington City. Brats come by the boxful, but not a man's job like being governor or senator.

THE cabin door opened against the wind and Abel stalked out, not seeming to see Alf.

A glance at Abel's face, and Alf knew better than to say anything about Ailse. He yelled, "Ain't too much fuel wood. That Tom Beeman is lazier than me. He never made his squaw chink up that cabin proper. Never made her get in enough wood. He perched that cabin on this damn' steeple, where all the devils of hell whoop around it."

Most of Alf's weight was on one foot. The wind batted him off balance and he sat down. He yelled desperately, "You got to start, Abe. You got to get down there and stop Argetsinger."

There was a ripping sound above the steady threatening hish of the wind and Abel swung toward the cabin. Some cedar shakes from its roof jumped loose. They flew westward over the void of the valley like whirling birds.

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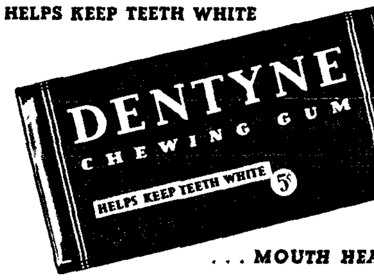

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They would get to the valley before Abel could.

The roof was weighted down with heavy flat stones. Loosened shakes at one corner fluttered and stones rolled off awkwardly, struck the ground, turned over and lay wobbling. The wind dove in the corner hole it had made, compressed itself and puffed upward inside the cabin. More shakes flew.

"Get that rawhide," Abel bellowed. Alf knew what he meant and reeled to the coil of twisted buckskin rope Tom Beeman kept on a peg by the cabin door. Beyond the woodpile was a stack of unused cabin-pole timbers. Abel swung one free. He lashed two logs together at one end, raised one and crawled, bent over, toward the cabin.

Alf yelled, "You can't hoist it! It ain't in nature for one man—"

ABEL figured he'd lifted grizzly bear in his time and he lifted the long log. He bunted it over the ridgepole with the butt of the log lashed to it. It came down with a crash on the shakes on the far side. Abel had two logs like a V straddling the roof, sitting down hard on the fluttering shakes. The wind blew harder. There were crashes below Squaw Point where timber was blowing down.

The log on the roof didn't budge. Limping, Alf helped. Alf's beard whipped into his eyes and blinded him; he stuffed the wad of it in his big, gritted teeth.

They had the third V saddled on the cabin when Kwatitch came out. The shriveled squaw croaked, "Man-baby! No good. Indian every time let *kwik-kwik* baby die; no good!"

They got three more pairs of logs on the roof; it would hold now. Alf hung on Abel's shoulder till they were inside, then fell on a pile of skins against the wall.

Abel stood, ticklish with sweat, yet cold. His arms felt as if they'd been pulled out; but they had to do their own feeling, he was busy. He stared toward his bunk in the corner. All he could see was the pair of red blankets screening off the bunk. There was no human sound in the cabin.

Suddenly, "Abel," a distant, far distant voice called.

"Now you can't get out to head off Argetsinger." Ailse's voice lacked fiber, as if she were half asleep.

Abel looked at his mottled paw, lying fingers up on the blanket. He estimated the paw was at least five times larger than Ailse's hand, lying alongside and touching it.

"Hon, you all right? You have a mean time?"

"It was—fun." Aisle said that dreamily. Her eyes were soft, but far away somewhere. There was a lump beside her under the blanket and the heavy robe of lynx pads, but she didn't show it to him. It seemed to be hers. It was icy cold in Beeman's rattletrap cabin anyway.

"Kwatitch says Little Abe can't live —here. He wasn't quite ready."

Abel closed his hand over her. Not hard, for his callouses were scratchy.

"Abel, I've been thinking." She looked at him then. "I've heard you and Alf laugh about Argetsinger. Being afraid of a pine squirrel, and a shower of rain, and everything. He'd be afraid to start in the storm."

Abel thought, This is the damnedest thing. She's thinking about Washington City—

"Aunt Molly knows how to make seven-months babies live. She heats a box with soapstone rocks . . . she has cow milk pure as ours."

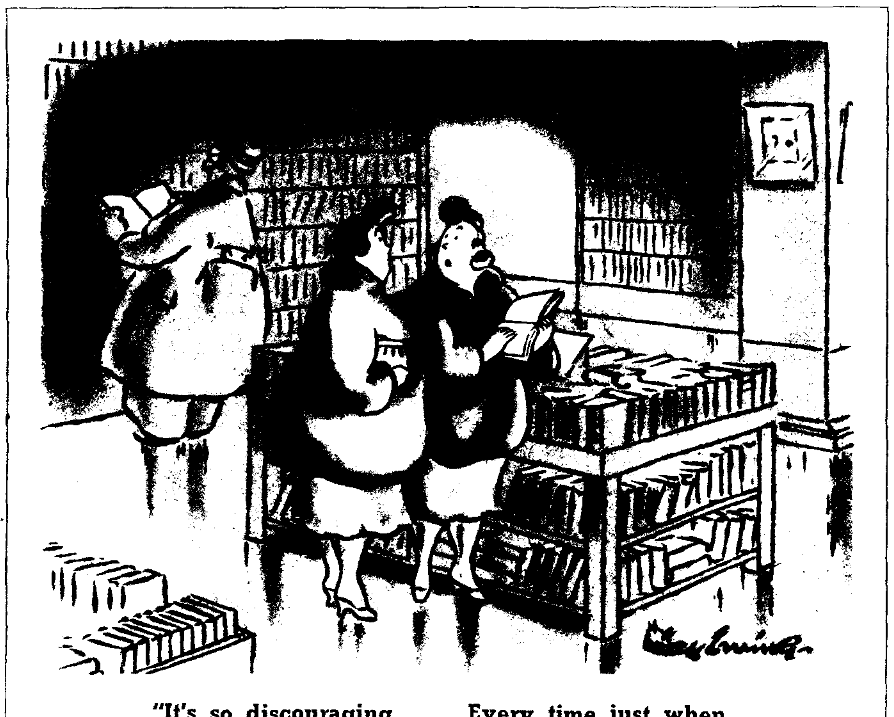
Abel muttered, "Hon!" Then he stopped. Ailse was breathing fast, nerving herself. Fever burned her face and she looked weak as a winter flower.

"Abel—if you went home—Abel! Will you carry Little Abe to Aunt Molly—and you can stop Argetsinger and you can go on—to Washington. Abel, I'll be all right!" Her hand curled around his thumb knuckle and bit in, something you couldn't shake off. "Alf can rustle wood and Kwatitch can do for me— Oh, Abel."

She settled back limp and he guessed she'd been lifting herself up by her shoulder blades. He could only say numbly, "Yes, hon," watching her closed lids twitch and her face turn marble. She was a little thing he could carry all day under one arm. She'd been wanting two things and two only, the young'un and the big job. And she stuck to that even when Old Man Death hung around. Abel went out through the blanket screen, rolled Alf off the pile of skins and selected a thick, rich-furred otter pelt. . . .

THE sky was gray, the soft snow was gray and the wind a green, streaming monster. It couldn't be later than mid-afternoon but darkness was closing down over High Squaw. Abel had crawled down from the Point and he moved in a crouch, quartering against the wind down the long ridge.

And Abel was gray inside. This was



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Dewar's
"White Label"
The Medal SCOTCH *of the World*
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

an ornery, early storm, deeper snow than he'd ever heard of on the Umpqua. Like other things lately, that he'd never known could happen.

At a spot where the snow looked solid he plunged through into a vine maple jungle and fought out again. That was a hollow, carefully concealed like a pit trap to catch him. He must keep to the humps, if he could spot them.

At times he plowed to his waist in spite of his improvised Indian style snowshoes. The forked, thick-needled cedar fronds woven about his boots helped where the wind had hammered the snow down. They hindered him in soft eddies in the lee of brush or knolls. Abel fell and jerked himself around to fall on his right side and back. He let his head hit anything in the way, protected his left side with his hands.

Little Abe was down there on his left side. Under one of Beeman's doeskin tunics, under Abel's wool jacket, shirt, undershirt and inside the snug otter pelt. Against Abel's hide, fitted to the curve of his body above his hip.

Abel felt Little Abe squirm and kick and he got up from a fall. He was conscious of that tiny bundle every second and not conscious of much else. It ought to be hot enough in there against his hide, hot as Little Abe was used to. Ought to stay hot enough, long as he could keep going on his feet.

The shelter of heavy timber was too great a temptation and Abel edged into it. The trees groaned here, as the wind racked them. A two-hundred-foot fir giant, stately with years, crashed slowly, its great roots wrenched from the earth, and a branch in passing ticked Abel and flung him away bodily. He crawled out of that with one eye closed, got out of the timber and struck to the natural openings and the wind.

It was black night before he got down from High Squaw to Low Squaw, using hands as well as feet. Down here the timber made a steady roar, like storm surf falling on the beaches. No way of dodging flying branches in the dark. One of them clipped his jaw harder than Alf could slug and Abel went out and down.

When his senses stirred in his brain he thought wildly that it was days later. But it was still dark. He sat up and there was no movement down under the belt on his left side. He got up cursing. How long had he laid like a dead log? Couldn't carry the shaver a couple hours, and Ailse had carried it how long? It didn't move and he'd as well quit moving.

Something kicked him sharply in the belly and Abel shot up as if spurred. He grinned with his sore jaw and plunged on. Little devil-in-a-hurry. . . .

EARLY that day the wind expired and a cool sun shone. Abel groaned and half woke up when he heard a team outside and he sat up with a jerk when the neighbor men carried Ailse in from the sled. Aunt Molly fixed her in bed and ordered Abel to get out. Little Abe was all right and squawking in his box. "A finer baby I never had," the spinster admitted, "spite of all the wooling around you give him."

Ailse could smile first rate and Abel, still sitting up in bed, could see himself in her eyes big as a barn. He was shocked and couldn't figure it. First he'd been in her eyes altogether, then gone out of them a long time, and now back. Suddenly he remembered last *night. He hadn't had a mind for any*thing else while he was lugging the little devil, kicking his side. Maybe Ailse had been like that. Carrying a brat kept your hands full.

Alf Calahan limped in and there was fire in his eyes behind their screen of red brush. Abel kept on looking at Ailse. "I'll be seeing about Argetsinger, hon. You and the shaver's all right now."

Ailse's face clouded. "I wish—" She stopped, then it rushed out past her unruly tongue. "I wish you didn't want to go away, Abel."

Abel stared. "Me—want to? It was—" He was going to remind her of how she had wanted him to go. "You don't want to be governor's wife, or whatever?"

"Only because you wanted it so bad."

Abel's senses reeled. She'd come up through the storm and she'd sent him out through it. Women were the damnedest things.

"Aunt Molly said men never cared about babies."

"A hell of a lot of 'em she ever had," Abel growled and Ailse's smile bloomed.

TOWARD evening next day, Abel put down his drawing knife, took up a hatchet. There were two rocker cribs in the back bedroom now. One was the maple crib he'd made when Little Abel was all Ailse's. The other was the new yew-wood crib he'd worked steadily on, most of the night and all day. Made it after he'd discovered Little Abie was all his—yet *still* all Ailse's too. Funny, that. Life, Abel figured, was the damnedest thing a man ever got into.

There was a thumping and clomping outside and Alf barged in, a vine maple fork braced in his armpit for a crutch. He was panting and he yelled, "You never come to that special meeting last night! I stopped Argetsinger and I busted him on the nose to do it. But you never showed up—"

Abel methodically smashed the maple rocker with the hatchet. "I had to make a crib."

"You had a crib! What in the mighty—"

"This new crib," Abel said, "is high-ridge yew. Take up that end."

Alf took it up before he thought and they carried it into the big living room, where Ailse's bed had been moved.

"This yew," Abel explained, "runs fifty-eight grains to the inch—it took that tree all them years to grow that inch. It's tougher than gun steel and more snap than a bull whip. I've heard—"

"Quit that yappin'. Abe, you've got to go. You come with me now and we'll round up the men."

"I've heard Grandpa Chottaw say the English used to make their longbows out of yew. King of England owned all the yew trees and he lopped the head off any gent borrowin' a stave of it. He kept it for his army to lick the French with. Yew—that's the wood of kings. It'll have to do for Little Abe."

Abel touched a rocker with his boot and the cradle swung. It was the only yew crib on the Umpqua—the only one with a frame of rich red heartwood, spindles of creamy sapwood. Rockers with the red wood down, the cream up.

"It's strong," Abel said. "Anyone tries a hatchet on it, that yew will bounce the hatchet back in his whiskers. One thing about babies, if they don't come too fast one good crib will do for a lot of them."

He thought Ailse giggled but Alf was making too much noise to be sure. Abel said quietly, "I'm not going, Alf. I got business at home."

"But we got to have you—a fighting man! Argetsinger ain't got the gizzard of a chicken."

"Some of the men dropped in today. I told them you'd go, Alf. Remember your duty to the settlement! You come out from behind them whiskers and you're a first-class fighting man."

Alf glared, doubled his fists into knobs, as if he were either going to fight or faint. From the bed Ailse laughed out loud and Abel jumped. Her funny laugh was exactly like he remembered it.

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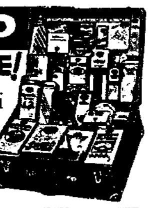

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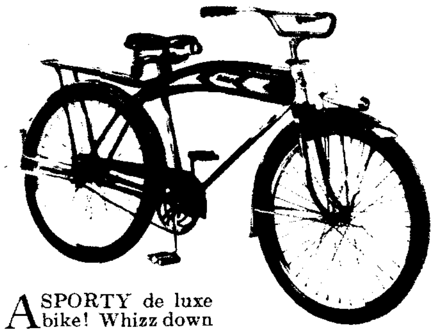

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The Pied Piper of Pigskin

Continued from page 17

But not so Mr. Madigan. Winning or losing, fair weather or foul, Slip stomps up and down the side lines from goal post to goal post, his coattails flapping in the breeze, his white socks flashing with his stride. He puffs nervously at a cigarette, pulls his hat down low over his eyes, gesticulates like a soapbox orator and builds and builds his one-man parade.

Periodically, he breaks his side-line running to grab the telephone near the bench and talks importantly to his observers in the press box. On such occasions as this he melodramatically points to a few replacements, orders them off the bench, gives them instructions with calisthenic gestures—and shoots them forth into the game. Always, when Mr. Madigan makes substitutions, the game stops cold. The St. Mary's players on the bench rise as one man when their teammates come trotting off the field, embrace them, cheer them and dramatize their yeoman service—and Mr. Madigan stands to one side, chest out and teeth bared in a sweet smile.

A Superlative Actor

In the stands, the pro-Madiganites clap and scream and whistle with glee. The anti-Madiganites hoot and boo in derision. And there is always great commotion among the players on the field. Fellows come racing out to the side lines and then go racing back again. Substitutes dash out to the umpire, dash back again and, in a frenzy, Madigan dashes up to them with orders. The whole thing is delightfully mad.

Now, the game can proceed. Mr. Madigan, like a smart dramatist, retires to the bench where he sits quietly for some moments. Then, like a flash, he is off the bench, shaking his finger at some official, and shouting: "Holding—you blind man—can't you see it?" or "Santa Clara is beating the one-second stop," or "That California rocker shift is illegal!" Then, the officials, with a show of great authority, wave him back to the bench, hurling penalty threats at him.

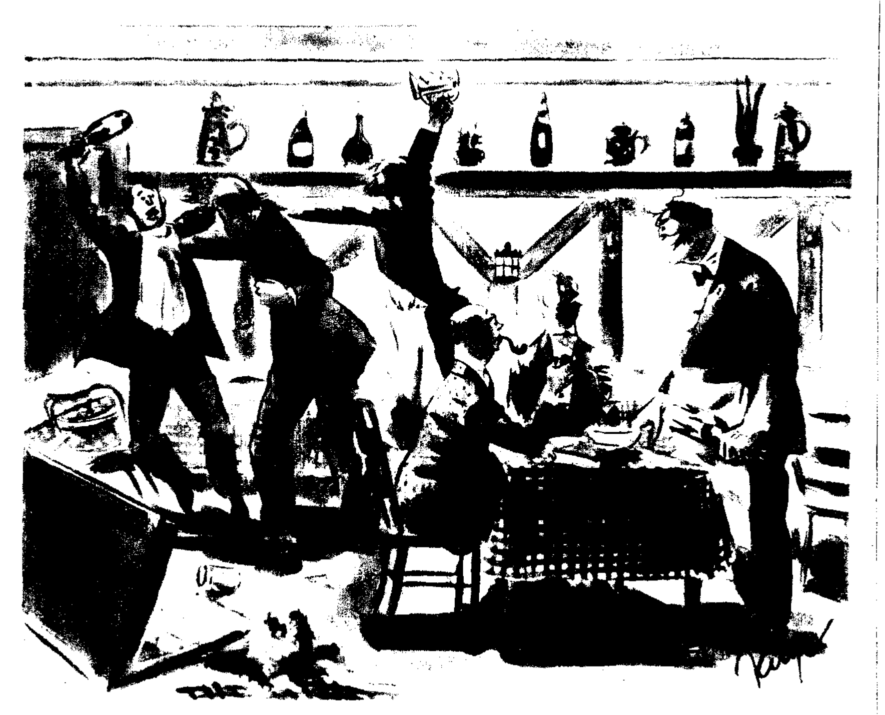
Finally, when the game is over, whether he has won or lost, Mr. Madigan has a blazing, beatific smile for one and all. If his team has been victorious, he explains painstakingly and with a strange naiveté how he observed a weakness in his opponent some weeks before and perfected a certain play to beat them.

Strangely, even the sports writers know he is talking through his hat, but they print the stuff as though it were the gospel truth and the fanatical Madigan mob believe it. Twice in one season, against California and then against Fordham, his team won games by recovering their own fumbles beyond the goal line. Mr. Madigan, with a straight face, explains that this was a play they had been working on for two years and that it couldn't be an accident because the fullback recovered the ball beyond the goal line for touchdowns in both instances.

Because Mr. Madigan is a superlative actor, he puts on a great front in defeat. He will never alibi. He will always say, "We were beaten fairly. And it was a clean, hard-fought game." Since the bloody St. Mary's-Stanford game in 1927—which resulted in "Stanford being thrown off the Gael's schedule"—Mr. Madigan is very careful to describe every game in which his team participates as "a clean, hard-fought game."

Because he loves the dramatic aspect of football, Mr. Madigan is always figuring out new and startling ways of dressing his players. When he saw Knute Rockne put white epaulets on his players' jerseys in 1930, Mr. Madigan decided to go his old teacher one better. First, Slip aped and enlarged on the epaulet trimmings. Then he sent his players out on the field togged in green silk pants. In time, he added other strange-looking creations during the gaudy years, finally reaching a dazzling climax the day he sent his Gaels into the Polo Grounds against Fordham. The St. Mary's players looked like the Fourth of July, a Maypole ballet and a glistening Christmas tree all rolled into one package. They wore green silk pants, jerseys with shamrocks embroidered on them, helmets and flashing stockings.

At the beginning of each campaign, Madigan singles out one player—usually a back—and says: "This fellow is another George Gipp." Mr. Madigan has compared enough players to the famed hero of Notre Dame to make



"You gents want some more popcorn?"

JOHN RUGE

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Ten years ago only an expensive anti-freeze could do what low-cost Super Pyro does today

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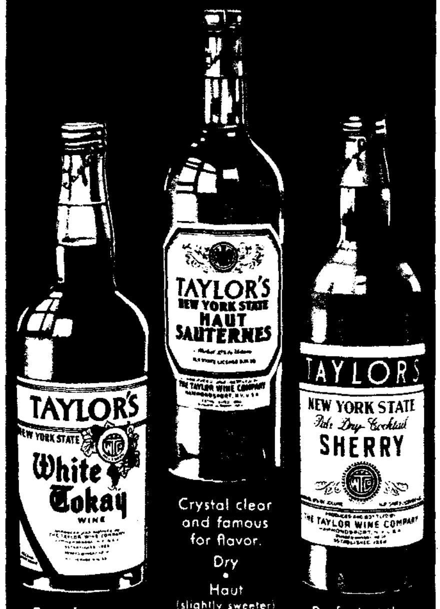
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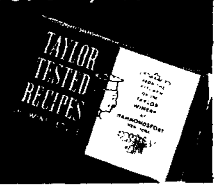

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"The Gipper" tremble in his grave for his laurels. Or, if Mr. Madigan hasn't a personality to offer, he will sell a slogan, such as "The Team of Destiny" or "The Blue Ghosts" or "The Sophomore Wonders." Lacking either a personality or a team, Mr. Madigan cagily concentrates on building up the importance of seeing the "other team" play, always adding, of course—"There are plenty of good seats still available."

When Madigan starts his annual *hegira* to Fordham, he makes more preparations than Hitler did when he strutted into Danzig. Months in advance, Mr. Madigan gets out nicely printed, excellently illustrated folders showing the route to be traveled. One year the Gaels went to New York via New Orleans and Havana. Another year they went via Boulder Dam, the Grand Canyon and the old cities of the South; another year they went direct and returned via Canada. This year they plan to go direct and return to California via Mexico.

The Madigan System

Coincidental with the circulars and publicity relative to his trips, some newspaper always runs a subscription contest for the "Madigan Tour." The contest is sure-fire and every year two hundred and fifty or more San Franciscans—who might otherwise never get out of the state—are en route on one of these grand tours. The tours are absolutely gigantic in every way, offering the best of accommodations, the finest of foods and liquors, the most entertaining spots in America—plus Mr. Madigan's personal appearance daily in the club car.

Always Madigan invites seven or eight newspapermen and these worthies have little else to do each day except to listen to Madigan talk and then file from 500 to 1,000 words to their papers. This drove the Conference crazy because St. Mary's was getting just as much publicity away from home as when Mr. Madigan was on the ground. But the sports writers love the trips and they like Madigan, and everyone has a barrel of fun.

Although liked by newspapermen, Mr. Madigan is not exactly an idol with the coaches. In the early '20's around San Francisco, Mr. Madigan made quite a play at talking about how friendly he was with Knute Rockne. And one time when Rockne came to San Francisco to be honored with a banquet, the newspapers were tipped off that Madigan would sit at Rockne's right hand. Amazed were they to discover that Slip was removed quite a few places from Rockne. It seems that Adam Walsh, Four Horsemen center, then coaching Santa Clara, looked at the place cards before dinner and said to Rockne: "We'd better move Slip down where he can have more room to talk." Rockne grinned because someone had just presented Knute with a clipping of some weeks before in which Mr. Madigan had stated that he had improved the Notre Dame System to such a degree that he now called it the Madigan System.

There was no football situation in America quite like the Clipper Smith-Mr. Madigan feud when Smith was coaching Santa Clara. First of all, they were teammates at Notre Dame and played alongside each other; second, Smith had been drafted by Santa Clara from Gonzaga because he had beaten St. Mary's once at Spokane. The Santa Clara officials didn't tell Smith in so many words but he understood that he must defeat St. Mary's—or else. And for nine years he tried, but to no avail. Always Mr. Madigan would win; always Smith would have to cross the field to congratulate his bitter enemy. It got so bad that the dour-visaged Smith, who was a dead spit for a St. Bernard dog, couldn't sleep, couldn't eat and wouldn't associate with anyone. In disgust, Smith resigned in 1935 and went to Villanova where he produced two miraculous elevens.

From a football angle, Smith could give Madigan thirty plays and save three for himself—and beat him on paper. Smith's offenses were precisioned, beautiful, automatic and built around such promotional phrases as "The King Alfonso Shift," "The Sliding Cup," and "The Double Distractor," "The Multiple-Spinner" and "The Four Dimensional Flanker." Always Smith was publicized as making football teams out of undersized philosophers; that he had no material; that he must rely on skill, strategy and brilliant execution; whereas Madigan had splendid material, gigantic men, whom he fashioned into thunderbolts of power and brutality.

One year, Smith sent his dancing dolls against St. Mary's, led the Gaels at the half 13-0, and proceeded to lose 14-13 in the second half when the Gaels threw a prayer pass for a winning score. Another year, Smith's team was leading 13-0 at the half when Madigan's club came back and started to go to work. The fog came in so thick that you couldn't see the players or the officials on the field. Smith always claimed that Madigan scored one of the touchdowns to win that day when no one saw it. That year, too, three Santa Clara players were injured and the ambulance was puffing up and down the side lines all day. That was the day, too, that someone shot off a firecracker late in the game and everyone walked off the field, including the officials.

Mr. Madigan made Santa Clara athletically, just as he made Loyola, University of San Francisco, Portland and Gonzaga. He made these schools because he forced them to get better coaches, better teams, better players. He forced them to come up to his standard—a standard he had established in beating Conference teams. He pioneered independent football and made the other independents go to work and fight along with him. If he had not come to the Coast, it is quite doubtful if any of these schools would even have football teams. It is Madigan—and Madigan alone—who lit the fuse. He got them to hate him and to try to beat him; he incited the followers of these schools to great hatreds; he incited writers to level on him.

The Financial Side

Yes, because of Madigan, all this independent school football on the Coast flourished—and flourished to such a degree that the Pacific Coast Conference passed its famous "freeze-out" rule a few years ago—a rule that practically eliminated independent schools from Conference schedules—a move designed to kill these upstarts at the box office because all football success begins and ends with the dollar bill.

Today, the Pied Piper is jittery. The Conference "freeze-out" has left him with only one Conference opponent—California. Santa Clara plays Stanford, U.C.L.A. and Purdue among others in 1939 and offers to its clientele a schedule that is much more imposing than St. Mary's.

Mr. Madigan's position as number one economic royalist has been threatened by the financial troubles of St. Mary's. The school has gone through bankruptcy and forced sale at the hands of the bondholders, with the Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, Edward J. Mitty, assuming a technical financial responsibility. Consequently, a new board of athletic control has slashed Mr. Madigan's fancy wage, and he will no longer draw in excess of $20,000 a year—which he did for some seasons and which was arrived at on the

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basis of salary plus a percentage of the gross receipts.

In addition to his football salary, Mr. Madigan also receives a percentage of the "take" on his tours, being designated as a tour promoter and entitled to the accepted fifteen per cent commission. Once upon a time, Mr. Madigan is said to have been a station agent back in Indiana, which probably accounts for his amazing deals with the railroads. The Pied Piper never overlooks a silver dollar unless it is nailed to the floor and for this emergency he always carries a chisel and a hammer.

Mr. Madigan is a master at making subtle, devastating statements. For the past few years he has been predicting a Conference championship for Stanford and Tiny Thornhill, and each December sees Stanford in the second division or lower.

This doesn't help Mr. Thornhill, who would rather see Mr. Madigan confine his predictions to his own team. This year, already, Madigan has had the strange audacity to say that if "Stanford gets some kicking, despite the absence of its star left half, Pete Fay, they will win the Conference." This is so highly improbable that most shrewd observers snap: "Slip's putting poison in Tiny's cup again."

Mr. Madigan kept stating so often that Pop Warner had the greatest running in the world until he reached the ten-yard line, that Pop blew up in disgust and left Stanford. Always, Madigan glorified Warner and praised his genius, his ability and then wondered slyly why the old man couldn't seem to score more touchdowns.

Many of his followers call Slip "The Builder of St. Mary's." It is quite true that when he went to St. Mary's College in 1921 the school boasted of a three-story building, known affectionately as the "Brick Pile." In 1927, St. Mary's sold the brick-pile property and put up an imposing $2,000,000 group of buildings in the hills of Moraga. They sold bonds to finance it. As the school went through bankruptcy we have the strange paradox of finding the richest coach in America at probably the poorest school in America.

However, if Slip hadn't gone to St. Mary's, the school would probably be out of existence. For the football team has returned at least $100,000 a year profit to St. Mary's for the past ten years.

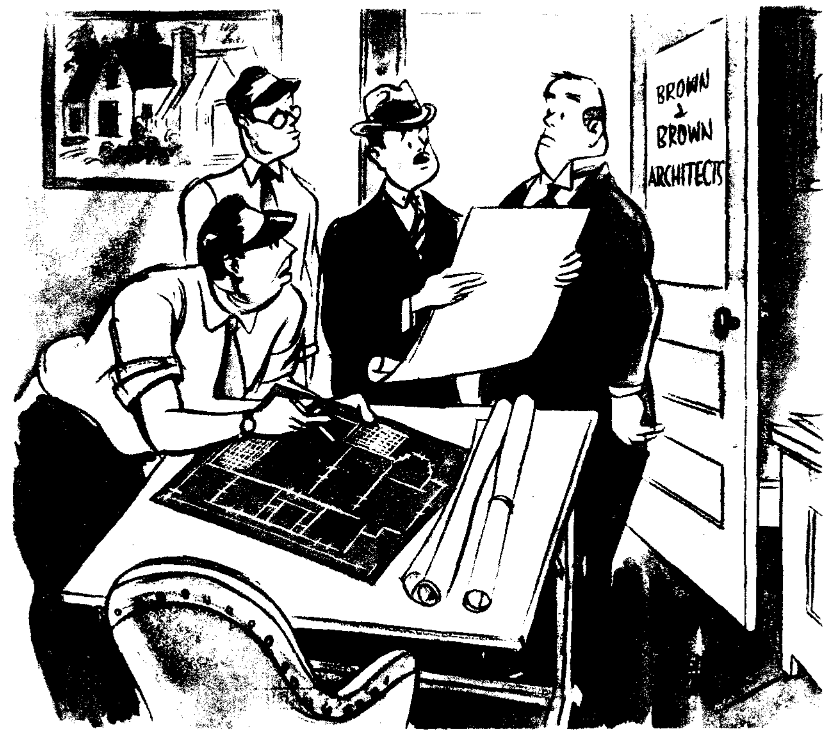
Most coaches are so biased that they refuse to give Slip his due as a coach. They damn him with "faint praise" by calling him a "defensive genius" but never in print. But we have seen him do some extraordinary things, such as his touchdown passes against U.S.C., his bottling up of Warner's offense, his constant kicking one day in the rain until Santa Clara made a mistake. His offense is sound, but not clever. He is blunt-minded and he doesn't believe in detour. When he tries to get clever on a football field, he becomes a clown. He is naturally clever off the field, being gifted with that strange Irish cunning that makes him a master of double talk.

Good for Twenty Years

Mr. Madigan, who is not more than forty-three years of age, is good for at least twenty more years of active coaching. And even though he has a bad stomach, he should be able to live out his dream of coaching football at St. Mary's for a total of forty years. There is no reason why this shouldn't happen. His legs are better than ever before because of his endless pacing of the side lines; his voice, although a bit cracked, still has zing and authority in it.

There is only one sad feature about the Pied Piper: he is getting fat. He is losing the slenderness and streamlined quality that made him such a hero to countless women who don't know a football from second base. But these women do know that the Pied Piper is on the scene—and how they know it. But, if obesity ever overtakes the Pied Piper, we wonder if he won't lose much of his charm and romantic power. For we can't conceive a Falstaff talking extraordinary promotional ideas and selling them. Surely, a fat Pied Piper can't make this idea go: making his players wear masks on the Great God Brown order and then switching them in the huddles to confuse the opposition!

We expect the greatest bewilderment in football history when—and if—the Pied Piper launches this maneuver. We wonder, too, if Pop Warner won't sit down and write a letter to the rules committee and have the masks eliminated, charging they constitute a violation of the one-second stop after the shift.



"I don't want an elaborate house—just a little place I can call home and tell the wife I won't be home for dinner!"

BUFORD TUNE

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The Young Idea

Continued from page 13

Anyhow, Mamma didn't want any kid wonder around her house, so Gretchen went to the studios no longer. That didn't keep the outfit from being movie nuts, however.

"Lots of the actors used to live at our place," said Sally. "That probably should have spoiled it for us but it didn't. Wally Reid used to come and I suppose that's what really ruined us."

They had a system worked out whereby they could see six pictures a week. It meant ducking school and chiseling money from anybody around, but they managed it. When they were shy of cash, they had another effective plan.

"One of us would take Jackie," said Polly Ann, "and go up to the doorman and say, 'This little boy has to go to the toilet.' So he would let us in. Then the one inside would hide in the theater, Jackie would go out again and come in with another sister. I can see now they must have been on to us but they knew Mamma and just winked at it."

Polly Ann perked up at this.

"Yes, but do you remember the time I ironed the handkerchiefs and made a quarter and then lost it as I was going along in the dark to the theater? It was awful. I was down on my knees fumbling around and crying and then I started praying, 'Please, God,' I said, 'let me find that quarter; I *earned* it.' "

They Remember Rudy

The Young kids, the four of them including Jackie, had their first chance as a group in the movies when they were hired for Sirens of the Sea. Mamma went along as chaperon and the days on location at Catalina were not entirely pleasant.

"We lived on hard-boiled eggs and tea for two days," remembered Sally. "The commissary guy got drunk."

After that they had a job with Rudolph Valentino in The Sheik.

"We were out on the desert someplace," said Polly Ann, "and Mamma managed to get the only tent that had a bath. It was a canvas tub affair but everybody else was sore because we had it. We used to try to stay up as late as we could at night because Valentino would play the guitar and sing."

"How about that snake he used to play with?" asked Sally, shuddering.

"He'd wind it around his neck and scare everybody to death with it," said Polly Ann.

But when that was over Mamma felt they had neglected their education long enough. They were sent first to Ramona Convent at Alhambra and then later to Immaculate Heart College in Hollywood.

But even in school, they were not unaware of the flickers. Their idols were not the great stars but a family of girls called the Francisco Sisters, who were then about as old as the Youngs are now.

"We copied the way they did their hair and tried to talk like them and everything," said Loretta. "And then we used to play shows at home. Remember the time Katherine Wright played Rasputin? Pulled her long hair down around her chin to make a beard. I was a grand duchess."

Then Sally got a job with Universal playing in the "Collegians" pictures. Junior Laemmle was writing and directing them and they were popular as a series, much like the Hardy family now.

"I got fifty a week," said Sally, "but that didn't mean much because we had no car and I was too young to drive anyhow and it meant I had a two-hour bus ride every day to the studio. I went on one bus and then changed and then changed again. All the extras had cars but I was an actress and used the bus. I didn't have sense enough to be mad about it."

Soon after Sally started, Gretchen had a chance with Colleen Moore, who was the greatest money-maker in movies those days.

"She liked me, and her manager asked me how much I wanted," said Loretta, "so I said sixty because I knew Sally was getting fifty. I was thirteen but I wanted to come home and just drop it casually that I was 'accepting' sixty. Mamma didn't believe me until I brought the first check home."

They got on a discussion of names at this point, Sally being more than a little bitter on the subject.

"Sally Blane sounded all right at the time because I'd been doing those flip collegian things," she said sadly, "but it's hurt me since. Sometimes I think I'll change it even yet. You can't imagine anybody doing anything serious with a name like that."

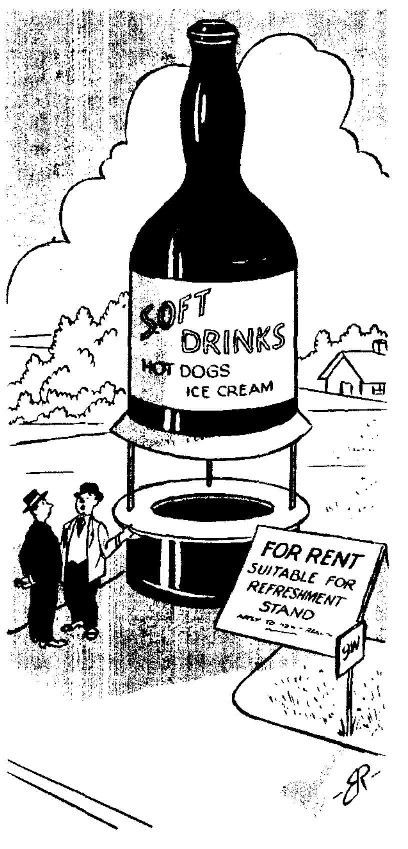
"The first time I knew they'd changed mine," put in Loretta, "I read it in the paper. Nobody ever said a word to me about it."

By this time the dessert had been eaten and Georgiana was restless. She had put away the food without trouble, had said nothing whatever and had barely lifted her eyes, but now she spoke timidly to Loretta.

"Gretchen," she said, "would it be all right if I went up to see Emily now?"

"Yes, it's all right," said Loretta, "but remember what I told you about Pat."

Georgiana just looked at her sister blandly and went out. She is taller than the other Youngs and much darker, having deeper eyes and more of a look of mystery, and possesses not the slightest bit of the Lillian Gish quality that characterizes Loretta. If one happens not to like the ethereal type, then Polly Ann is the prettiest of the Youngs, being a sensible and unpretentious lady who is quite content to be married and is not too impressed with the movies.


SOFT DRINKS
HOT DOGS
ICE CREAM
FOR RENT SUITABLE FOR REFRESHMENT STAND

"Besides the rent, you put up a fifty-dollar deposit, which you get back when you return the bottle"

BEN ROTH

Money and Marriages

The three of them, Polly Ann, Sally and Loretta, were all Wampas Baby Stars in 1929 but Loretta is the one who commands the big money now. She is a free-lance player who asks and gets $150,000 a picture.

"You can't laugh that money off," admitted Loretta, "but that's not the real point. When you're free-lancing they can't stick you in those little stinkerolas that drive the audiences out of the theater. I may be dumb about picking parts but if I tried I couldn't do worse than some I've had."

"Suez," suggested Polly Ann.

"Will you stop it?" said Loretta, making a wry face.

The conversation turned to marriage, with Loretta making little chuckling sounds under her breath at the idea. Sally is married to Norman Foster and Polly Ann is Mrs. Hermann, as mentioned. When she was sixteen Loretta was married to Grant Withers, a union that lasted only a year and a half.

"We probably should have had a baby," said Loretta. "Maybe ten babies. We were both young and both actors, and it just didn't work."

Loretta still looks no more than twenty and the illusion is heightened by the fact that when she is not acting she wears a brace on her teeth. She wears it even at night when she's out dancing and it gives her the appearance of a high-school girl whose parents are determined to make her attractive.

It was palpable all through the meal that Loretta might be younger than her sisters but she was the family leader. It seemed at first that it might be because the interview was taking place in her house but that didn't account for the way the others deferred to her. They did it as if they liked it and were glad that they weren't worried with such responsibilities. Being a big movie star is a serious business and Loretta is recognized in Hollywood as one of the shrewdest of the young people. There is very little chance that she will end on a bread line.

When it was all over and the visitors were getting their coats on to go, Georgiana appeared mysteriously from the upper regions of the house, shook hands in a formal and polite way and was as shy as ever.

Loretta gave a shrug in her direction as if to say: "Watch her; she's the one." Georgiana saw it but gave no sign.

"Gretchen," she said in a low voice, "you're sure I can go down Monday?"

Loretta turned to the others.

"Do you hear that?" she asked, almost in admiration, as if to say that when this child wants something she keeps at it. "Yes, you can go and you can have Pat take you. He seems to be yours now, anyhow."

Georgiana evaporated as if by magic.

Sally and Polly Ann were getting ready to leave.

"We'll be seeing you Sunday, Gretch," said Polly Ann.

"Sunday," agreed Loretta, as if her mind was not on it. She kept shaking her head and looking at the other visitors.

"That kid," she said.

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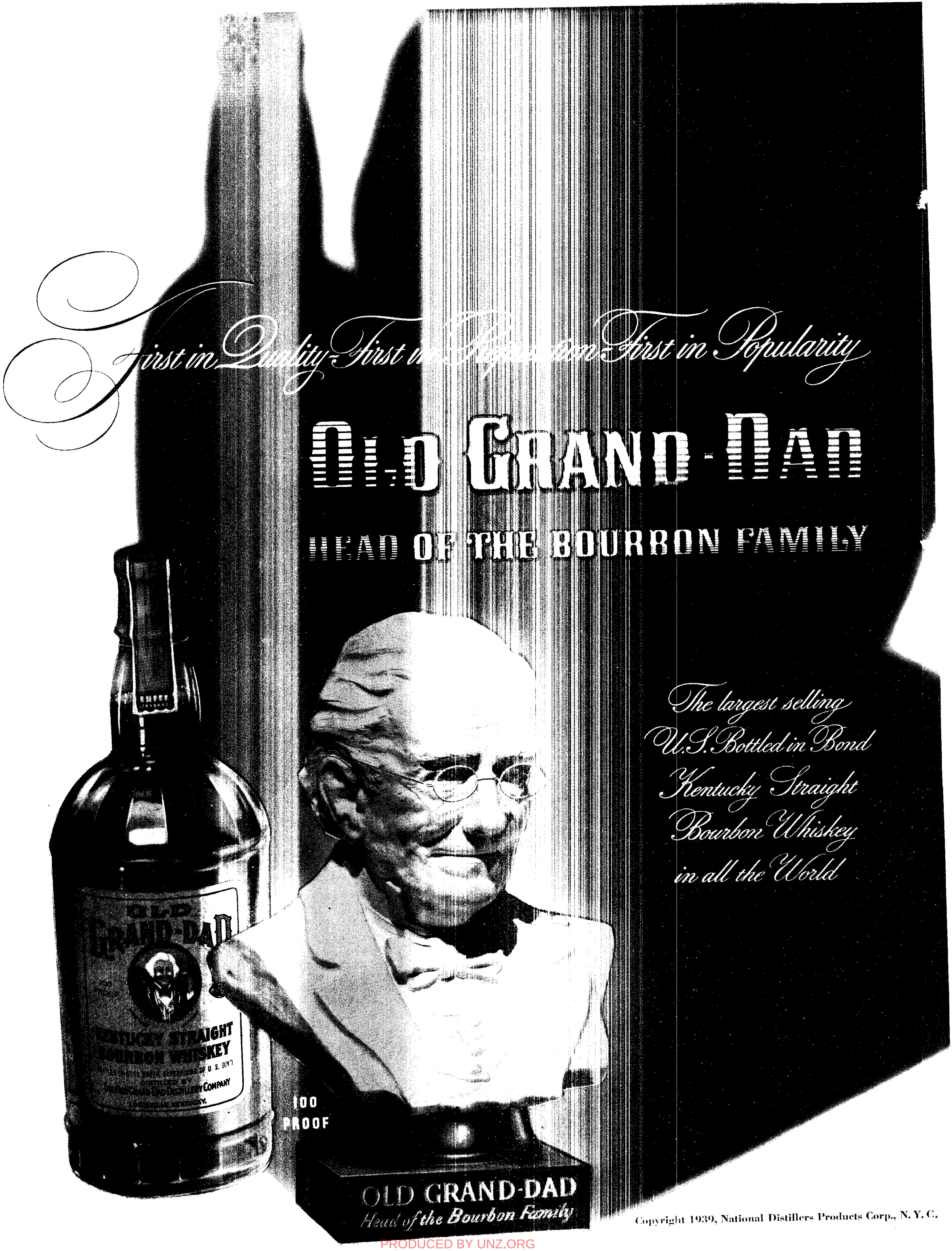
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Fire Hazard

Continued from page 23

Tug, who seemed to have a mouthful of mush whenever he tried to tell her her hair was pretty or something.

Then Margaret stumbled on a loose bundle tie that Happy hadn't cleaned off the roof. Pop let out a yell from the other end of the roof where he was putting flashing around an air vent. Tug gave a jump but he was too far away. This was the short side of the hill, but a fall can be nasty when the ground is littered with odd lumber and waste. Quick as a cat and as easy, Happy grabbed the girl's arm and had her on her feet. He held her maybe a little bit too close, and she sort of clung to him, perhaps from fright.

"I—don't know how to say thanks," she said, gasping a little.

"Think it over and try again tonight," Happy said. "I'll call around about eight."

Tug was standing with some of the color gone from his tan. He was breathing like a man up from a two-minute submersion. Margaret glanced at him, and her chin came up. Then she smiled at Happy.

"About eight," she said.

DURING the afternoon the building gang exchanged glances and made cryptic remarks. The girl almost taking a fall because Happy hadn't kept it clear of scraps and waste, and Happy making a date to call around.... Somebody tried to get up a bet, but nobody would take Happy. He was a husky, and he was plenty confident. But the men knew Tug.

At five o'clock the men put their tools away and got their coats on and lighted up cigarettes. Tug came down the ladder off the roof, Pop came next and then Happy came down.

Tug got his lunch bucket and Happy said, "Wait a minute, Tug." The men were watching very casually while getting ready to go.

"All right," Tug said, "I'm waiting."

They were standing there in the fog among the scraps littering the slope, and Tug was lean and almost skinny in comparison with the blond man. But nobody felt sorry for Tug.

"You've been riding me today," Happy said. "I don't take that."

"Sorry if it seemed like that," Tug said.

The men casually exchanged winks.

"Being sorry don't unspill the milk," Happy said.

Tug didn't say anything.

"What are you going to do about it?"

Tug didn't say anything.

Happy said, "From now on you'll keep your face shut."

Tug didn't say anything.

"And maybe you'd better take the helper's job," Happy said. "And one more thing—keep away from my girl."

Tug didn't say anything.

They stood looking at each other for a little bit. Happy was ready, but Tug didn't do anything. Happy finally reached out and shoved Tug in the face with his open hand. Tug went back a step.

"All right, beat it," Happy said.

Tug walked away.

The men went home. A carpenter walked into a wall instead of a doorway, and some of the others acted as if they'd been struck. They drifted into Pete's spot for a beer that evening and talked things over. But they got nowhere until somebody said, "Happy has got his number. That's all."

And that's the way it seemed.

Of course the word got around. On Friday night Tug dropped in at Pete's and there were four truckers at a table. Tug leaned on the bar and told Pete, "Beer, in a bottle," and one of the truckers called out, "Deah me! You surely must mean lemonade!" This in a falsetto voice. Tug crossed to the table and asked, "Is somebody talking my way?" One of the truckers stood up and said, "Scram before you're unlucky." Tug made a short retort, and the trucker led with his right, which was a mistake.

Another trucker came in swinging and went out with his eyes crossed. The other two roared in together, and Pete started around the bar with a convincer in his hand. Pete was a stickler for rules. But by the time Pete got around the bar with the convincer, Tug had laid away one of the two truckers, so it was a fair fight and Pete relaxed to enjoy it.

The remaining trucker was redheaded and had fists the size of half-gallon jugs. He was all of six and a half feet high, and built like a bridge pier. His three pals crawled to a safe distance and were content to watch. Tug was a mere strippling beside the redhead, and he went reeling backward a couple of times from blows that would have shattered an oak barrel. But he bounced back from the Sunday punches, and the redhead blinked as if at a miracle.

Then he began delivering. He tossed fists out from his shoulders so smoothly you thought he wasn't trying. But when he landed one over the trucker's heart it smacked with the sound of a sledge hitting a beef. He worked downstairs a bit, then raised his sights and bombarded the jaw. The big trucker began relaxing and Tug nailed him three times before he hit the floor. Then Tug said, "I'll take that beer, Pete. In a bottle."

But around Happy, Tug was a different man. Happy rode him with sharp spurs on the job. Margaret didn't let on like she knew anything, for a while. But one noon when she brought Pop's lunch she said, "Tug, I haven't seen you around the house for a while."

Tug's bony face lit up like a Christmas tree.

"Tug's been busy," Happy said, from up on the ridge, and, whistling, he kept slapping on shingles.

"Ye-ah, I'm—tired at nights," Tug gulped.

The girl's face went pink, and she went up to the ridge and began being nice to Happy. Tug's eyes followed her; he didn't say anything.

And that's how it was when Pop Morgan's crew started the grammar-school job.

THE old roof had been patched up a dozen times and a new one was indicated. About time, too, for the school was maybe thirty years old, a big frame three-story barn, and it still carried the original paper. They chipped off the old gravel and lowered it in a bucket down a pulley and line on a beam, ripped up the old paper, pulled the old nails, replaced some rotten deck boards. Then they hoisted up new paper and gravel. It was a 4-15 job—four layers of fifteen-pound felt with hot asphalt mopped between layers and on top, and three hundred pounds of gravel to the square on top of that. It was expected to last fifteen years or better without a leak, which it would if the schoolhouse didn't fall down before then.

They got everything ready one night, and in the morning started laying the paper. Tug lit up the kerosene burner of the tar kettle while Pop and Happy went up on top. There was no fog, but a wind was coming off the sea.

Happy leaned out over the ornate

"So now we're plutocrats ... thanks to you!"

"If that's not the prettiest coat in town, I'm no station master," I was saying to Mrs. Hunt. "Thanks," she said. "I've got a new husband, too—thanks to you!" "What?" I gasped. "Don't tell me you newlyweds have broken up already!"

"No—but we almost did," she said. "Poor John. He'd miss the 8:28 to work. He'd miss the 5:25 home. When he caught it, *I'd* be late meeting *him*. Then—about six months ago—I asked your advice, remember?"

"Sure," said I. "I told you that you needed Hamiltons. Told you how important accuracy is in a railroad man's watch—how they're Time Inspected* and *have* to be right. That's why so many of *us* carry Hamiltons."

"Exactly," she said. "Well, I got him a *stunning* Hamilton for his birthday, he caught his trains, he got to work on time, and on Friday he came home with a simply *plutocratic* raise! Well—guess what he gave *me?*"

"A Hamilton?" I said. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Hunt. "He gave me that *months* ago. A man who gets places on the dot can't stand around waiting for his wife . . . Yoo hoo, John!" Which is why Mrs. Hunt has a new fur coat.

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GRACE. 17 jewels. Extended ends. 14K natural gold. 18K applied gold numeral dial. 14K gold fittings, $65.

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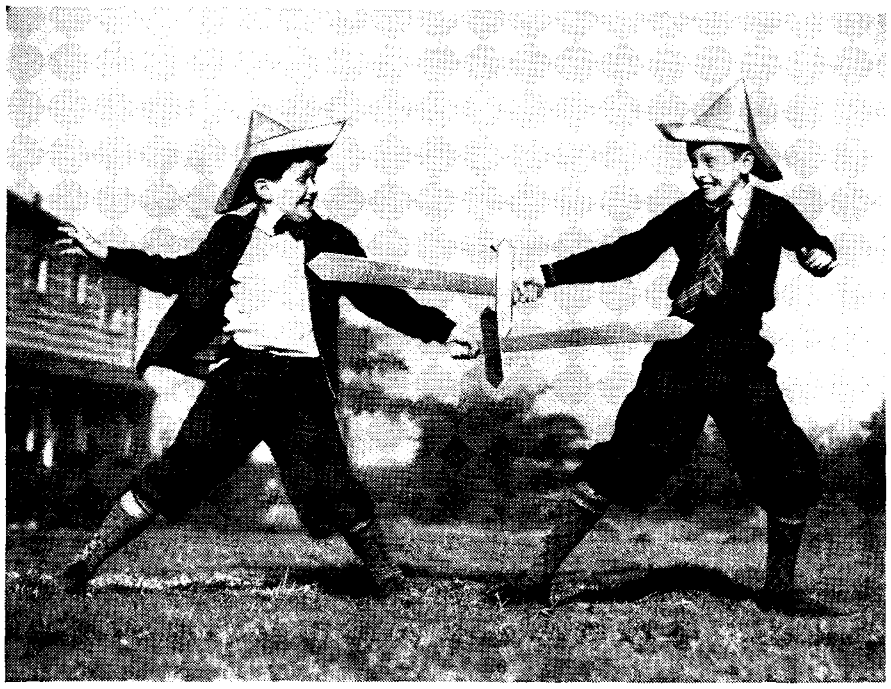

TAKE THAT, SIR GALAHAD! And take care too, mother, that the small cuts and scratches sonny gets are treated properly. Then put on Band-Aid to help keep out dirt. Band-Aid is a ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. So easy to put on! And once on . . . *it stays put.* Be sure you get *genuine Band-Aid.* It's made only by Johnson and Johnson. Look for the Red Cross on the package.

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cornice and yelled down, "Get her hot enough!"

"All right," Tug said, and hoisted the lid of the kettle for a look. The kettle was a hundred-gallon job built on a trailer, and Tug could tell within ten degrees by a glance at the vapor how hot the tar was, without looking at the thermometer. But he didn't call back to the effect that he was running this kettle, nor did he even bandy a wisecrack; he just said, "All right." He hoisted up mop and broom and shovels on the pulley line, and then a bucket of drinking water. When the smoke from the vent hole in the kettle lid was getting a tinge of brown, he yelled, "Hot!"

Happy stepped into view over the top of the wall and onto the cornice and waited with a hand on the pulley beam while Tug drew a bucket of "hot" from the upper valve, hooked it on the line and hoisted it up. Happy unhooked it at the top, stepped over the top of the wall and disappeared, whistling. And thus it went on all morning until just after Margaret arrived with Pop's lunch.

"TUG," she said, "I want to talk to you."

He adjusted the burner a bit lower, and said without looking at her, "Go ahead."

"What's wrong with you, Tug? What's got into you?"

He squinted at the burner-tank pressure valve, saying, "Thought you wanted to say something important."

"I thought it might be important to you. Happy asked me to marry him."

That brought his eyes up. Margaret's head was back defiantly. She didn't have much color. Tug just looked at her. The burner roared in the wind and brown smoke came out the vent holes in the lid.

"Well," the girl finally asked, tightly, "doesn't it mean anything to you?"

Tug nodded. There was misery in his eyes, and his voice was muffled in it. "Sure," he said.

"Bucket of hot!" Happy called from above the cornice. "Hi, Marge!" He hooked the empty bucket on the hook and it brought the line down of its weight. The wind was strong up there and Happy leaned into it. He took a dipper of water from the bucket atop the wall and drank it, with some of it trickling over his chin and onto his chest. He was a husky, up there against the sky. He was on top of the world and he knew it. He got a cigarette going while waiting for Tug to pull up the bucket of hot on the line. He put one hand on the pulley beam and unhooked the bucket with the other, started swinging the bucket over the wall, and then he was blotted out by the sudden leap of flame and black smoke.

Tug had turned back to his kettle, and Margaret's scream jerked him around. A bellow came from Pop, somewhere on the roof. The flames were roiling twenty feet out from the wall top, blown by the wind. They were licking at the folds of heavy soot smoke. They reached for the sky briefly as the wind paused, and Tug could see the rim of the wall above the shelf of the ornate cornice. The water bucket wasn't sitting atop the wall, and that told a lot. Somehow, Happy had spilled that bucket of hot. Maybe he'd hit the heel of the bucket on the rim of the wall, or slopped a bit of the infernally fiery stuff on him, and jerked. And when it started spilling he might have tried to right it instead of getting out of the way, and have knocked the water bucket over.

Hot tar—asphalt—is tricky stuff at five hundred degrees. It can ignite of itself, especially on being spilled. Though perhaps Happy's cigarette was responsible. Fire in a bucket means nothing—you slap something over the top and snuff it out. But fire on a roof is something else again. The tar had spilled not onto the cornice but over the wall onto the roof deck—among rolls of asphalt-saturated paper. And water makes it laugh. With water, hot tar leaps, cackling and bubbling and gibbering with mirth.

"*Happy!*" Margaret's voice was a shriek. "There he is!"

There he was. One writhing leg briefly was visible in the roiling black smoke. Happy hadn't got away. He wasn't even on the roof deck proper. He was down, and he was on the sloping shelf of the cornice. He was trying to move. The wall rose up a couple of feet above the cornice, and the fire was beyond the wall on the roof deck. But that two feet of wall was scant protection to the man writhing there on the sloping ledge. The wind was blowing the crackling flame over and onto him.

Tug grabbed the pulley line. Margaret clung to him. "Tug! Don't try it!"

He shoved her away and started up the rope hand over hand. "Tug!" Margaret cried, "that rope will burn in two!"

He kept going up hand over hand. The heavy black smoke was roiling out over the pulley beam, over the pulley and the rope, and dull red flame kept blinking in the smoke. But Tug had no time to watch that. It takes a special kind of muscle to go hand over hand up a rope. Tug had muscle. Men said he was "built," and the word means a lot. But he hadn't developed that special muscle such as the old-time sailors had. When he reached the level of the third-floor windows his hands were taking six-inch bites out of the line, his lips were stretched in a thin grimace, cords stood out trembling on his brown neck.

He strangled with the smoke, and the heat pressed at his eyes. His hands had to be told to grip. The heat straightened them out. The line was not rope. It was smoking metal. It was a stream of metal running down faster than he could climb up. He was putting one fist directly atop the other, and there was no more strength. The rope suddenly was big. No; that was the pulley. He hooked a hand over the beam, swung his legs onto the cornice. Fire tore his hand from the beam and he clung with the other to the drain trough of the cornice, balancing very nicely, half on the cornice and half over the edge. There was no purchase, no chance of purchase.

A CRY came below from Margaret. The cry began, and then snuffed off, as if she had stopped breathing. He balanced there very nicely while a million years went by, and the flame and soot and smoke roiled over the wall and embraced him. Then, without hurry, he began tilting over the edge. He kicked upward and a toe went numb from impact with the pulley beam leaning out over the wall. That was enough to start him back the other way. He rolled onto the cornice and began squirming along, hugging the wall.

There was nothing to see, and the fire filled his ears. He felt some part of Happy and got hold of it. He began inching backward along the cornice, pulling Happy. During a brief lull in the wind he saw the pulley beam with the pulley hanging bare. The line had burned off. He kept inching backward, pulling Happy.

When the fire department got there, there was nothing to do except squirt chemical on the blazing rolls of asphalt paper Tug and Pop had flung off the roof deck. Tug had pulled Happy along the cornice beyond the flames and got him onto the roof deck. Margaret with the help of a passer-by had got Happy down the inside stairs and to the hospital. Pop and Tug had put out the fire the way a tar fire has to be handled, with shovels and gravel. Of course the firemen came up on deck, poked around, and squirted enough stuff that Pop was swearing a blue streak about cleaning up the mess.

They all went down, and Pop turned off the kettle burner. "We'd better knock off for the day," Pop said. "Anyhow, you ought to get your hands looked at."

"I'm all right," Tug said, but Pop had to twist the handle of the truck door to let him in.

"You was a damn' fool for climbing up that rope," Pop said as they rode to the hospital. "Might've knowed I'd gravel out that little blaze in no time."

"Figured he might wiggle off the ledge meanwhile."

As Pop pulled up at the hospital he said, "But you hated his guts."

"Ye-ah. But I owed him something. He saved Margaret from a bad fall off that terrace roof, that first day. She might've been crippled up for life."

Pop spat tobacco juice at the hospital door mat. He turned the knob for Tug. They went into the reception room. Pop said, "Well, I'll be damned." He asked the girl where to go for Tug's hands. They went to the automatic elevator and Pop said, "Hell, she wouldn't've tripped if Happy'd kept the roof clean of waste."

Tug shrugged. "Dunno," he said. "Anyhow, I should've tossed the bundle tie off myself, except he was a smart-pants and I wanted to keep him busy."

The elevator was long, to accommodate stretcher wagons. Pop shoved the button for the third floor.

"Now we're even," Tug said.

"You're a damn' fool," Pop said.

"And, anyhow, I couldn't hurt him," Tug said, "on account I seen Margaret liked him. I couldn't touch a man that she wanted—"

Pop groaned, holding his head in pain. The elevator stopped and the doors slid back automatically. Two waiting nurses on the third floor began blinking. Pop was telling Tug off. Tug took it. He not only took it, but ate it up. An unholy light began shining through the soot and grime and blisters of his bony face.

"You muttonheaded jackass!" Pop concluded shrilly. "She was only trying to wake you up! . . . After her chasing you for two years and you never giving her a tumble—why, hell, you muttonheaded jackass, it would've served you right if she *had* fell for that big yellow-headed blabber-mouth!"

So that's how it was, and the boys used to sit around in Pete's of an evening, whiling the time away and waiting until Happy was better and in shape again. They could hardly wait.

Meanwhile, Tug bought him a new suit with sleeves that fitted pretty well, and got so he could call around at Pop's place of an evening and ask, "Where's Margaret?"

When Happy got out of the hospital he took a fishing trip for a month, and came back all tanned and full of pep. It was foggy the first morning he came to work in the truck with Pop and Tug. A new warehouse was going up, and the roof was a 3-40 built-up job.

"You take the kettle," Tug said to Happy.

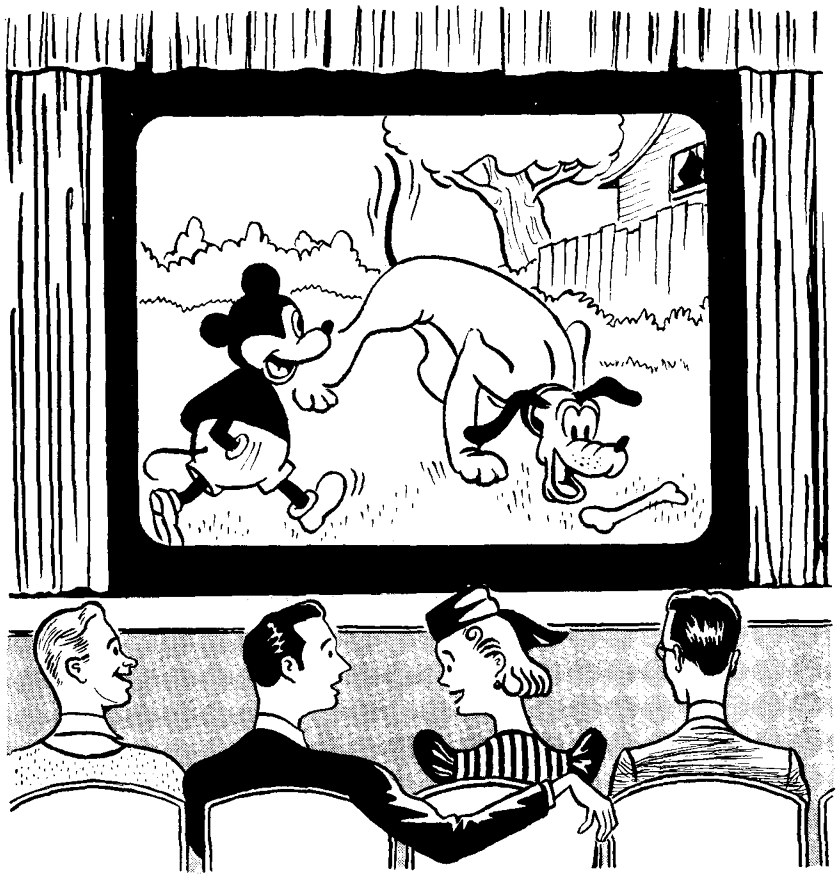
They stood facing each other for maybe a couple of minutes, and the carpenters and plumbers and masons and electricians sitting around waiting for eight o'clock were apparently only glancing at the pair occasionally.

"And keep that loose lip buttoned up," Tug said. "And I don't want to hear that whistle of yours. And keep away from my girl."

They stood there face to face another couple of minutes. Happy was bigger, and Tug looked sort of frail alongside. Happy said, "All right."

It was eight o'clock and the men stepped on cigarettes, squinted at the fog and said it looked like another nice day. Happy quit that night and went to Los Angeles. The men talked things over at Pete's, and some said Happy might have lost his guts in the fire, while others said maybe he had had a long time to think in the hospital, and knew there would be just no use fighting a guy like Tug, who'd taken what Tug took, and who was as stored-up cram-full of poison as Tug was by then. Some said Happy always did have too much lip, anyhow, and those kind never came through.

Then somebody piped up: "What's the argument? Tug has got Happy's number. That's all."



"Isn't it marvelous how Mr. Disney can train those little animals?"

JACKSON

SHELL
SHELL

I was gettin' fed up with Emmet

Of course, as a father myself, I realize that a certain amount of pride in your offspring is natural. But that Mr. Sweeney . . . and his *Emmet!*

I'm tellin' him about some of the sterling qualities of Golden Shell Oil the other day, an' right in the middle of it he hands me a cigar an' begins, "My son Emmet said—"

But I interrupt him. I've heard about that little rip, Emmet, before. He can outrun, outfight and outsmart any kid in the neighborhood. So I continue: "Mister Sweeney, Golden Shell is *fast-flowin'*—and goes to work on every moving part the instant you step on the starter."

"Interesting," says Mr. Sweeney. "Yesterday Emmet said—"

"—It's *tough,* too," I go on, quick as I can, "to take the strain of steady drivin'."

"Why, Emmet said—" he starts again.

I'm right with him—"Golden Shell is only 25¢ a quart. You oughta try a drain an' refill."

"Sure," says Mr. Sweeney, "that's what I want to tell you! *Emmet* says Golden Shell is a *good* oil."

Can you beat it? *Emmet* says it's good. Well, as I was sayin', Emmet is a very smart boy.

Sincerely

Your Shell Dealer

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Football Sweatshops

JOHN R. TUNIS, crusading sports authority, is in again with his annual squawk about college football commercialism.

What irks us about Mr. Tunis' 1939 findings is his discovery, backed by facts and figures, that practically all the colleges that hire football players in one way or another pay them sweatshop compensation. This is news while the fact that most of the colleges do hire athletes in one way or another is not news.

These boys are the foundations and keystone of the whole gigantic football industry as operated by the colleges. On these boys depends the whole tremendous yearly take in cash, prestige and publicity for dear old alma mater. Yet a Hollywood movie extra would spurn such pay as most of these boys get, according to the Tunis compilations, for work anywhere near comparable to the work these boys do.

It looks to us like a ripe and legitimate field for some up-and-coming union organizers. If the colleges are to benefit as they do from commercialized sport, they ought at least be willing to pay the key help decently.

Government by Postcard

WE HEAR that most senators and congressmen nowadays, whenever one of those floods of promoted postcards and telegrams cascades on Washington, tell their secretaries to weigh the stuff but not to read it.

Okay; and may this attitude increase.

These postcard barrages are unfair tactics, a perversion of democratic methods. We elect our lawmakers at set intervals to represent us; can boot them out at the next election when they misrepresent a majority of us. We can't be bothered with politics and every little governmental shift all the time. That's what we elect and pay these people to bother about.

"Write your congressman" (or senator) is excellent advice when you have something to say from your own mind. But when you dash off a postcard or telegram to him as per instructions of some pressure group's fuehrer such as Earl Browder, Fritz Kuhn or Father Coughlin, not to mention Dr. Townsend, you only make yourself a phonograph needle to play somebody else's tune. Hold your indignation and say it with your votes.

Thanks, Mr. Stalin; Thanks, Mr. Hitler

AMERICAN liberals and radicals, most of them disillusioned about Mr. Stalin, ought now to be able to get back to earth—the good earth of the United States, where there is still plenty of reforming to be done.

The Hitler-Stalin marriage of convenience has called forth the fiercest denunciations we've seen in the American press since prohibition's darkest hour, along about 1930. Some of the loudest cursing is being done, incidentally, by some of Mr. Stalin's erstwhile fellow travelers.

We feel different about the Red-Brown forgive, forget and split-up-Poland party. We feel grateful to both Hitler and Stalin. Here's why:

By this merger, the two dictators performed at least two valuable services for Americans. When they dropped the pretense of hating each other's gizzards the moment they saw a chance to grab some booty, they (1) removed all doubt, except in the minds of incurable dreamers, that there is any real difference between Communism and Fascism, and (2) gave Americans a badly needed lesson in European power politics.

Item No. 1 should cripple the Russian incubus that has been sucking vitality out of the American radical and liberal element for years. Tied to their mistaken conception of Stalin's ideology, American radicals and liberals have been confused, inept, self-defeating. They have been led around by their noses by professional Reds.

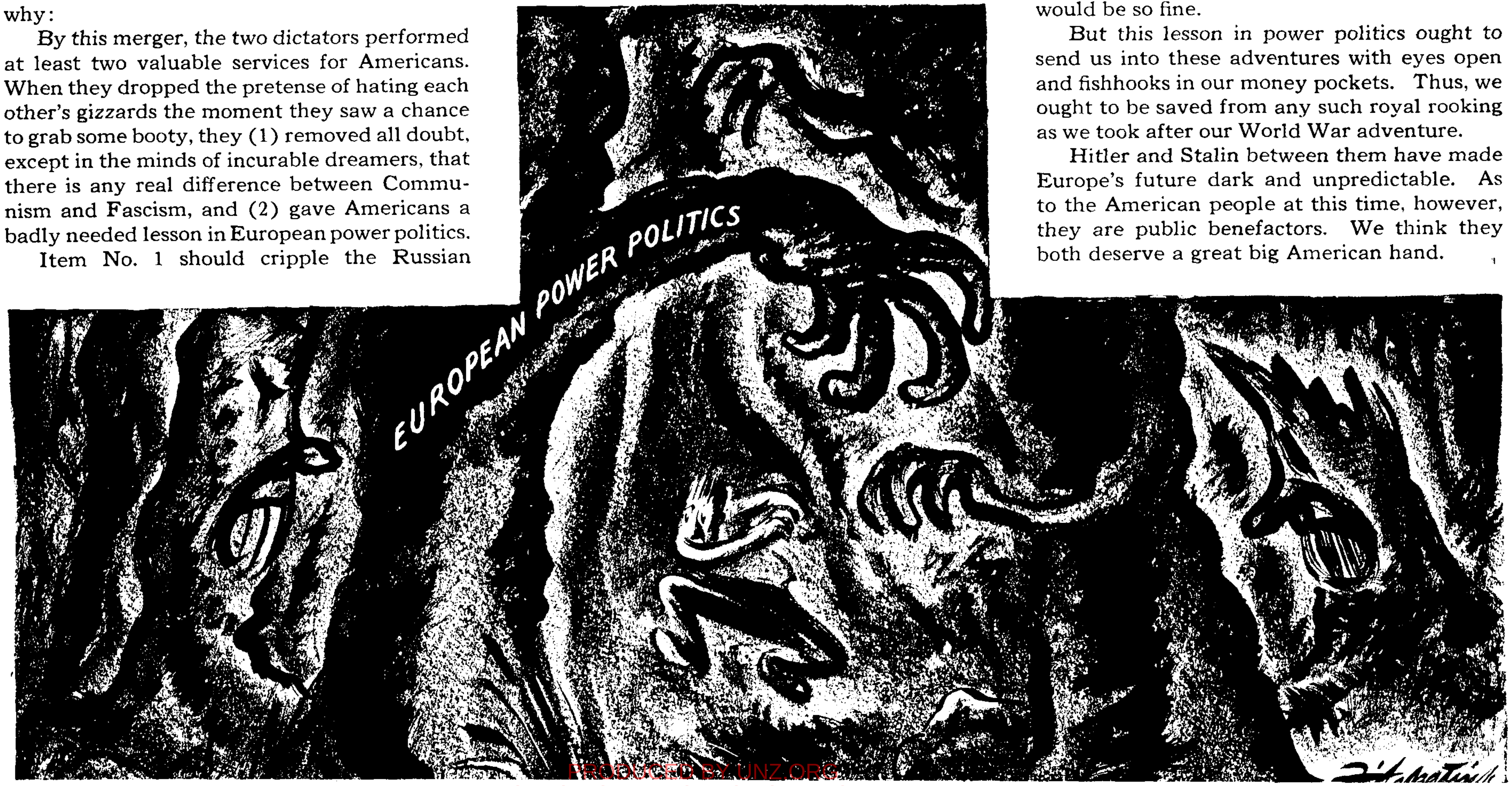
This has been bad for the country as a whole. Any nation is better off when it has a home-grown reformist element working on home evils than when its reformists' only real leadership is furnished by a tight little camarilla owing primary allegiance to a foreign government.

As to Item 2—the lesson in power politics—plenty of us since the World War have suspected that no nation, except, of course, our own, ever does anything except for its own selfish interests, but few of us have been able to absorb this truth into our souls. Since Stalin and Hitler kissed over the corpse of Poland, you would think that only a handful of Americans could have any illusions left about other nations' unselfishness.

This should be all to the good. We'll doubtless go on doing idealistic things; and that's fine. We may even get into another war in Europe sometime—though we don't think that would be so fine.

But this lesson in power politics ought to send us into these adventures with eyes open and fishhooks in our money pockets. Thus, we ought to be saved from any such royal rooking as we took after our World War adventure.

Hitler and Stalin between them have made Europe's future dark and unpredictable. As to the American people at this time, however, they are public benefactors. We think they both deserve a great big American hand.



Mary gets her man

Come Over
To My house
And SEE
Our New
TOAST 'N
JAM Set
MARY

COPYRIGHT 1939, MCGRAW ELEC. CO.

A SOCIAL triumph! Ingredients—a charming sub-sub-deb; a new *Toastmaster* Toast 'n Jam Set; and a wise mother who knows that *nobody* can burn toast or fingers, or forget to turn off the current, with a *Toastmaster* automatic pop-up type toaster . . .

Wouldn't *you* enjoy a stunning set like this—for gay breakfasts, tea and toast in the afternoon, and midnight pantry raids? Then, here it is, new styled for 1940, with its smart walnut tray, bright jam and marmalade jars, and superb latest-model *Toastmaster* toaster.

Ah, what toast! Just drop in the slices—and forget! The Flexible Timer regulates the toasting for light, dark, or in-between, just the way you like it; then pops up crisp, crunchy toast and clicks off the current. Perfect every time!

See this *De Luxe* Toast 'n Jam Set, and other beautiful new *Toastmaster** creations ($7.50 to $23.95), wherever fine electrical appliances are sold.

JUST LIKE HOME—*Good restaurants, hotels, and fountains throughout the world serve crisp, delicious Toastmaster toast.*

THE NEW 1940

TOASTMASTER

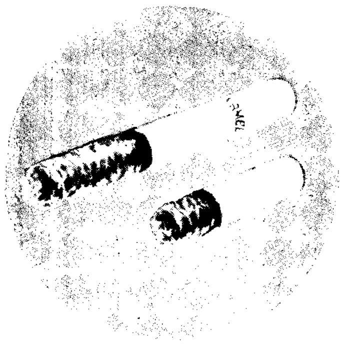
Toast 'n Jam Set

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC CO., Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill.

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



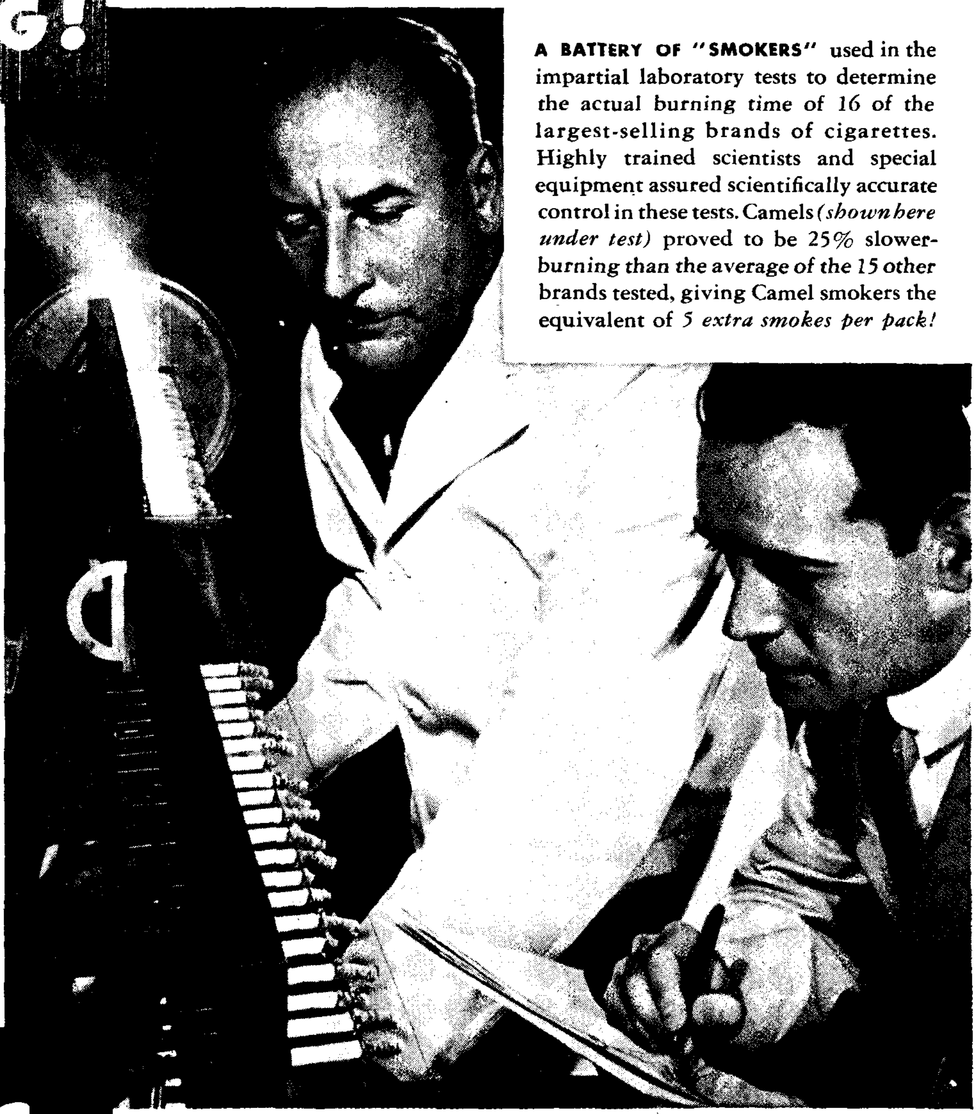
SEEING IS BELIEVING!

CAMEL'S *expensive tobaccos are so inexpensive to smoke*—that's welcome news to millions who are keen for the smoking thrill of finer tobaccos! Naturally, a slower-burning cigarette, Camel, gives *more* and *better* smoking for the money. Impartial research of a leading laboratory proves that Camels burn *far* slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested. Here are 3 cigarette facts as reported by this scientific group:

❶ **Camels were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 *other* of the *largest-selling* brands.**

❷ **CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

❸ **In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.**



A BATTERY OF "SMOKERS" used in the impartial laboratory tests to determine the actual burning time of 16 of the largest-selling brands of cigarettes. Highly trained scientists and special equipment assured scientifically accurate control in these tests. Camels *(shown here under test)* proved to be 25% slower-burning than the average of the 15 other brands tested, giving Camel smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

SMOKING IS BELIEVING!

Begin enjoying long-burning Camels—the cigarette of *extra smoking!* Everyone can afford the coolness, the true mildness, the ripe, delicate taste and fragrance of smoking pleasure at its best. Yes, enjoy *more* smoking for your money, and remember the added bonus of Camel's *costlier tobaccos*. Try Camels—America's favorite and *thriftiest* way to true smoking enjoyment!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

LONG-BURNING

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

*Penny for penny
your best
cigarette buy!*